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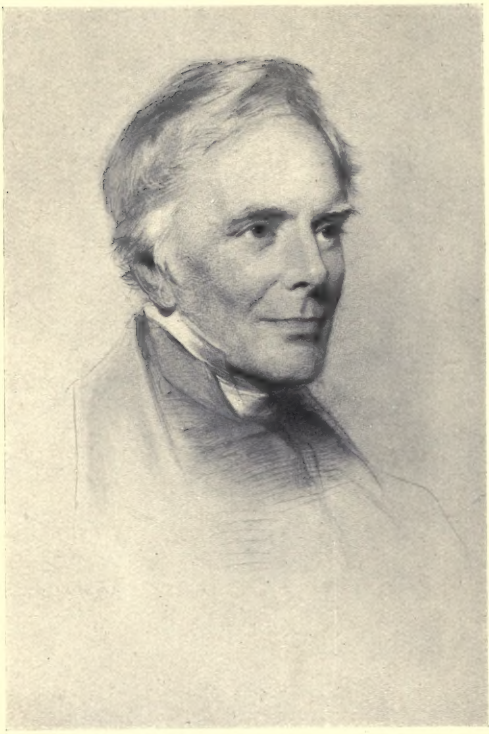
# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

## LYRA INNOCENTIUM

### AND OTHER POEMS



JOHN KEBLE

*From a drawing by George Richmond, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery*

*OXFORD EDITION*

# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

# LYRA INNOCENTIUM

## AND OTHER POEMS

BY

JOHN KEBLE

TOGETHER WITH HIS SERMON ON
"NATIONAL APOSTASY"

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## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF "THE CHRISTIAN YEAR"

NEXT to a sound rule of faith, there is nothing of so much consequence as a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion: and it is the peculiar happiness of the Church of England to possess, in her authorized formularies, an ample and secure provision for both. But in times of much leisure and unbounded curiosity, when excitement of every kind is sought after with a morbid eagerness, this part of the merit of our Liturgy is likely in some measure to be lost, on many even of its sincere admirers: the very tempers, which most require such discipline, setting themselves, in general, most decidedly against it.

The object of the present publication will be attained, if any person find assistance from it in bringing his own thoughts and feelings into more entire unison with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer Book. The work does not furnish a complete series of compositions, being, in many parts, rather adapted with more or less propriety to the successive portions of the Liturgy, than originally suggested by them. Something has been added at the end concerning the several Occasional Services: which constitute, from their personal and domestic nature, the most perfect instance of that *soothing* tendency in the Prayer Book, which it is the chief purpose of these pages to exhibit.

*May* 30, 1827.

# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

# DEDICATION

When in my silent solitary walk,
I sought a strain not all unworthy Thee,
My heart, still ringing with wild worldly talk,
Gave forth no note of holier minstrelsy.

Prayer is the secret, to myself I said,
Strong supplication must call down the charm,
And thus with untuned heart I feebly prayed,
Knocking at Heaven's gate with earth-palsied arm ;

Fountain of Harmony ! Thou Spirit blest,
By whom the troubled waves of earthly sound
Are gathered into order, such as best
Some high-souled bard in his enchanted round

May compass, Power divine ! O spread Thy wing,
Thy dovelike wing that makes confusion fly,
Over my dark, void spirit, summoning
New worlds of music, strains that may not die.

O happiest who before Thine altar wait,
With pure hands ever holding up on high
The guiding Star of all who seek Thy gate,
The undying lamp of heavenly Poesy.

Too weak, too wavering, for such holy task
Is my frail arm, O Lord ; but I would fain
Track to its source the brightness, I would bask
In the clear ray that makes Thy pathway plain.

I dare not hope with David's harp to chase
The evil spirit from the troubled breast ;
Enough for me if I can find such grace
To listen to the strain, and be at rest.

## MORNING

*His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.*—Lament. iii. 22, 23.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of Heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.[1]

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restor'd to life, and power, and thought.

[1] *Revelation* xxi. 5.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see :
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untir'd we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along Life's dullest dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :—
The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect Rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

## EVENING

*Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.*—St. Luke xxiv. 29.

'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,

Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark :
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.[1]

The Rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh ! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy Priests their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss !

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

[1] Then they willingly received Him into the ship : and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went.—*St. John* vi. 21.

## ADVENT SUNDAY

*Now it is high time to awake out of sleep : for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.*—Romans xiii. 11.

AWAKE—again the Gospel-trump is blown—
From year to year it swells with louder tone,
From year to year the signs of wrath
Are gathering round the Judge's path,
Strange words fulfill'd, and mighty works achiev'd,
And truth in all the world both hated and believ'd.

Awake ! why linger in the gorgeous town,
Sworn liegemen of the Cross and thorny crown ?
Up from your beds of sloth for shame,
Speed to the eastern mount like flame,
Nor wonder, should ye find your King in tears,
E'en with the loud Hosanna ringing in His ears.

Alas ! no need to rouse them : long ago
They are gone forth to swell Messiah's show :
With glittering robes and garlands sweet
They strew the ground beneath His feet :
All but your hearts are there—O doom'd to prove
The arrows wing'd in Heaven for Faith that will not love !

Meanwhile He paces through th' adoring crowd,
Calm as the march of some majestic cloud,
That o'er wild scenes of ocean-war
Holds its still course in Heaven afar :
E'en so, heart-searching Lord, as years roll on,
Thou keepest silent watch from Thy triumphal throne :

E'en so, the world is thronging round to gaze
On the dread vision of the latter days,
Constrain'd to own Thee, but in heart
Prepar'd to take Barabbas' part :
" Hosanna " now, to-morrow " Crucify,"
The changeful burden still of their rude lawless cry.

Yet in that throng of selfish hearts untrue
Thy sad eye rests upon Thy faithful few,
Children and childlike souls are there,
Blind Bartimeus' humble prayer,
And Lazarus waken'd from his four days' sleep,
Enduring life again, that Passover to keep.

And fast beside the olive-border'd way
Stands the bless'd home, where Jesus deign'd to stay,
The peaceful home, to Zeal sincere
And heavenly Contemplation dear,
Where Martha lov'd to wait with reverence meet,
And wiser Mary linger'd at Thy sacred feet.

Still through decaying ages as they glide,
Thou lov'st Thy chosen remnant to divide;
Sprinkled along the waste of years
Full many a soft green isle appears:
Pause where we may upon the desert road,
Some shelter is in sight, some sacred safe abode.

When withering blasts of error swept the sky,[1]
And Love's last flower seem'd fain to droop and die,
How sweet, how lone the ray benign
On shelter'd nooks of Palestine!
Then to his early home did Love repair,[2]
And cheer'd his sickening heart with his own native air.

Years roll away: again the tide of crime
Has swept Thy footsteps from the favour'd clime.
Where shall the holy Cross find rest?
On a crown'd monarch's[3] mailèd breast:
Like some bright angel o'er the darkling scene,
Through court and camp he holds his heavenward course serene.

A fouler vision yet; an age of light,
Light without love, glares on the aching sight:
O who can tell how calm and sweet,
Meek Walton! shows thy green retreat,

[1] Arianism in the fourth century.
[2] See St. Jerome's *Works*, i. 123, edit. Erasm.
[3] St. Louis in the thirteenth century.

When wearied with the tale thy times disclose,
The eye first finds thee out in thy secure repose?

Thus bad and good their several warnings give
Of His approach, whom none may see and live:
Faith's ear, with awful still delight,
Counts them like minute-bells at night,
Keeping the heart awake till dawn of morn,
While to her funeral pile this aged world is borne.

But what are Heaven's alarms to hearts that cower
In wilful slumber, deepening every hour,
That draw their curtains closer round,
The nearer swells the trumpet's sound?
Lord, ere our trembling lamps sink down and die,
Touch us with chastening hand, and make us feel
Thee nigh.

## SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT

***And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.***—St. Luke xxi. 28.

Not till the freezing blast is still,
Till freely leaps the sparkling rill,
And gales sweep soft from summer skies,
As o'er a sleeping infant's eyes
A mother's kiss; ere calls like these,
No sunny gleam awakes the trees,
Nor dare the tender flowerets show
Their bosoms to th' uncertain glow.

Why then, in sad and wintry time,
Her heavens all dark with doubt and crime,
Why lifts the Church her drooping head,
As though her evil hour were fled?
Is she less wise than leaves of spring,
Or birds that cower with folded wing?
What sees she in this lowering sky
To tempt her meditative eye?

She has a charm, a word of fire,
A pledge of love that cannot tire;
By tempests, earthquakes, and by wars,
By rushing waves and falling stars,
By every sign her Lord foretold,
She sees the world is waxing old,[1]
And through that last and direst storm
Descries by faith her Saviour's form.

Not surer does each tender gem,
Set in the fig-tree's polish'd stem,
Foreshew the summer season bland,
Than these dread signs Thy mighty hand:
But oh! frail hearts, and spirits dark!
The season's flight unwarn'd we mark,
But miss the Judge behind the door,[2]
For all the light of sacred lore:

Yet is He there: beneath our eaves
Each sound His wakeful ear receives:
Hush, idle words, and thoughts of ill,
Your Lord is listening: peace, be still.[3]
Christ watches by a Christian's hearth,
Be silent, "vain deluding mirth,"
Till in thine alter'd voice be known
Somewhat of Resignation's tone.

But chiefly ye should lift your gaze
Above the world's uncertain haze,
And look with calm unwavering eye
On the bright fields beyond the sky,
Ye, who your Lord's commission bear,
His way of mercy to prepare:
Angels He calls ye: be your strife
To lead on earth an Angel's life.

Think not of rest; though dreams be sweet,
Start up, and ply your heaven-ward feet.

[1] The world hath lost his youth, and the times begin to wax old.—2 *Esdras* xiv. 10.

[2] See St. James v. 9.

[3] Ita fabulantur, ut qui sciant Dominum audire. *Tertull. Apolog.* p. 36, edit. Rigalt.

Is not God's oath upon your head,
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed,
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear your Master's midnight call ? 56

## THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

*What went ye out into the wilderness to see ? a reed shaken with the wind ? . . . But what went ye out for to see ? A prophet ? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet.*—St. Matthew xi. 7, 9.

What went ye out to see
O'er the rude sandy lea,
Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm,
Or where Gennesaret's wave
Delights the flowers to lave,
That o'er her western slope breathe airs of balm ?

All through the summer night,
Those blossoms red and bright [1]
Spread their soft breasts, unheeding, to the breeze,
Like hermits watching still 10
Around the sacred hill,
Where erst our Saviour watch'd upon His knees.

The Paschal moon above
Seems like a saint to rove,
Left shining in the world with Christ alone ;
Below, the lake's still face,
Sleeps sweetly in th' embrace
Of mountains terrac'd high with mossy stone.

Here may we sit, and dream
Over the heavenly theme, 20
Till to our soul the former days return ;
Till on the grassy bed,
Where thousands once He fed,
The world's incarnate Maker we discern.

[1] Oleanders : with which the western bank of the lake is said to be clothed down to the water's edge.

O cross no more the main,
Wandering so wild and vain,
To count the reeds that tremble in the wind,
On listless dalliance bound,
Like children gazing round,
Who on God's works no seal of Godhead find.

Bask not in courtly bower,
Or sun-bright hall of power,
Pass Babel quick, and seek the holy land—
From robes of Tyrian dye,
Turn with undazzled eye
To Bethlehem's glade, or Carmel's haunted strand.

Or choose thee out a cell
In Kedron's storied dell,
Beside the springs of Love, that never die;
Among the olives kneel
The chill night-blast to feel,
And watch the Moon that saw thy Master's agony.

Then rise at dawn of day,
And wind thy thoughtful way,
Where rested once the Temple's stately shade,
With due feet tracing round
The city's northern bound,
To th' other holy garden, where the Lord was laid.

Who thus alternate see
His death and victory,
Rising and falling as on angel wings,
They, while they seem to roam,
Draw daily nearer home,
Their heart untravell'd still adores the King of kings.

Or, if at home they stay,
Yet are they, day by day,
In spirit journeying through the glorious land,
Not for light Fancy's reed,
Nor Honour's purple meed,
Nor gifted Prophet's lore, nor Science' wondrous wand.

But more than Prophet, more
Than Angels can adore
With face unveil'd, is He they go to seek:
Blessed be God, Whose grace
Shews Him in every place
To homeliest hearts of pilgrims pure and meek.

## FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

*The eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken.*—Isaiah xxxii. 3.

Of the bright things in earth and air
How little can the heart embrace!
Soft shades and gleaming lights are there—
I know it well, but cannot trace.

Mine eye unworthy seems to read
One page of Nature's beauteous book;
It lies before me, fair outspread—
I only cast a wishful look.

I cannot paint to Memory's eye
The scene, the glance, I dearest love—
Unchanged themselves, in me they die,
Or faint, or false, their shadows prove.

In vain, with dull and tuneless ear,
I linger by soft Music's cell,
And in my heart of hearts would hear
What to her own she deigns to tell.

'Tis misty all, both sight and sound—
I only know 'tis fair and sweet—
'Tis wandering on enchanted ground
With dizzy brow and tottering feet.

But patience! there may come a time
When these dull ears shall scan aright
Strains, that outring Earth's drowsy chime,
As Heaven outshines the taper's light.

These eyes, that dazzled now and weak,
At glancing motes in sunshine wink,
Shall see the King's [1] full glory break,
Nor from the blissful vision shrink :

In fearless love and hope uncloy'd
For ever on that ocean bright
Empower'd to gaze ; and undestroy'd,
Deeper and deeper plunge in light.

Though scarcely now their laggard glance
Reach to an arrow's flight, that day
They shall behold, and not in trance,
The region " very far away."

If Memory sometimes at our spell
Refuse to speak, or speak amiss,
We shall not need her where we dwell
Ever in sight of all our bliss.

Meanwhile, if over sea or sky
Some tender lights unnotic'd fleet,
Or on lov'd features dawn and die,
Unread, to us, their lesson sweet ;

Yet are there saddening sights around,
Which Heaven, in mercy, spares us too,
And we see far in holy ground,
If duly purg'd our mental view.

The distant landscape draws not nigh
For all our gazing ; but the soul,
That upward looks, may still descry
Nearer, each day, the brightening goal.

And thou, too curious ear, that fain
Wouldst thread the maze of Harmony,
Content thee with one simple strain,
The lowlier, sure, the worthier thee ;

[1] Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty : they shall behold the land that is very far off.—*Isaiah* xxxiii. 17.

Till thou art duly train'd, and taught
The concord sweet of Love divine:
Then, with that inward Music fraught,
For ever rise, and sing, and shine.

## CHRISTMAS DAY

*And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God.*—St. Luke ii. 13.

What sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er th' expanse of Heaven?
In waves of light it thrills along,
Th' angelic signal given—
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry quire;

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on for ever:
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
"And love towards men of love[1]—salvation and
"release."

Yet stay, before thou dare
To join that festal throng;
Listen and mark what gentle air
First stirr'd the tide of song;
'Tis not, "the Saviour born in David's home,
"To Whom for power and health obedient worlds
"should come:"—

'Tis not, "the Christ the Lord:"—
With fix'd adoring look
The choir of Angels caught the word,
Nor yet their silence broke:
But when they heard the sign, where Christ should be,
In sudden light they shone and heavenly harmony.

[1] I have ventured to adopt the reading of the Vulgate, as being generally known through Pergolesi's beautiful composition, "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax *hominibus bonae voluntatis*."

Wrapp'd in His swaddling bands,
And in His manger laid,
The Hope and Glory of all lands
Is come to the world's aid :
No peaceful home upon His cradle smil'd,
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the royal Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,
No other thought should be,
Once duly welcom'd and ador'd,
How should I part with Thee ?
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt grace
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-place.

Thee, on the bosom laid
Of a pure virgin mind,
In quiet ever, and in shade,
Shepherd and sage may find ;
They, who have bow'd untaught to Nature's sway,
And they, who follow Truth along her star-pav'd way.

The pastoral spirits first
Approach Thee, Babe divine,
For they in lowly thoughts are nurs'd,
Meet for Thy lowly shrine :
Sooner than they should miss where Thou dost dwell,
Angels from Heaven will stoop to guide them to Thy cell.

Still, as the day comes round
For Thee to be reveal'd,
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,
Abiding in the field.
All through the wintry heaven and chill night air,
In music and in light Thou dawnest on their prayer.

O faint not ye for fear—
What though your wandering sheep,
Reckless of what they see and hear,
Lie lost in wilful sleep ?
High Heaven in mercy to your sad annoy
Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy.

Think on th' eternal home,
The Saviour left for you;
Think on the Lord most holy, come
To dwell with hearts untrue:
So shall ye tread untir'd His pastoral ways,
And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.

## ST. STEPHEN'S DAY

*He, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.*—Acts vii. 55.

As rays around the source of light
Stream upward ere he glow in sight,
And watching by his future flight
Set the clear heavens on fire;
So on the King of Martyrs wait
Three chosen bands, in royal state,[1]
And all earth owns, of good and great,
Is gather'd in that choir.

One presses on, and welcomes death:
One calmly yields his willing breath,
Nor slow, nor hurrying, but in faith
Content to die or live:
And some, the darlings of their Lord,
Play smiling with the flame and sword,
And, ere they speak, to His sure word
Unconscious witness give.

Foremost and nearest to His throne,
By perfect robes of triumph known,
And likest Him in look and tone,
The holy Stephen kneels,

[1] Wheatly on the Common Prayer, c. v. sect. iv. 2. "As there are three kinds of martyrdom, the first both in will and deed, which is the highest; the second in will but not in deed; the third in deed but not in will; so the Church commemorates these martyrs in the same order: St. Stephen first, who suffered death both in will and deed; St. John the Evangelist next, who suffered martyrdom in will but not in deed; the holy Innocents last, who suffered in deed but not in will."

With steadfast gaze, as when the sky
Flew open to his fainting eye,
Which, like a fading lamp, flash'd high,
Seeing what death conceals.

Well might you guess what vision bright
Was present to his raptur'd sight,
E'en as reflected streams of light
Their solar source betray—
The glory which our GOD surrounds,
The Son of Man, th' atoning wounds—
He sees them all; and earth's dull bounds
Are melting fast away.

He sees them all—no other view
Could stamp the Saviour's likeness true,
Or with His love so deep embrue
Man's sullen heart and gross—
"Jesu, do Thou my soul receive:
"Jesu, do Thou my foes forgive:"
He who would learn that prayer, must live
Under the holy Cross.

He, though he seem on earth to move,
Must glide in air like gentle dove,
From yon unclouded depths above
Must draw his purer breath;
Till men behold his angel face
All radiant with celestial grace,[1]
Martyr all o'er, and meet to trace
The lines of Jesus' death.

## ST. JOHN'S DAY

*Peter seeing him, saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou Me.*—St. John xxi. 21, 22.

"LORD, and what shall this man do?"
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end:

[1] And all that sat in the council, looking stedfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.—*Acts* vi. 15.

This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,
Leave it in his Saviour's breast,
Whether, early call'd to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armèd in his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate :

Whether in his lonely course
(Lonely, not forlorn) he stay,
Or with Love's supporting force
Cheat the toil and cheer the way :
Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.[1]

Gales from Heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despis'd and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure ?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past ?

Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly lov'd ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, Thy sure relief ;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And Thy grace, to follow Thee.

[1] The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water : He turneth it whithersoever He will.—*Proverbs* xxi. 1.

## THE HOLY INNOCENTS

*These were redeemed from among men, being the firstfruits unto God and to the Lamb.*—Revelation xiv. 4.

Say, ye celestial guards, who wait
In Bethlehem, round the Saviour's palace gate,
Say, who are these on golden wings,
That hover o'er the new-born King of kings,
Their palms and garlands telling plain
That they are of the glorious martyr-train,
Next to yourselves ordain'd to praise
His Name, and brighten as on Him they gaze?

But where their spoils and trophies? where
The glorious dint a martyr's shield should bear?
How chance no cheek among them wears
The deep-worn trace of penitential tears,
But all is bright and smiling love,
As if, fresh-borne from Eden's happy grove,
They had flown here, their King to see,
Nor ever had been heirs of dark mortality?

Ask, and some angel will reply,
"These, like yourselves, were born to sin and die,
"But ere the poison root was grown,
"God set His seal, and mark'd them for His own.
"Baptiz'd in blood for Jesus' sake,
"Now underneath the Cross their bed they make,
"Not to be scar'd from that sure rest
"By frighten'd mother's shriek, or warrior's waving
"crest."

Mindful of these, the first-fruits sweet
Borne by the suffering Church her Lord to greet;
Bless'd Jesus ever lov'd to trace
The "innocent brightness" of an infant's face.
He rais'd them in His holy arms,
He bless'd them from the world and all its harms:
Heirs though they were of sin and shame,
He bless'd them in His own and in His Father's Name.

Then, as each fond unconscious child
On th' everlasting Parent sweetly smil'd,
(Like infants sporting on the shore,
That tremble not at Ocean's boundless roar,)
Were they not present to Thy thought,
All souls, that in their cradles Thou hast bought?
But chiefly these, who died for Thee,
That Thou might'st live for them a sadder death to see.

And next to these, Thy gracious word
Was as a pledge of benediction, stor'd
For Christian mothers, while they moan
Their treasur'd hopes, just born, baptiz'd, and gone.
Oh, joy for Rachel's broken heart!
She and her babes shall meet no more to part;
So dear to Christ her pious haste
To trust them in His arms for ever safe embrac'd.

She dares not grudge to leave them there,
Where to behold them was her heart's first prayer;
She dares not grieve—but she must weep,
As her pale placid martyr sinks to sleep,
Teaching so well and silently
How, at the shepherd's call, the lamb should die:
How happier far than life the end
Of souls that infant-like beneath their burthen bend.

## FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

*So the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees it was gone down.*—Isaiah xxxviii. 8; *compare* Josh. x. 13.

'Tis true, of old th' unchanging sun
His daily course refus'd to run,
The pale moon hurrying to the west
Paus'd at a mortal's call, to aid
Th' avenging storm of war, that laid
Seven guilty realms at once on earth's defilèd breast.

But can it be, one suppliant tear
Should stay the ever-moving sphere ?
A sick man's lowly-breathèd sigh,
When from the world he turns away,[1]
And hides his weary eyes to pray,
Should change your mystic dance, ye wanderers of the sky ?

We too, O Lord, would fain command,
As then, Thy wonder-working hand,
And backward force the waves of Time,
That now so swift and silent bear
Our restless bark from year to year ;
Help us to pause and mourn to Thee our tale of crime.

Bright hopes, that erst the bosom warm'd,
And vows, too pure to be perform'd,
And prayers blown wide by gales of care ;—
These, and such faint half-waking dreams,
Like stormy lights on mountain streams,
Wavering and broken all, athwart the conscience glare.

How shall we 'scape th' o'erwhelming Past ?
Can spirits broken, joys o'ercast,
And eyes that never more may smile :—
Can these th' avenging bolt delay,
Or win us back one little day
The bitterness of death to soften and beguile ?

Father and Lover of our souls !
Though darkly round Thine anger rolls,
Thy sunshine smiles beneath the gloom,
Thou seek'st to warn us, not confound,
Thy showers would pierce the harden'd ground,
And win it to give out its brightness and perfume.

Thou smil'st on us in wrath, and we,
E'en in remorse, would smile on Thee ;
The tears that bathe our offer'd hearts,
We would not have them stain'd and dim,
But dropp'd from wings of seraphim,
All glowing with the light accepted love imparts.

[1] Then Hezekiah turned his face toward the wall, and prayed unto the Lord.—*Isaiah* xxxviii. 2.

Time's waters will not ebb, nor stay,
Power cannot change them, but Love may;
What cannot be, Love counts it done.
Deep in the heart, her searching view
Can read where Faith is fix'd and true,
Through shades of setting life can see Heaven's work begun.

O Thou, who keep'st the Key of Love,
Open Thy fount, eternal Dove,
And overflow this heart of mine,
Enlarging as it fills with Thee,
Till in one blaze of charity
Care and remorse are lost, like motes in light divine;

Till, as each moment wafts us higher,
By every gush of pure desire,
And high-breath'd hope of joys above,
By every secret sigh we heave,
Whole years of folly we outlive,
In His unerring sight, who measures Life by Love.

## THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST

*In whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands.*—Colossians ii. 11.

THE year begins with Thee,
And Thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

Thine infant cries, O Lord,
Thy tears upon the breast,
Are not enough—the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.

Like sacrificial wine
Pour'd on a victim's head
Are those few precious drops of Thine,
Now first to offering led.

They are the pledge and seal
Of Christ's unswerving faith
Given to His Sire, our souls to heal,
Although it cost His death.

They to His Church of old,
To each true Jewish heart,
In Gospel graces manifold
Communion blest impart.

Now of Thy love we deem
As of an ocean vast,
Mounting in tides against the stream
Of ages gone and past.

Both theirs and ours Thou art,
As we and they are Thine;
Kings, Prophets, Patriarchs—all have part
Along the sacred line.

By blood and water too
God's mark is set on Thee,
That in Thee every faithful view
Both covenants might see.

O bond of union, dear
And strong as is Thy grace!
Saints, parted by a thousand year,
May thus in heart embrace.

Is there a mourner true,
Who fallen on faithless days,
Sighs for the heart-consoling view
Of those, Heaven deign'd to praise?

In spirit mayst thou meet
With faithful Abraham here,
Whom soon in Eden thou shalt greet
A nursing Father dear.

Wouldst thou a poet be?
And would thy dull heart fain
Borrow of Israel's minstrelsy
One high enraptur'd strain?

Come here thy soul to tune,
Here set thy feeble chant,
Here, if at all beneath the moon,
Is holy David's haunt.

Art thou a child of tears,
Cradled in care and woe?
And seems it hard, thy vernal years
Few vernal joys can show?

And fall the sounds of mirth
Sad on thy lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth
Untimely call'd to part?

Look here, and hold thy peace:
The Giver of all good
E'en from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou wouldst reap in love,
First sow in holy fear:
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

## SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

*When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.*—Isaiah xli. 17.

And wilt Thou hear the fever'd heart
To Thee in silence cry?
And as th' inconstant wildfires dart
Out of the restless eye,
Wilt thou forgive the wayward thought,
By kindly woes yet half untaught
A Saviour's right, so dearly bought,
That Hope should never die?

Thou wilt : for many a languid prayer
Has reach'd Thee from the wild,
Since the lorn mother, wandering there,
Cast down her fainting child,[1]
Then stole apart to weep and die,
Nor knew an Angel form was nigh,
To show soft waters gushing by
And dewy shadows mild.

Thou wilt—for Thou art Israel's God,
And Thine unwearied arm
Is ready yet with Moses' rod,
The hidden rill to charm
Out of the dry unfathom'd deep
Of sands, that lie in lifeless sleep,
Save when the scorching whirlwinds heap
Their waves in rude alarm.

These moments of wild wrath are Thine—
Thine too the drearier hour
When o'er th' horizon's silent line
Fond hopeless fancies cower,
And on the traveller's listless way
Rises and sets th' unchanging day,
No cloud in heaven to slake its ray,
On earth no sheltering bower.

Thou wilt be there, and not forsake,
To turn the bitter pool
Into a bright and breezy lake,
The throbbing brow to cool :
Till left awhile with Thee alone
The wilful heart be fain to own
That He, by whom our bright hours shone,
Our darkness best may rule.

The scent of water far away
Upon the breeze is flung :
The desert pelican to-day
Securely leaves her young,

[1] Hagar. See *Genesis* xxi. 15.

Reproving thankless man, who fears
To journey on a few lone years,
Where on the sand Thy step appears,
Thy crown in sight is hung.

Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's well
The weary hour of noon,[1]
The languid pulses Thou canst tell,
The nerveless spirit tune.
Thou from Whose cross in anguish burst
The cry that own'd Thy dying thirst,[2]
To Thee we turn, our Last and First,
Our Sun and soothing Moon.

From darkness, here, and dreariness
We ask not full repose,
Only be Thou at hand, to bless
Our trial hour of woes.
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not, up Earth's dark glade,
The gate of Heaven unclose?

## THE EPIPHANY

*And, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.*—St. Matthew ii. 9, 10.

Star of the East, how sweet art Thou,
Seen in life's early morning sky,
Ere yet a cloud has dimm'd the brow,
While yet we gaze with childish eye;

When father, mother, nursing friend,
Most dearly lov'd, and loving best,
First bid us from their arms ascend,
Pointing to Thee in Thy sure rest.

[1] *St. John* iv. 6. [2] *St. John* xix. 28.

Too soon the glare of earthly day
  Buries, to us, Thy brightness keen,
And we are left to find our way
  By faith and hope in Thee unseen.

What matter? if the waymarks sure
  On every side are round us set,
Soon overleap'd, but not obscure?
  'Tis ours to mark them or forget.

What matter? if in calm old age
  Our childhood's star again arise,
Crowning our lonely pilgrimage
  With all that cheers a wanderer's eyes?

Ne'er may we lose it from our sight,
  Till all our hopes and thoughts are led
To where it stays its lucid flight
  Over our Saviour's lowly bed.

There, swath'd in humblest poverty,
  On Chastity's meek lap enshrin'd,
With breathless Reverence waiting by,
  When we our Sovereign Master find,

Will not the long-forgotten glow
  Of mingled joy and awe return,
When stars above or flowers below
  First made our infant spirits burn?

Look on us, Lord, and take our parts
  E'en on Thy throne of purity!
From these our proud yet grovelling hearts
  Hide not Thy mild forgiving eye.

Did not the Gentile Church find grace,
  Our mother dear, this favour'd day?
With gold and myrrh she sought Thy face;
  Nor didst Thou turn Thy face away.

She too,[1] in earlier, purer days,
  Had watch'd Thee gleaming faint and far—
But wandering in self-chosen ways
  She lost Thee quite, Thou lovely star.

[1] The Patriarchal Church.

Yet had her Father's finger turn'd
To Thee her first inquiring glance :
The deeper shame within her burn'd,
When waken'd from her wilful trance.

Behold, her wisest throng Thy gate,
Their richest, sweetest, purest store,
(Yet own'd too worthless and too late,)
They lavish on Thy cottage-floor.

They give their best—O tenfold shame
On us their fallen progeny,
Who sacrifice the blind and lame [1]—
Who will not wake or fast with Thee !

## FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

*They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses.*—Isaiah xliv. 4.

Lessons sweet of spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart !
May I call ye sense or learning,
Instinct pure, or Heaven-taught art ?
Be your title what it may,
Sweet the lengthening April day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
To the inward ear devout,
Touch'd by light, with heavenly warning
Your transporting chords ring out.
Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
Winding shore or deepening glen,
Where the landscape in its glory
Teaches truth to wandering men :

[1] *Malachi* i. 8.

Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die,
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
  Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
  O'er the moist and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipp'd with vernal red,
And her kindly flower display'd
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
  Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
  Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn Contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
  Up the stony vale I wind,
Haply half in fancy grieving
  For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside drear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultur'd grove.

Where the thickest boughs are twining
  Of the greenest darkest tree,
There they plunge, the light declining—
  All may hear, but none may see.
Fearless of the passing hoof,
Hardly will they fleet aloof;
So they live in modest ways,
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

## SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

*Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.*—St. John ii. 10.

THE heart of childhood is all mirth:
We frolic to and fro
As free and blithe, as if on earth
Were no such thing as woe.

But if indeed with reckless faith
We trust the flattering voice,
Which whispers, "Take thy fill ere death,
"Indulge thee and rejoice;"

Too surely, every setting day,
Some lost delight we mourn,
The flowers all die along our way,
Till we, too, die forlorn.

Such is the world's gay garish feast,
In her first charming bowl
Infusing all that fires the breast,
And cheats th' unstable soul.

And still, as loud the revel swells,
The fever'd pulse beats higher,
Till the sear'd taste from foulest wells
Is fain to slake its fire.

Unlike the feast of heavenly love
Spread at the Saviour's word
For souls that hear His call, and prove
Meet for His bridal board.

Why should we fear, youth's draught of joy,
If pure, would sparkle less?
Why should the cup the sooner cloy,
Which God hath deign'd to bless?

For, is it Hope, that thrills so keen
  Along each bounding vein,
Still whispering glorious things unseen ?—
  Faith makes the vision plain.

The world would kill her soon : but Faith
  Her daring dreams will cherish,
Speeding her gaze o'er time and death
  To realms where nought can perish.

Or is it Love, the dear delight
  Of hearts that know no guile,
That all around see all things bright
  With their own magic smile ?

The silent joy, that sinks so deep,
  Of confidence and rest,
Lull'd in a father's arms to sleep,
  Clasp'd to a mother's breast ?

Who, but a Christian, through all life
  That blessing may prolong ?
Who, through the world's sad day of strife,
  Still chant his morning song ?

Fathers may hate us or forsake,
  God's foundlings then are we :
Mother on child no pity take,[1]
  But we shall still have Thee.

We may look home, and seek in vain
  A fond fraternal heart,
But Christ hath given His promise plain
  To do a Brother's part.

Nor shall dull age, as worldings say,
  The heavenward flame annoy :
The Saviour cannot pass away,
  And with Him lives our joy.

[1] Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb ? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.—*Isaiah* xlix. 15.

Ever with the richest tenderest glow
Sets round th' autumnal sun—
But there sight fails: no heart may know
The bliss when life is done.

Such is Thy banquet, dearest Lord;
O give us grace, to cast
Our lot with Thine, to trust Thy word,
And keep our best till last. 68

## THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

*When Jesus heard it, He marvelled, and said to them that followed, Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.*—St. Matthew viii. 10.

I MARK'D a rainbow in the north,
What time the wild autumnal sun
From his dark veil at noon look'd forth,
As glorying in his course half done,
Flinging soft radiance far and wide
Over the dusky heaven and bleak hill-side.

It was a gleam to Memory dear,
And as I walk and muse apart,
When all seems faithless round and drear,
I would revive it in my heart, 10
And watch how light can find its way
To regions farthest from the fount of day.

Light flashes in the gloomiest sky,
And Music in the dullest plain,
For there the lark is soaring high
Over her flat and leafless reign,
And chanting in so blithe a tone,
It shames the weary heart to feel itself alone.

Brighter than rainbow in the north,
More cheery than the matin lark, 20
Is the soft gleam of Christian worth,
Which on some holy house we mark;
Dear to the pastor's aching heart
To think, where'er he looks, such gleam may have a part;

May dwell, unseen by all but Heaven,
Like diamond blazing in the mine;
For ever, where such grace is given,
It fears in open day to shine,[1]
Lest the deep stain it owns within
Break out, and Faith be sham'd by the believer's sin.

In silence and afar they wait, 31
To find a prayer their Lord may hear:
Voice of the poor and desolate,
You best may bring it to His ear;
Your grateful intercessions rise
With more than royal pomp, and pierce the skies.

Happy the soul, whose precious cause
You in the Sovereign Presence plead—
"This is the lover of Thy laws,[2]
"The friend of Thine in fear and need"— 40
For to the poor Thy mercy lends
That solemn style, "Thy nation and Thy friends."

He too is blest, whose outward eye
The graceful lines of art may trace,
While his free spirit, soaring high,
Discerns the glorious from the base;
Till out of dust his magic raise [3]
A home for prayer and love, and full harmonious praise,

[1] Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest enter under my roof.—*St. Luke* vii. 6.

"From the first time that the impressions of religion settled deeply in his mind, he used great caution to conceal it; not only in obedience to the rule given by our Saviour, of fasting, praying, and giving alms in secret, but from a particular distrust he had of himself; for he said he was afraid he should at some time or other do some enormous thing, which, if he were looked on as a very religious man, might cast a reproach on the profession of it, and give great advantages to impious men to blaspheme the name of God." Burnet's *Life of Hale, in Wordsworth's Eccl. Biog.* vi. 73.

[2] He loveth our nation.—*St. Luke* vii. 5.

[3] He hath built us a synagogue.—*St. Luke* vii. 5.

Where far away and high above,
In maze on maze the trancèd sight
Strays, mindful of that heavenly love
Which knows no end in depth or height,
While the strong breath of Music seems
To waft us ever on, soaring in blissful dreams.

What though in poor and humble guise
Thou here didst sojourn, cottage-born?
Yet from Thy glory in the skies
Our earthly gold Thou dost not scorn.
For Love delights to bring her best,
And where Love is, that offering evermore is blest.

Love on the Saviour's dying head
Her spikenard drops unblam'd may pour,
May mount His cross, and wrap Him dead
In spices from the golden shore; [1]
Risen, may embalm His sacred name
With all a Painter's art, and all a Minstrel's flame.

Worthless and lost our offerings seem,
Drops in the ocean of His praise;
But Mercy with her genial beam
Is ripening them to pearly blaze,
To sparkle in His crown above,
Who welcomes here a child's as there an angel's love.

## FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

*When they saw Him, they besought Him that He would depart out of their coasts.*—St. Matthew viii. 34.

They know th' Almighty's power,
Who, waken'd by the rushing midnight shower,
Watch for the fitful breeze
To howl and chafe amid the bending trees,
Watch for the still white gleam
To bathe the landscape in a fiery stream,
Touching the tremulous eye with sense of light
Too rapid and too pure for all but angel sight.

[1] *St. John* xii. 7; xix. 30.

They know th' Almighty's love,
Who, when the whirlwinds rock the topmost grove,
Stand in the shade, and hear
The tumult with a deep exulting fear,
How, in their fiercest sway,
Curb'd by some power unseen, they die away,
Like a bold steed that owns his rider's arm,
Proud to be check'd and sooth'd by that o'er-mastering charm.

But there are storms within
That heave the struggling heart with wilder din,
And there is power and love
The maniac's rushing frenzy to reprove,
And when he takes his seat,
Cloth'd and in calmness, at his Saviour's feet,[1]
Is not the power as strange, the love as blest,
As when He said, Be still, and ocean sank to rest?

Woe to the wayward heart,
That gladlier turns to eye the shuddering start
Of Passion in her might,
Than marks the silent growth of grace and light;—
Pleas'd in the cheerless tomb
To linger, while the morning rays illume
Green lake, and cedar tuft, and spicy glade,
Shaking their dewy tresses now the storm is laid.

The storm is laid—and now
In His meek power He climbs the mountain's brow,
Who bade the waves go sleep,
And lash'd the vex'd fiends to their yawning deep.
How on a rock they stand,
Who watch His eye, and hold His guiding hand!
Not half so fix'd, amid her vassal hills,
Rises the holy pile that Kedron's valley fills.

And wilt thou seek again
Thy howling waste, thy charnel-house and chain,
And with the demons be,
Rather than clasp thine own Deliverer's knee?

[1] *St. Mark* v. 15; iv. 39.

Sure 'tis no Heaven-bred awe
That bids thee from His healing touch withdraw ;
The world and He are struggling in thine heart,
And in thy reckless mood thou bidd'st thy Lord depart.

He, merciful and mild,
As erst, beholding, loves His wayward child ;
When souls of highest birth
Waste their impassion'd might on dreams of earth,
He opens Nature's book,
And on His glorious Gospel bids them look,
Till by such chords, as rule the choirs above,
Their lawless cries are tun'd to hymns of perfect love.

## FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

*Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save ; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear : but your iniquities have separated between you and your God.*—Isaiah lix. 1, 2.

" Wake, arm divine ! awake,
" Eye of the only Wise !
" Now for Thy glory's sake,
" Saviour and God, arise,
" And may Thine ear, that sealèd seems,
" In pity mark our mournful themes ! "

Thus in her lonely hour
Thy Church is fain to cry,
As if Thy love and power
Were vanish'd from her sky ;
Yet God is there, and at His side
He triumphs, Who for sinners died.

Ah ! 'tis the world enthralls
The Heaven-betrothèd breast :
The traitor Sense recalls
The soaring soul from rest.
That bitter sigh was all for earth,
For glories gone, and vanish'd mirth.

Age would to youth return,
Farther from Heaven would be,
To feel the wildfire burn,
On idolizing knee
Again to fall, and rob Thy shrine
Of hearts, the right of love divine.

Lord of this erring flock!
Thou whose soft showers distil
On ocean waste or rock,
Free as on Hermon hill,
Do Thou our craven spirits cheer,
And shame away the selfish tear.

'Twas silent all and dead [1]
Beside the barren sea,
Where Philip's steps were led,
Led by a voice from Thee—
He rose and went, nor ask'd Thee why,
Nor stay'd to heave one faithless sigh:

Upon his lonely way
The high-born traveller came,
Reading a mournful lay
Of "One who bore our shame,[2]
"Silent Himself, His name untold,
"And yet His glories were of old."

To muse what Heaven might mean
His wondering brow he rais'd,
And met an eye serene
That on him watchful gaz'd.
No Hermit e'er so welcome cross'd
A child's lone path in woodland lost.

Now wonder turns to love;
The scrolls of sacred lore
No darksome mazes prove;
The desert tires no more:
They bathe where holy waters flow,
Then on their way rejoicing go.

[1] See *Acts* viii. 26-40.

[2] *Isaiah* liii. 6-8.

They part to meet in Heaven;
But of the joy they share,
Absolving and forgiven,
The sweet remembrance bear.
Yes—mark him well, ye cold and proud,
Bewilder'd in a heartless crowd,

Starting and turning pale
At Rumour's angry din—
No storm can now assail
The charm he wears within,
Rejoicing still, and doing good,
And with the thought of God imbu'd.

No glare of high estate,
No gloom of woe or want,
The radiance can abate
Where Heaven delights to haunt:
Sin only hides the genial ray,
And, round the Cross, makes night of day.

Then weep it from thy heart;
So mayst thou duly learn
The intercessor's part,
Thy prayers and tears may earn
For fallen souls some healing breath,
Ere they have died th' Apostate's death.

## SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

*Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.*—1 St. John iii. 2.

THERE are, who darkling and alone,
Would wish the weary night were gone,
Though dawning morn should only show
The secret of their unknown woe:

Who pray for sharpest throbs of pain
To ease them of doubt's galling chain :
" Only disperse the cloud," they cry,
" And if our fate be death, give light and let us die." [1]

Unwise I deem them, LORD, unmeet
To profit by Thy chastenings sweet,
For Thou wouldst have us linger still
Upon the verge of good or ill,
That on Thy guiding hand unseen
Our undivided hearts may lean,
And this our frail and foundering bark
Glide in the narrow wake of Thy belovèd ark.

'Tis so in war—the champion true
Loves victory more, when dim in view
He sees her glories gild afar
The dusky edge of stubborn war,
Than if th' untrodden bloodless field
The harvest of her laurels yield ;
Let not my bark in calm abide,
But win her fearless way against the chafing tide.

'Tis so in love—the faithful heart
From her dim vision would not part,
When first to her fond gaze is given
That purest spot in Fancy's heaven,
For all the gorgeous sky beside,
Though pledg'd her own and sure t' abide :
Dearer than every past noon-day
That twilight gleam to her, though faint and far away.

So have I seen some tender flower
Priz'd above all the vernal bower,
Shelter'd beneath the coolest shade,
Embosom'd in the greenest glade,
So frail a gem, it scarce may bear
The playful touch of evening air ;
When hardier grown we love it less,
And trust it from our sight, not needing our caress.

[1] Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὀλέσσον.

And wherefore is the sweet spring tide
Worth all the changeful year beside?
The last-born babe, why lies its part
Deep in the mother's inmost heart?
But that the LORD and Source of love
Would have His weakest ever prove
Our tenderest care—and most of all
Our frail immortal souls, His work and Satan's thrall.

So be it, LORD; I know it best,
Though not as yet this wayward breast
Beat quite in answer to Thy voice,
Yet surely I have made my choice;
I know not yet the promis'd bliss,
Know not if I shall win or miss;
So doubting, rather let me die,
Than close with aught beside, to last eternally.

What is the heaven we idly dream?
The self-deceiver's dreary theme,
A cloudless sun that softly shines,
Bright maidens and unfailing vines,
The warrior's pride, the hunter's mirth,
Poor fragments all of this low earth:
Such as in sleep would hardly soothe
A soul that once had tasted of immortal Truth.

What is the Heaven our GOD bestows?
No Prophet yet, no Angel knows;
Was never yet created eye
Could see across Eternity;
Not seraph's wing for ever soaring
Can pass the flight of souls adoring,
That nearer still and nearer grow
To th' unapproachèd LORD, once made for them so low.

Unseen, unfelt their earthly growth,
And self-accus'd of sin and sloth,
They live and die; their names decay,
Their fragrance passes quite away;

Like violets in the freezing blast
No vernal steam around they cast,—
But they shall flourish from the tomb,
The breath of GOD shall wake them into od'rous bloom.

Then on th' incarnate SAVIOUR'S breast,
The fount of sweetness, they shall rest,
Their spirits every hour imbu'd
More deeply with His precious blood.
But peace—still voice and closèd eye
Suit best with hearts beyond the sky,
Hearts training in their low abode,
Daily to lose themselves in hope to find their GOD.

## SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY

*The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.*—**Romans i. 20.**

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run,
But all their radiance, all their glow
Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat,
Perform their courses still.[1]

The saints above are stars in Heaven—
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand whom GOD has given,[2]
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fix'd unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower,
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

The dew of Heaven is like Thy grace,[3]
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favour'd place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name above all glorious names
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging Fire,[4] the roaring Wind,
Thy boundless power display:
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.[5]

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only Sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee every where.

[1] *Daniel* xii. 3. [2] *Isaiah* lx. 21. [3] *Psalm* lxviii. 9.
[4] *Hebrews* xii. 29. [5] *St. John* iii. 8.

## SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY

*So He drove out the man ; and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.*—Genesis iii. 24 ; *compare chap.* vi.

Foe of mankind ! too bold thy race :
Thou runn'st at such a reckless pace,
Thine own dire work thou surely wilt confound :
'Twas but one little drop of sin
We saw this morning enter in,
And lo ! at eventide the world is drown'd.

See here the fruit of wandering eyes,
Of worldly longings to be wise,
Of Passion dwelling on forbidden sweets :
Ye lawless glances, freely rove ;
Ruin below and wrath above
Are all that now the wildering fancy meets.

Lord, when in some deep garden glade,
Of Thee and of myself afraid,
From thoughts like these among the bowers I hide,
Nearest and loudest then of all
I seem to hear the Judge's call :—
" Where art thou, fallen man ? come forth, and be
" thou tried."

Trembling before Thee as I stand,
Where'er I gaze on either hand
The sentence is gone forth, the ground is curs'd :
Yet mingled with the penal shower
Some drops of balm in every bower
Steal down like April dews, that softest fall and first.

If filial and maternal love [1]
Memorial of our guilt must prove,
If sinful babes in sorrow must be born,
Yet, to assuage her sharpest throes,
The faithful mother surely knows,
This was the way Thou cam'st to save the world forlorn.

[1] In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children.

If blessèd wedlock may not bless [1]
Without some tinge of bitterness
To dash her cup of joy, since Eden lost,
Chaining to earth with strong desire
Hearts that would highest else aspire,
And o'er the tenderer sex usurping ever most;

Yet by the light of Christian lore
'Tis blind Idolatry no more,
But a sweet help and pattern of true love,
Showing how best the soul may cling
To her immortal Spouse and King,
How He should rule, and she with full desire approve.

If niggard Earth her treasures hide,[2]
To all but labouring hands denied,
Lavish of thorns and worthless weeds alone,
The doom is half in mercy given
To train us in our way to Heaven,
And show our lagging souls how glory must be won.

If on the sinner's outward frame [3]
God hath impress'd His mark of blame,
And e'en our bodies shrink at touch of light,
Yet Mercy hath not left us bare:
The very weeds we daily wear [4]
Are to Faith's eye a pledge of God's forgiving might.

And oh! if yet one arrow more,[5]
The sharpest of th' Almighty's store,
Tremble upon the string—a sinner's death—
Art thou not by to soothe and save,
To lay us gently in the grave,
To close the weary eye and hush the parting breath?

[1] Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.
[2] Cursed is the ground for thy sake.
[3] I was afraid because I was naked.
[4] The Lord God made coats of skins, and clothed them.
[5] Thou shalt surely die.

Therefore in sight of man bereft
The happy garden still was left,
The fiery sword that guarded show'd it too,
Turning all ways, the world to teach,
That though as yet beyond our reach,
Still in its place the tree of life and glory grew.

## QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY

*I do set My bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between Me and the earth.*—Genesis ix. 13.

SWEET Dove! the softest, steadiest plume
In all the sunbright sky,
Brightening in ever-changeful bloom
As breezes change on high;—

Sweet Leaf! the pledge of peace and mirth,
"Long sought, and lately won,"
Bless'd increase of reviving Earth,
When first it felt the Sun;—

Sweet Rainbow! pride of summer days,
High set at Heaven's command,
Though into drear and dusky haze
Thou melt on either hand;—

Dear tokens of a pardoning GOD,
We hail ye, one and all,
As when our fathers walk'd abroad,
Freed from their twelvemonth's thrall.

How joyful from th' imprisoning ark
On the green earth they spring!
Not blither, after showers, the Lark
Mounts up with glistening wing.

So home-bound sailors spring to shore,
Two oceans safely past;
So happy souls, when life is o'er,
Plunge in th' empyreal vast.

What wins their first and fondest gaze
In all the blissful field,
And keeps it through a thousand days?
Love face to face reveal'd:

Love imag'd in that cordial look
Our Lord in Eden bends
On souls that sin and earth forsook
In time to die His friends.

And what most welcome and serene
Dawns on the Patriarch's eye,
In all th' emerging hills so green,
In all the brightening sky?

What but the gentle rainbow's gleam,
Soothing the wearied sight,
That cannot bear the solar beam,
With soft undazzling light?

Lord, if our fathers turn'd to Thee
With such adoring gaze,
Wondering frail man Thy light should see
Without Thy scorching blaze;

Where is our love, and where our hearts,
We who have seen Thy Son,
Have tried Thy Spirit's winning arts,
And yet we are not won?

The Son of God in radiance beam'd
Too bright for us to scan,
But we may face the rays that stream'd
From the mild Son of Man.

There, parted into rainbow hues,
In sweet harmonious strife,
We see celestial love diffuse
Its light o'er Jesus' life.

God, by His bow, vouchsafes to write
This truth in Heaven above;
As every lovely hue is Light,
So every grace is Love.

## ASH-WEDNESDAY

*When thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret.*—St. Matthew vi. 17, 18.

" Yes—deep within and deeper yet
" The rankling shaft of conscience hide,
" Quick let the swelling eye forget
" The tears that in the heart abide.
" Calm be the voice, the aspect bold,
" No shuddering pass o'er lip or brow,
" For why should Innocence be told
" The pangs that guilty spirits bow?

" The loving eye that watches thine
" Close as the air that wraps thee round—
" Why in thy sorrow should it pine,
" Since never of thy sin it found?
" And wherefore should the heathen see [1]
" What chains of darkness thee enslave,
" And mocking say, Lo, this is he
" Who own'd a God that could not save?"

Thus oft the mourner's wayward heart
Tempts him to hide his grief and die,
Too feeble for Confession's smart,
Too proud to bear a pitying eye;
How sweet in that dark hour, to fall
On bosoms waiting to receive
Our sighs, and gently whisper all!
They love us—will not God forgive?

Else let us keep our fast within,
Till Heaven and we are quite alone,
Then let the grief, the shame, the sin,
Before the mercy-seat be thrown.
Between the porch and altar weep,
Unworthy of the holiest place,
Yet hoping near the shrine to keep
One lowly cell in sight of grace.

[1] Wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God?—*Joel* ii. 17.

Nor fear lest sympathy should fail—
  Hast thou not seen, in night-hours drear,
When racking thoughts the heart assail,
  The glimmering stars by turns appear,
And from th' eternal home above
  With silent news of mercy steal?
So Angels pause on tasks of love,
  To look where sorrowing sinners kneel.

Or if no Angel pass that way,
  He who in secret sees, perchance
May bid His own heart-warming ray
  Toward thee stream with kindlier glance,
As when upon His drooping head
  His Father's light was pour'd from Heaven,
What time, unshelter'd and unfed,[1]
  Far in the wild His steps were driven.

High thoughts were with Him in that hour,
  Untold, unspeakable on earth—
And who can stay the soaring power
  Of spirits wean'd from worldly mirth,
While far beyond the sound of praise
  With upward eye they float serene,
And learn to bear their Saviour's blaze
  When Judgement shall undraw the screen?

## FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT

*Haste thee, escape thither; for I cannot do any thing till thou be come thither. Therefore the name of the city was called Zoar.*—Genesis xix. 22.

"ANGEL of wrath! why linger in mid air,
  "While the devoted city's cry
"Louder and louder swells? and canst thou spare,
  "Thy full-charg'd vial standing by?"
Thus, with stern voice, unsparing Justice pleads:
  He hears her not—with soften'd gaze
His eye is following where sweet Mercy leads,
And till she give the sign, his fury stays.

[1] *St. Matthew* iv. 1.

Guided by her, along the mountain road,
Far through the twilight of the morn,
With hurrying footsteps from th' accurs'd abode
He sees the holy household borne:
Angels, or more, on either hand are nigh,
To speed them o'er the tempting plain,
Lingering in heart, and with frail sidelong eye
Seeking how near they may unharm'd remain.

"Ah! wherefore gleam those upland slopes so fair?
"And why, through every woodland arch,
"Swells yon bright vale, as Eden rich and rare,
"Where Jordan winds his stately march;
"If all must be forsaken, ruin'd all,
"If God have planted but to burn?—
"Surely not yet th' avenging shower will fall,
"Though to my home for one last look I turn."

Thus while they waver, surely long ago
They had provok'd the withering blast,
But that the merciful Avengers know
Their frailty well, and hold them fast.
"Haste, for thy life escape, nor look behind"—
Ever in thrilling sounds like these
They check the wandering eye, severely kind,
Nor let the sinner lose his soul at ease.

And when, o'erwearied with the steep ascent,
We for a nearer refuge crave,
One little spot of ground in mercy lent,
One hour of home before the grave,
Oft in His pity o'er His children weak,
His hand withdraws the penal fire,
And where we fondly cling, forbears to wreak
Full vengeance, till our hearts are wean'd entire.

Thus, by the merits of one righteous man,
The Church, our Zoar, shall abide,
Till she abuse, so sore, her lengthen'd span,
E'en Mercy's self her face must hide.

Then, onward yet a step, thou hard-won soul;
Though in the Church thou know thy place,
The mountain farther lies—there seek thy goal,
There breathe at large, o'erpast thy dangerous race.

Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure;
Yet in the world e'en these abide, and we
Above the world our calling boast:
Once gain the mountain-top, and thou art free:
Till then, who rest, presume; who turn to look, are lost.

## SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

*And when Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father, Bless me, even me also, O my father.*—Genesis xxvii. 34. (*Compare* Hebrews xii. 17. *He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.*[1])

"And is there in God's world so drear a place
"Where the loud bitter cry is rais'd in vain?
"Where tears of penance come too late for grace,
"As on th' uprooted flower the genial rain?"

'Tis even so: the sovereign Lord of souls
Stores in the dungeon of His boundless realm
Each bolt, that o'er the sinner vainly rolls,
With gather'd wrath the reprobate to whelm.

Will the storm hear the sailor's piteous cry,[2]
Taught to mistrust, too late, the tempting wave,
When all around he sees but sea and sky,
A God in anger, a self-chosen grave?

[1] The author earnestly hopes, that nothing in these stanzas will be understood to express any opinion as to the general efficacy of what is called "a death-bed repentance." Such questions are best left in the merciful obscurity with which Scripture has enveloped them. Esau's probation, as far as his birthright was concerned, was quite over when he uttered the cry in the text. His despondency, therefore, is not parallel to any thing on this side the grave.

[2] Compare *Bp. Butler's Analogy*, pp. 54-64, ed. 1736.

Or will the thorns, that strew intemperance' bed,
Turn with a wish to down? will late remorse
Recall the shaft the murderer's hand has sped,
Or from the guiltless bosom turn its course?

Then may the unbodied soul in safety fleet
Through the dark curtains of the world above,
Fresh from the stain of crime; nor fear to meet
The God, whom here she would not learn to love:

Then is there hope for such as die unblest,
That angel wings may waft them to the shore,
Nor need th' unready virgin strike her breast,
Nor wait desponding round the bridegroom's door.

But where is then the stay of contrite hearts?
Of old they lean'd on Thy eternal word,
But with the sinner's fear their hope departs,
Fast link'd as Thy great Name to Thee, O Lord:

That Name, by which Thy faithful oath is past,
That we should endless be, for joy or woe:—
And if the treasures of Thy wrath could waste,
Thy lovers must their promis'd Heaven forgo.

But ask of elder days, earth's vernal hour,
When in familiar talk God's voice was heard,
When at the Patriarch's call the fiery shower
Propitious o'er the turf-built shrine appear'd.

Watch by our father Isaac's pastoral door—
The birthright sold, the blessing lost and won,
Tell, Heaven has wrath that can relent no more,
The Grave, dark deeds that cannot be undone.

We barter life for pottage; sell true bliss
For wealth or power, for pleasure or renown;
Thus, Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss,
Then wash with fruitless tears our faded crown.

Our faded crown, despis'd and flung aside,
Shall on some brother's brow immortal bloom,
No partial hand the blessing may misguide;
No flattering fancy change our Monarch's doom:

His righteous doom, that meek true-hearted Love
The everlasting birthright should receive,
The softest dews drop on her from above,[1]
The richest green her mountain garland weave :

Her brethren, mightiest, wisest, eldest-born,
Bow to her sway, and move at her behest :
Isaac's fond blessing may not fall on scorn,
Nor Balaam's curse on Love, which God hath blest.

## THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

*When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace : but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.*—St. Luke xi. 21, 22.

See Lucifer like lightning fall,
Dash'd from his throne of pride ;
While, answering Thy victorious call,
The Saints his spoils divide ;
This world of Thine, by him usurp'd too long,
Now opening all her stores to heal Thy servants' wrong.

So when the first-born of Thy foes
Dead in the darkness lay,
When Thy redeem'd at midnight rose
And cast their bonds away,
The orphan'd realm threw wide her gates, and told
Into freed Israel's lap her jewels and her gold.

And when their wondrous march was o'er,
And they had won their homes,
Where Abraham fed his flock of yore,
Among their fathers' tombs ;—
A land that drinks the rain of Heaven at will,
Whose waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad hill ;—

[1] *Genesis* xxvii. 27, 28.

Oft as they watch'd, at thoughtful eve,
A gale from bowers of balm
Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and heave
The tresses of the palm,
Just as the lingering Sun had touch'd with gold,
Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of giants old;

It was a fearful joy, I ween,
To trace the Heathen's toil,
The limpid wells, the orchards green,
Left ready for the spoil,
The household stores untouch'd, the roses bright
Wreath'd o'er the cottage walls in garlands of delight.

And now another Canaan yields
To Thine all-conquering ark;—
Fly from the "old poetic" fields,[1]
Ye Paynim shadows dark!
Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
Lo! here the "unknown God" of thy unconscious praise!

The olive-wreath, the ivied wand,
"The sword in myrtles drest,"
Each legend of the shadowy strand
Now wakes a vision blest;
As little children lisp, and tell of Heaven,
So thoughts beyond their thought to those high Bards were given.

And these are ours: Thy partial grace
The tempting treasure lends:
These relics of a guilty race
Are forfeit to Thy friends;
What seem'd an idol hymn, now breathes of Thee,
Tun'd by Faith's ear to some celestial melody.

[1] Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around.—*Gray.*

There's not a strain to Memory dear,[1]
Nor flower in classic grove,
There's not a sweet note warbled here,
But minds us of Thy Love.
O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but Thine: with Thee all beauty glows.

## FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

*Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there.*—Genesis xliii. 30.

*There stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.*—Genesis xlv. 1.

When Nature tries her finest touch,
Weaving her vernal wreath,
Mark ye, how close she veils her round,
Not to be trac'd by sight or sound,
Nor soil'd by ruder breath?

Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown
Light up her gleaming crest?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
On features wan and fair,—
The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space,
Then turn, and lo! 'tis there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
Blush'd on the rosy spray—
A brighter star, a richer bloom
Than e'er did western heaven illume
At close of summer day.

[1] See *Burns's Works*, i. 293. Dr. Currie's edition.

'Tis Love, the last best gift of Heaven;
Love gentle, holy, pure;
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
She never could endure.

E'en human Love will shrink from sight
Here in the coarse rude earth:
How then should rash intruding glance
Break in upon *her* sacred trance
Who boasts a heavenly birth?

So still and secret is her growth,
Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
Least knows its happy part.

God only, and good angels, look
Behind the blissful screen—
As when, triumphant o'er His woes,
The Son of God by moonlight rose,
By all but Heaven unseen:

As when the holy Maid beheld
Her risen Son and Lord:
Thought has not colours half so fair
That she to paint that hour may dare,
In silence best ador'd.

The gracious Dove, that brought from Heaven
The earnest of our bliss,
Of many a chosen witness telling,
On many a happy vision dwelling,
Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ,
Old Israel's long-lost son,
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,
He call'd his conscious brethren near,
Would weep with them alone.

He could not trust his melting soul
But in his Maker's sight—
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the rude world's withering view
Their treasure of delight!

No—let the dainty rose awhile
Her bashful fragrance hide—
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave her, in her own soft noon,
To flourish and abide.

## FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT

*And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.*—Exodus iii. 3.

Th' historic Muse, from age to age,
Through many a waste heart-sickening page
Hath trac'd the works of Man:
But a celestial call to-day
Stays her, like Môses, on her way,
The works of God to scan.

Far seen across the sandy wild,
Where, like a solitary child,
He thoughtless roam'd and free,
One towering thorn [1] was wrapt in flame—
Bright without blaze it went and came:
Who would not turn and see?

Along the mountain ledges green
The scatter'd sheep at will may glean
The Desert's spicy stores:
The while, with undivided heart,
The shepherd talks with God apart,
And, as he talks, adores.

[1] "Seneh": said to be a sort of Acacia.

Ye too, who tend Christ's wildering flock,
Well may ye gather round the rock
That once was Sion's hill:
To watch the fire upon the mount,
Still blazing, like the solar fount,
Yet unconsuming still.

Caught from that blaze by wrath divine,
Lost branches of the once-lov'd vine,
Now wither'd, spent, and sere,
See Israel's sons, like glowing brands,
Toss'd wildly o'er a thousand lands
For twice a thousand year.

God will not quench nor slay them quite,
But lifts them like a beacon light
Th' apostate Church to scare;
Or like pale ghosts that darkling roam,
Hovering around their ancient home,
But find no refuge there.

Ye blessèd Angels! if of you
There be, who love the ways to view
Of Kings and Kingdoms here;
(And sure, 'tis worth an Angel's gaze,
To see, throughout that dreary maze,
God teaching love and fear:)

Oh say, in all the bleak expanse,
Is there a spot to win your glance,
So bright, so dark as this?
A hopeless faith, a homeless race,
Yet seeking the most holy place,
And owning the true bliss!

Salted with fire they seem,[1] to show
How spirits lost in endless woe
May undecaying live.
Oh, sickening thought! yet hold it fast
Long as this glittering world shall last,
Or sin at heart survive.

[1] *St. Mark* ix. 49.

And hark! amid the flashing fire,
Mingling with tones of fear and ire,
Soft Mercy's undersong—
'Tis Abraham's God who speaks so loud,
His people's cries have pierc'd the cloud,
He sees, He sees their wrong; [1]

He is come down to break their chain;
Though never more on Sion's fane
His visible ensign wave;
'Tis Sion, wheresoe'er they dwell,
Who, with His own true Israel,
Shall own Him strong to save.

He shall redeem them one by one,
Where'er the world-encircling sun
Shall see them meekly kneel:
All that He asks on Israel's part,
Is only, that the captive heart
Its woe and burthen feel.

Gentiles! with fix'd yet awful eye
Turn ye this page of mystery,
Nor slight the warning sound:
"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet—
"The place where man his God shall meet,
"Be sure, is holy ground."

## PALM SUNDAY

*And He answered and said unto them, I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.*—St. Luke xix. 40.

Ye whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of Poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Fram'd by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the word be not too bold,)
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old—

[1] *Exodus* iii. 7, 8.

Sovereign masters of all hearts!
Know ye, who hath set your parts?
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you, to lead
His Hosannas here below;—
Mount, and claim your glorious meed;
Linger not with sin and woe.

But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease—
Angels round His glory-throne,
Stars, His guiding hand that own,
Flowers, that grow beneath our feet,
Stones in earth's dark womb that rest,
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere His Name shall be unblest.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue
Be Thy praise so duly sung,
That Thine angels' harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here:
We the while, of meaner birth,
Who in that divinest spell
Dare not hope to join on earth,
Give us grace to listen well.

But should thankless silence seal
Lips, that might half Heaven reveal,
Should bards in idol-hymns profane
The sacred soul-enthralling strain,
(As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using,)
Then, Thy power and mercy show,
In vile things noble breath infusing;

Then waken into sound divine
The very pavement of Thy shrine,
Till we, like Heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore:

Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts. 48

## MONDAY BEFORE EASTER

*Doubtless Thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not.*—Isaiah lxiii. 16.

" Father to me Thou art and Mother dear,
" And Brother too, kind Husband of my heart "—
So speaks Andromache [1] in boding fear,
Ere from her last embrace her hero part—
So evermore, by Faith's undying glow,
We own the Crucified in weal or woe.

Strange to our ears the church-bells of our home,
The fragrance of our old paternal fields
May be forgotten ; and the time may come
When the babe's kiss no sense of pleasure yields
E'en to the doting mother : but Thine own 11
Thou never canst forget, nor leave alone.

There are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
None loves them best—O vain and selfish sigh !
Out of the bosom of His love He spares—
The Father spares the Son, for thee to die :
For thee He died—for thee He lives again :
O'er thee He watches in His boundless reign.

Thou art as much His care, as if beside
Nor man nor angel liv'd in Heav'n or earth : 20
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide
To light up worlds, or wake an insect's mirth :
They shine and shine with unexhausted store—
Thou art thy Saviour's darling—seek no more.

[1] *Iliad* vi. 429.

On thee and thine, thy warfare and thine end,
E'en in His hour of agony He thought,
When, ere the final pang His soul should rend,
The ransom'd spirits one by one were brought
To His mind's eye—two silent nights and days [1]
In calmness for His far-seen hour He stays.

Ye vaulted cells, where martyr'd seers of old
Far in the rocky walls of Sion sleep,
Green terraces and archèd fountains cold,
Where lies the cypress shade so still and deep,
Dear sacred haunts of glory and of woe,
Help us, one hour, to trace His musings high and low:

One heart-ennobling hour! It may not be:
Th' unearthly thoughts have pass'd from earth away,
And fast as evening sunbeams from the sea
Thy footsteps all in Sion's deep decay
Were blotted from the holy ground: yet dear
Is every stone of hers; for Thou wast surely here.

There is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt Thee kneeling—touch'd Thy prostrate brow:
One Angel knows it. O might prayer avail
To win that knowledge! sure each holy vow
Less quickly from th' unstable soul would fade,
Offer'd where CHRIST in agony was laid.

Might tear of ours once mingle with the blood
That from His aching brow by moonlight fell,
Over the mournful joy our thoughts would brood,
Till they had fram'd within a guardian spell
To chase repining fancies, as they rise,
Like birds of evil wing, to mar our sacrifice.

So dreams the heart self-flattering, fondly dreams;—
Else wherefore, when the bitter waves o'erflow,
Miss we the light, Gethsemane, that streams
From thy dear name, where in His page of woe
It shines, a pale kind star in winter's sky?
Who vainly reads it there, in vain had seen Him die.

[1] In Passion week, from Tuesday evening to Thursday evening: during which time Scripture seems to be nearly silent concerning our Saviour's proceedings.

## TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER

*They gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh: but He received it not.*—St. Mark xv. 23.

" Fill high the bowl, and spice it well, and pour
" The dews oblivious: for the Cross is sharp,
" The Cross is sharp, and He
" Is tenderer than a lamb.

" He wept by Lazarus' grave—how will He bear
" This bed of anguish? and His pale weak form
" Is worn with many a watch
" Of sorrow and unrest.

" His sweat last night was as great drops of blood,
" And the sad burthen press'd Him so to earth,
" The very torturers paus'd
" To help Him on His way.

" Fill high the bowl, benumb His aching sense
" With medicin'd sleep."—O awful in Thy woe!
The parching thirst of death
Is on Thee, and Thou triest

The slumb'rous potion bland, and wilt not drink:
Not sullen, nor in scorn, like haughty man
With suicidal hand
Putting his solace by:

But as at first Thine all-pervading look
Saw from Thy Father's bosom to th' abyss,
Measuring in calm presage
The infinite descent;

So to the end, though now of mortal pangs
Made heir, and emptied of Thy glory awhile,
With unaverted eye
Thou meetest all the storm.

Thou wilt feel all, that Thou mayst pity all;
And rather wouldst Thou wrestle with strong pain,
Than overcloud Thy soul,
So clear in agony,

Or lose one glimpse of Heaven before the time.
O most entire and perfect sacrifice,
Renew'd in every pulse
That on the tedious Cross

Told the long hours of death, as, one by one,
The life-strings of that tender heart gave way;
E'en sinners, taught by Thee,
Look Sorrow in the face,

And bid her freely welcome, unbeguil'd
By false kind solaces, and spells of earth:—
And yet not all unsooth'd:
For when was Joy so dear,

As the deep calm that breath'd, "*Father, forgive,*"
Or, "*Be with Me in Paradise to-day*"?
And, though the strife be sore,
Yet in His parting breath

Love masters Agony; the soul that seem'd
Forsaken, feels her present God again,
And in her Father's arms
Contented dies away.

## WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER

***Saying, Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done.***—St. Luke xxii. 42.

O Lord my God, do Thou Thy holy will—
I will lie still—
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm,
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace! thou must not me beguile
With thy false smile:
I know thy flatteries and thy cheating ways;
Be silent, Praise,
Blind guide with siren voice, and blinding all
That hear thy call.

Come, Self-devotion, high and pure,
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round.
Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye serene
Their blessing, who by faith can wean
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only, and the joys above.

They say, who know the life divine,
And upward gaze with eagle eyne,
That by each golden crown on high,[1]
Rich with celestial jewelry,
Which for our Lord's redeemed is set,
There hangs a radiant coronet,
All gemm'd with pure and living light,
Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,
Prepar'd for virgin souls, and them
Who seek the martyr's diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire,
Must win their way through blood and fire.
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.
Oft in Life's stillest shade reclining,
In Desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,

[1] . . . . "that little coronet or special reward which God hath prepared (extraordinary and beside the great Crown of all faithful souls) for those 'who have not defiled themselves with women, but follow the (virgin) Lamb for ever.'"—*Bp. Taylor, Holy Living*, c. xi. sect. 3.

Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an Angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm.

And there are souls that seem to dwell
Above this earth—so rich a spell
Floats round their steps, where'er they move,
From hopes fulfill'd and mutual love.
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
Nor in the stream the source forget,
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
Following the Lamb where'er He go,
By purest pleasures unbeguil'd
To idolize or wife or child;
Such wedded souls our God shall own
For faultless virgins round His throne.

Thus everywhere we find our suffering God,
And where He trod
May set our steps: the Cross on Calvary
Uplifted high
Beams on the martyr host, a beacon light
In open fight.

To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of His midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

Mortal! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think, who did once from Heaven to Hell descend
Thee to befriend:
So shalt thou dare forgo, at His dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

"O Father! not My will, but Thine be done"—
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing Earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys:
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest!

## THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER

*At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth, and I am come to shew thee; for thou art greatly beloved: therefore understand the matter, and consider the vision.*—Daniel ix. 23.

"O HOLY mountain of my God,
"How do thy towers in ruin lie,
"How art thou riven and strewn abroad,
"Under the rude and wasteful sky!"
'Twas thus upon his fasting-day
The "Man of Loves" was fain to pray,
His lattice open [1] toward his darling west,
Mourning the ruin'd home he still must love the best.

Oh! for a love like Daniel's now,
To wing to Heaven but one strong prayer
For GOD's new Israel, sunk as low,
Yet flourishing to sight as fair,
As Sion in her height of pride,
With queens for handmaids at her side,
With kings her nursing-fathers, thronèd high,
And compass'd with the world's too tempting blazonry.

'Tis true, nor winter stays thy growth,
Nor torrid summer's sickly smile;
The flashing billows of the south
Break not upon so lone an isle,
But thou, rich vine, art grafted there,
The fruit of death or life to bear,
Yielding a surer witness every day,
To thine Almighty Author and His steadfast sway.

Oh! grief to think, that grapes of gall
Should cluster round thine healthiest shoot!
God's herald prove a heartless thrall,
Who, if he dar'd, would fain be mute!
E'en such is this bad world we see,
Which self-condemn'd in owning Thee,
Yet dares not open farewell of Thee take,
For very pride, and her high-boasted Reason's sake.

[1] *Daniel* vi. 10.

What do we then ? if far and wide
Men kneel to CHRIST, the pure and meek,
Yet rage with passion, swell with pride,
Have we not still our faith to seek ?
Nay—but in steadfast humbleness
Kneel on to Him, who loves to bless
The prayer that waits for Him ; and trembling strive
To keep the lingering flame in thine own breast alive.

Dark frown'd the future e'en on him, 41
The loving and belovèd Seer,
What time he saw, through shadows dim,
The boundary of th' eternal year ;
He only of the sons of men
Nam'd to be heir of glory then.[1]
Else had it bruis'd too sore his tender heart
To see GOD'S ransom'd world in wrath and flame depart.

Then look no more : or closer watch
Thy course in Earth's bewildering ways, 50
For every glimpse thine eye can catch
Of what shall be in those dread days :
So when th' Archangel's word is spoken,
And Death's deep trance for ever broken,
In mercy thou mayst feel the heavenly hand,
And in thy lot unharm'd before thy Saviour stand.[2]

## GOOD FRIDAY

*He is despised and rejected of men.*—Isaiah liii. 3.

Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawn'd on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softer power
For comfort, than an angel's mirth ?
That to the Cross the mourner's eye should turn
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn ?

[1] *Daniel* xii. 13. See Bp. Ken's Sermon on the Character of Daniel.

[2] Thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.—*Daniel* xii. 13.

Sooner than where the Easter sun
Shines glorious on yon open grave,
And to and fro the tidings run,
"Who died to heal, is ris'n to save"?
Sooner than where upon the Saviour's friends
The very Comforter in light and love descends?

Yet so it is: for duly there
The bitter herbs of earth are set,
Till temper'd by the Saviour's prayer,
And with the Saviour's life-blood wet,
They turn to sweetness, and drop holy balm,
Soft as imprison'd martyr's deathbed calm.

All turn to sweet—but most of all
That bitterest to the lip of pride,
When hopes presumptuous fade and fall,
Or Friendship scorns us, duly tried,
Or Love, the flower that closes up for fear
When rude and selfish spirits breathe too near.

Then like a long-forgotten strain
Comes sweeping o'er the heart forlorn
What sunshine hours had taught in vain
Of JESUS suffering shame and scorn,
As in all lowly hearts He suffers still,
While we triumphant ride and have the world at will.

His piercèd hands in vain would hide
His face from rude reproachful gaze,
His ears are open to abide
The wildest storm the tongue can raise,
He who with one rough word,[1] some early day,
Their idol world and them shall sweep for aye away.

But we by Fancy may assuage
The festering sore by Fancy made,
Down in some lonely hermitage
Like wounded pilgrims safely laid,
Where gentlest breezes whisper souls distress'd,
That Love yet lives, and Patience shall find rest.

[1] *Wisdom of Solomon* xii. 9.

O ! shame beyond the bitterest thought
That evil spirit ever fram'd,
That sinners know what Jesus wrought,
Yet feel their haughty hearts untam'd—
That souls in refuge, holding by the Cross,
Should wince and fret at this world's little loss.

Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry,
Let not Thy blood on earth be spent—
Lo, at Thy feet I fainting lie,
Mine eyes upon Thy wounds are bent,
Upon Thy streaming wounds my weary eyes
Wait like the parchèd earth on April skies.

Wash me, and dry these bitter tears,
O let my heart no further roam,
'Tis Thine by vows, and hopes, and fears,
Long since—O call Thy wanderer home ;
To that dear home, safe in Thy wounded side,
Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may hide.

## EASTER EVE

*As for thee also, by the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water.*—Zechariah ix. 11.

At length the worst is o'er, and Thou art laid
Deep in Thy darksome bed ;
All still and cold beneath yon dreary stone
Thy sacred form is gone ;
Around those lips where power and mercy hung,
The dews of death have clung ;
The dull earth o'er Thee, and Thy foes around,
Thou sleep'st a silent corse, in funeral fetters wound.

Sleep'st Thou indeed ? or is Thy spirit fled,
At large among the dead ?
Whether in Eden bowers Thy welcome voice
Wake Abraham to rejoice,

Or in some drearier scene Thine eye controls
The thronging band of souls;
That, as Thy blood won earth, Thine agony
Might set the shadowy realm from sin and sorrow free.

Where'er Thou roam'st, one happy soul, we know,
Seen at Thy side in woe,[1]
Waits on Thy triumph—even as all the blest
With him and Thee shall rest.
Each on his cross, by Thee we hang a while,
Watching Thy patient smile,
Till we have learn'd to say, "'Tis justly done,
"Only in glory, LORD, Thy sinful servant own."

Soon wilt Thou take us to Thy tranquil bower
To rest one little hour,
Till Thine elect are number'd, and the grave
Call Thee to come and save:
Then on Thy bosom borne shall we descend
Again with earth to blend,
Earth all refin'd with bright supernal fires,
Tinctur'd with holy blood, and wing'd with pure desires.

Meanwhile with every son and saint of Thine
Along the glorious line,
Sitting by turns beneath Thy sacred feet
We'll hold communion sweet,
Know them by look and voice, and thank them all
For helping us in thrall,
For words of hope, and bright examples given
To show through moonless skies that there is light in Heaven.

O come that day, when in this restless heart
Earth shall resign her part,
When in the grave with Thee my limbs shall rest,
My soul with Thee be blest!
But stay, presumptuous—CHRIST with thee abides
In the rock's dreary sides:
He from the stone will wring celestial dew
If but the prisoner's heart be faithful found and true.

[1] *St. Luke* xxiii. 43.

When tears are spent, and thou art left alone
With ghosts of blessings gone,
Think thou art taken from the cross, and laid
In JESUS' burial shade;
Take Moses' rod, the rod of prayer, and call
Out of the rocky wall
The fount of holy blood; and lift on high
Thy grovelling soul that feels so desolate and dry.

Prisoner of Hope thou art [1]—look up and sing
In hope of promis'd spring.
As in the pit his father's darling lay [2]
Beside the desert way,
And knew not how, but knew his GOD would save
E'en from that living grave,
So, buried with our LORD, we'll close our eyes
To the decaying world, till Angels bid us rise.

## EASTER DAY

*And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.*—St. Luke xxiv. 5, 6.

OH! day of days! shall hearts set free
No "minstrel rapture" find for thee?
Thou art the Sun of other days,
They shine by giving back thy rays:

Enthronèd in thy sovereign sphere,
Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year;
Sundays by thee more glorious break,
An Easter Day in every week:

And week days, following in their train,
The fullness of thy blessing gain,
Till all, both resting and employ,
Be one Lord's day of holy joy.

[1] Turn you to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope.—*Zechariah* ix. 12.

[2] They took him, and cast him into a pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.—*Genèsis* xxxvii. 24.

Then wake, my soul, to high desires,
And earlier light thine altar fires :
The World some hours is on her way,
Nor thinks on thee, thou blessèd day :

Or, if she think, it is in scorn :
The vernal light of Easter morn
To her dark gaze no brighter seems
Than Reason's or the Law's pale beams.

" Where is your Lord ? " she scornful asks :
" Where is His hire ? we know His tasks ;
" Sons of a King ye boast to be ;
" Let us your crowns and treasures see."

We in the words of Truth reply,
(An angel brought them from the sky,)
" Our crown, our treasure is not here,
" 'Tis stor'd above the highest sphere :

" Methinks your wisdom guides amiss,
" To seek on earth a Christian's bliss ;
" We watch not now the lifeless stone ;
" Our only Lord is risen and gone."

Yet e'en the lifeless stone is dear
For thoughts of Him who late lay here ;
And the base world, now Christ hath died,
Ennobled is and glorified.

No more a charnel-house, to fence
The relics of lost innocence,
A vault of ruin and decay ;
Th' imprisoning stone is roll'd away :

'Tis now a cell, where angels use
To come and go with heavenly news,
And in the ears of mourners say,
" Come, see the place where Jesus lay : "

'Tis now a fane, where Love can find
Christ everywhere embalm'd and shrin'd ;
Aye gathering up memorials sweet,
Where'er she sets her duteous feet.

Oh ! joy to Mary first allow'd,
When rous'd from weeping o'er His shroud,
By His own calm, soul-soothing tone,
Breathing her name, as still His own !

Joy to the faithful Three renew'd,
As their glad errand they pursued !
Happy, who so Christ's word convey,
That He may meet them on their way !

So is it still : to holy tears,
In lonely hours, Christ risen appears :
In social hours, who Christ would see
Must turn all tasks to Charity.

## MONDAY IN EASTER WEEK

*Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons : but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him.*—Acts x. 34, 35.

Go up and watch the new-born rill
Just trickling from its mossy bed,
Streaking the heath-clad hill
With a bright emerald thread.

Canst thou her bold career foretell,
What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend,
How far in Ocean's swell
Her freshening billows send ?

Perchance that little brook shall flow
The bulwark of some mighty realm,
Bear navies to and fro
With monarchs at their helm.

Or canst thou guess, how far away
Some sister nymph, beside her urn
Reclining night and day,
'Mid reeds and mountain fern,

Nurses her store, with thine to blend
When many a moor and glen are past,
Then in the wide sea end
Their spotless lives at last ?

E'en so, the course of prayer who knows ?
It springs in silence where it will,
Springs out of sight, and flows
At first a lonely rill :

But streams shall meet it by and by
From thousand sympathetic hearts,
Together swelling high
Their chant of many parts.

Unheard by all but angel ears
The good Cornelius knelt alone,
Nor dream'd his prayers and tears
Would help a world undone.

The while upon his terrac'd roof
The lov'd Apostle to his Lord
In silent thought aloof
For Heavenly vision soar'd.

Far o'er the glowing western main
His wistful brow was upward rais'd,
Where, like an angel's train,
The burnish'd water blaz'd.

The saint beside the ocean pray'd,
The soldier in his chosen bower,
Where all his eye survey'd
Seem'd sacred in that hour.

To each unknown his brother's prayer,
Yet brethren true in dearest love
Were they—and now they share
Fraternal joys above.

There daily through Christ's open gate
They see the Gentile spirits press,
Brightening their high estate
With dearer happiness.

What civic wreath for comrades sav'd
Shone ever with such deathless gleam,
Or when did perils brav'd
So sweet to veterans seem ? 56

## TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK

*And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy ; and did run to bring His disciples word.*—St. Matthew xxviii. 8.

### TO THE SNOW-DROP.

Thou first-born of the year's delight,
Pride of the dewy glade,
In vernal green and virgin white,
Thy vestal robes, array'd :

'Tis not because thy drooping form
Sinks graceful on its nest,
When chilly shades from gathering storm
Affright thy tender breast ;

Nor for yon river islet wild
Beneath the willow spray, 10
Where, like the ringlets of a child,
Thou weav'st thy circle gay ;

'Tis not for these I love thee dear—
Thy shy averted smiles
To Fancy bode a joyous year,
One of Life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry moon,
And cheer th' ungenial day,
And tell us, all will glisten soon
As green and bright as they. 20

Is there a heart, that loves the spring,
Their witness can refuse ?
Yet mortals doubt, when angels bring
From Heaven their Easter news :

When holy maids and matrons speak
Of Christ's forsaken bed,
And voices, that forbid to seek
The living 'mid the dead,

And when they say, " Turn, wandering heart,
" Thy Lord is ris'n indeed,
" Let Pleasure go, put Care apart,
" And to His presence speed ; "

We smile in scorn : and yet we know
They early sought the tomb,
Their hearts, that now so freshly glow,
Lost in desponding gloom.

They who have sought, nor hope to find,
Wear not so bright a glance :
They, who have won their earthly mind,
Less reverently advance.

But where, in gentle spirits, fear
And joy so duly meet,
These sure have seen the angels near,
And kiss'd the Saviour's feet.

Nor let the Pastor's thankful eye
Their faltering tale disdain,
As on their lowly couch they lie,
Prisoners of want and pain.

O guide us, when our faithless hearts
From Thee would start aloof,
Where Patience her sweet skill imparts
Beneath some cottage roof :

Revive our dying fires, to burn
High as her anthems soar,
And of our scholars let us learn
Our own forgotten lore.

## FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

*Seemeth it but a small thing unto you, that the God of Israel hath separated you from the congregation of Israel, to bring you near to Himself?*—Numbers xvi. 9.

First Father of the holy seed,
If yet, invok'd in hour of need,
  Thou count me for Thine own,
Not quite an outcast if I prove,
(Thou joy'st in miracles of love,)
  Hear, from Thy mercy-throne!

Upon Thine altar's horn of gold
Help me to lay my trembling hold,
  Though stain'd with Christian gore;—
The blood of souls by Thee redeem'd,
But, while I rov'd or idly dream'd,
  Lost to be found no more.

For oft, when summer leaves were bright,
And every flower was bath'd in light,
  In sunshine moments past,
My wilful heart would burst away
From where the holy shadow lay,
  Where Heaven my lot had cast.

I thought it scorn with Thee to dwell,
A Hermit in a silent cell,
  While, gaily sweeping by,
Wild Fancy blew his bugle strain,
And marshall'd all his gallant train
  In the world's wondering eye.

I would have join'd him—but as oft
Thy whisper'd warnings, kind and soft,
  My better soul confess'd.
"My servant, let the world alone—
"Safe on the steps of Jesus' throne
  "Be tranquil and be blest.

" Seems it to thee a niggard hand
" That nearest Heaven has bade thee stand,
" The ark to touch and bear,
" With incense of pure heart's desire
" To heap the censer's sacred fire,
" The snow-white Ephod wear ? "

Why should we crave the worldling's wreath,
On whom the Saviour deign'd to breathe,
To whom His keys were given,
Who lead the choir where angels meet,
With angels' food our brethren greet,
And pour the drink of Heaven ?

When sorrow all our heart would ask,
We need not shun our daily task,
And hide ourselves for calm ;
The herbs we seek to heal our woe
Familiar by our pathway grow,
Our common air is balm.

Around each pure domestic shrine
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine,
Our hearths are altars all ;
The prayers of hungry souls and poor,
Like armèd angels at the door,
Our unseen foes appal.

Alms all around and hymns within—
What evil eye can entrance win
Where guards like these abound ?
If chance some heedless heart should roam,
Sure, thought of these will lure it home
Ere lost in Folly's round.

O joys, that sweetest in decay,
Fall not, like wither'd leaves, away,
But with the silent breath
Of violets drooping one by one,
Soon as their fragrant task is done,
Are wafted high in death !

## SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

*He hath said, which heard the words of God, and knew the knowledge of the Most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open : I shall see Him, but not now : I shall behold Him, but not nigh : there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth.*—Numbers xxiv. 16, 17.

O FOR a sculptor's hand,
That thou might'st take thy stand,
Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze,
Thy tranc'd yet open gaze
Fix'd on the desert haze,
As one who deep in heaven some airy pageant sees.

In outline dim and vast
Their fearful shadows cast
The giant forms of empires on their way
To ruin : one by one
They tower and they are gone,
Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay.

No sun or star so bright
In all the world of light
That they should draw to Heaven his downward eye :
He hears th' Almighty's word,
He sees the angel's sword,
Yet low upon the earth his heart and treasure lie.

Lo ! from yon argent field,
To him and us reveal'd,
One gentle Star glides down, on earth to dwell.
Chain'd as they are below
Our eyes may see it glow,
And as it mounts again, may track its brightness well.

To him it glar'd afar,
A token of wild war,
The banner of his Lord's victorious wrath :

But close to us it gleams,
Its soothing lustre streams
Around our home's green walls, and on our church-way path.

We in the tents abide
Which he at distance eyed
Like goodly cedars by the waters spread,
While seven red altar-fires
Rose up in wavy spires,
Where on the mount he watch'd his sorceries dark and dread.

He watch'd till morning's ray
On lake and meadow lay,
And willow-shaded streams, that silent sweep
Around the banner'd lines,
Where by their several signs
The desert-wearied tribes in sight of Canaan sleep.

He watch'd till knowledge came
Upon his soul like flame,
Not of those magic fires at random caught:
But true prophetic light
Flash'd o'er him, high and bright,
Flash'd once, and died away, and left his darken'd thought.

And can he choose but fear,
Who feels his GOD so near,
That when he fain would curse, his powerless tongue
In blessing only moves?—
Alas! the world he loves
Too close around his heart her tangling veil hath flung.

Sceptre and Star divine,
Who in Thine inmost shrine
Hast made us worshippers, O claim Thine own;
More than Thy seers we know—
O teach our love to grow
Up to Thy heavenly light, and reap what Thou hast sown.

## THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

*A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come : but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.*—St. John xvi. 21.

WELL may I guess and feel
Why Autumn should be sad ;
But vernal airs should sorrow heal,
Spring should be gay and glad :
Yet as along this violet bank I rove,
The languid sweetness seems to choke my breath,
I sit me down beside the hazel grove,
And sigh, and half could wish my weariness were death.

Like a bright veering cloud
Grey blossoms twinkle there,
Warbles around a busy crowd
Of larks in purest air.
Shame on the heart that dreams of blessings gone,
Or wakes the spectral forms of woe and crime,
When nature sings of joy and hope alone,
Reading her cheerful lesson in her own sweet time.

Nor let the proud heart say,
In her self-torturing hour,
The travail pangs must have their way,
The aching brow must lower.
To us long since the glorious Child is born,
Our throes should be forgot, or only seem
Like a sad vision told for joy at morn,
For joy that we have wak'd and found it but a dream.

Mysterious to all thought
A mother's prime of bliss,
When to her eager lips is brought
Her infant's thrilling kiss.
O never shall it set, the sacred light
Which dawns that moment on her tender gaze,
In the eternal distance blending bright
Her darling's hope and hers, for love and joy and praise.

No need for her to weep
Like Thracian wives of yore,
Save when in rapture still and deep
Her thankful heart runs o'er.
They mourn'd to trust their treasure on the main,
Sure of the storm, unknowing of their guide :
Welcome to her the peril and the pain,
For well she knows the home where they may safely hide. 40

She joys that one is born
Into a world forgiven,
Her Father's household to adorn,
And dwell with her in Heaven.
So have I seen, in Spring's bewitching hour,
When the glad Earth is offering all her best,
Some gentle maid bend o'er a cherish'd flower,
And wish it worthier on a Parent's heart to rest. 48

## FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

*Nevertheless I tell you the truth ; It is expedient for you that I go away : for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you ; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.*—St. John xvi. 7.

My Saviour, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing Thee ?
The watchful mother tarries nigh,
Though sleep have clos'd her infant's eye ;
For should he wake, and find her gone,
She knows she could not bear his moan.
But I am weaker than a child,
And Thou art more than mother dear ;
Without Thee Heaven were but a wild :
How can I live without Thee here ! 10

" 'Tis good for you, that I should go,
" You lingering yet awhile below ; "—
'Tis Thine own gracious promise, Lord !
Thy saints have prov'd the faithful word,
When Heaven's bright boundless avenue
Far open'd on their eager view,

And homeward to Thy Father's throne,
Still lessening, brightening on their sight,
Thy shadowy car went soaring on;
They track'd Thee up th' abyss of light.

Thou bidd'st rejoice; they dare not mourn,
But to their home in gladness turn,
Their home and God's, that favour'd place,
Where still He shines on Abraham's race,
In prayers and blessings there to wait
Like suppliants at their Monarch's gate,
Who bent with bounty rare to aid
The splendours of His crowning day,
Keeps back awhile His largess, made
More welcome for that brief delay:

In doubt they wait, but not unblest;
They doubt not of their Master's rest,
Nor of the gracious will of Heaven—
Who gave His Son, sure all has given—
But in ecstatic awe they muse
What course the genial stream may choose,
And far and wide their fancies rove,
And to their height of wonder strain,
What secret miracle of love
Should make their Saviour's going gain.

The days of hope and prayer are past,
The day of comfort dawns at last,
The everlasting gates again
Roll back, and, lo! a royal train—
From the far depth of light once more
The floods of glory earthward pour:
They part like shower-drops in mid air,
But ne'er so soft fell noon-tide shower,
Nor ev'ning rainbow gleam'd so fair
To weary swains in parchèd bower.

Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame
Through cloud and breeze unwavering came,
And darted to its place of rest
On some meek brow of Jesus blest.

Nor fades it yet, that living gleam,
And still those lambent lightnings stream;
Where'er the Lord is, there are they;
  In every heart that gives them room,
They light His altar every day,
  Zeal to inflame, and vice consume.

Soft as the plumes of Jesus' Dove
They nurse the soul to heavenly love:
The struggling spark of good within,
Just smother'd in the strife of sin,
They quicken to a timely glow,
The pure flame spreading high and low.
Said I, that prayer and hope were o'er?
  Nay, blessèd Spirit! but by Thee
The Church's prayer finds wings to soar,
  The Church's hope finds eyes to see.

Then, fainting soul, arise and sing;
Mount, but be sober on the wing;
Mount up, for Heaven is won by prayer,
Be sober, for thou art not there;
Till Death the weary spirit free,
Thy God hath said, 'Tis good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight:
  Take it on trust a little while;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
  In the full sunshine of His smile.

Or if thou yet more knowledge crave,
Ask thine own heart, that willing slave
To all that works thee woe or harm:
Shouldst thou not need some mighty charm
To win thee to Thy Saviour's side,
Though He had deign'd with thee to bide?
The Spirit must stir the darkling deep,
  The Dove must settle on the Cross,
Else we should all sin on or sleep
  With Christ in sight, turning our gain to loss.

## FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

### ROGATION SUNDAY

*And the Lord was very angry with Aaron to have destroyed him: and I prayed for Aaron also the same time.*—Deut. ix. 20.

Now is there solemn pause in earth and heaven;
The Conqueror now
His bonds hath riven,
And Angels wonder why He stays below:
Yet hath not man his lesson learn'd,
How endless love should be return'd.

Deep is the silence as of summer noon,
When a soft shower
Will trickle soon,
A gracious rain, freshening the weary bower—
O sweetly then far off is heard
The clear note of some lonely bird.

So let Thy turtle-dove's sad call arise
In doubt and fear
Through darkening skies,
And pierce, O Lord, Thy justly sealèd ear,
Where on the house-top,[1] all night long
She trills her widow'd, faltering song.

Teach her to know and love her hour of prayer,
And evermore,
As faith grows rare,
Unlock her heart, and offer all its store
In holier love and humbler vows,
As suits a lost returning spouse.

Not as at first,[2] but with intenser cry,
Upon the mount
She now must lie,
Till Thy dear love to blot the sad account
Of her rebellious race be won,
Pitying the mother in the son.

[1] *Psalm* cii. 7.

[2] I fell down before the Lord forty days and forty nights, as I fell down at the first.—*Deuteronomy* ix. 25.

But chiefly (for she knows Thee anger'd worst
By holiest things
Profan'd and curst),
Chiefly for Aaron's seed she spreads her wings,
If but one leaf she may from Thee
Win of the reconciling tree.

For what shall heal, when holy water banes?
Or who may guide
O'er desert plains
Thy lov'd yet sinful people wandering wide,
If Aaron's hand unshrinking mould [1]
An idol form of earthly gold?

Therefore her tears are bitter, and as deep
Her boding sigh,
As, while men sleep,
Sad-hearted mothers heave, that wakeful lie,
To muse upon some darling child
Roaming in youth's uncertain wild.

Therefore on fearful dreams her inward sight
Is fain to dwell—
What lurid light
Shall the last darkness of the world dispel,
The Mediator in His wrath
Descending down the lightning's path.

Yet, yet awhile, offended Saviour, pause,
In aet to break [2]
Thine outrag'd laws,
O spare Thy rebels for Thine own dear sake;
Withdraw Thine hand, nor dash to earth
The covenant of our second birth.

'Tis forfeit like the first—we own it all—
Yet for love's sake
Let it not fall;
But at Thy touch let veilèd hearts awake,
That nearest to Thine altar lie,
Yet least of holy things descry.

[1] *Exodus* xxxii. 4. [2] *Exodus* xxxii. 19.

Teacher of teachers! Priest of priests! from Thee
The sweet strong prayer
Must rise, to free
First Levi, then all Israel, from the snare.
Thou art our Moses out of sight—
Speak for us, or we perish quite.

## ASCENSION DAY

*Why stand ye gazing up into Heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven.*—Acts i. 11.

Soft cloud, that while the breeze of May
Chants her glad matins in the leafy arch,
Draw'st thy bright veil across the heavenly way,
Meet pavement for an angel's glorious march:

My soul is envious of mine eye,
That it should soar and glide with thee so fast,
The while my grovelling thoughts half buried lie,
Or lawless roam around this earthly waste.

Chains of my heart, avaunt I say—
I will arise, and in the strength of love
Pursue the bright track ere it fade away,
My Saviour's pathway to His home above.

Sure, when I reach the point where earth
Melts into nothing from th' uncumber'd sight,
Heaven will o'ercome th' attraction of my birth,
And I shall sink in yonder sea of light:

Till resting by th' incarnate Lord,
Once bleeding, now triumphant for my sake,
I mark Him, how by seraph hosts ador'd,
He to earth's lowest cares is still awake.

The sun and every vassal star,
All space, beyond the soar of angel wings,
Wait on His word: and yet He stays His ear
For every sigh a contrite suppliant brings.

He listens to the silent tear
For all the anthems of the boundless sky—
And shall our dreams of music bar our ear
To His soul-piercing voice for ever nigh?

Nay, gracious Saviour—but as now
Our thoughts have trac'd Thee to Thy glory-throne,
So help us evermore with Thee to bow
Where human sorrow breathes her lowly moan.

We must not stand to gaze too long,
Though on unfolding Heaven our gaze we bend,
Where lost behind the bright angelic throng
We see CHRIST's entering triumph slow ascend.

No fear but we shall soon behold,
Faster than now it fades, that gleam revive,
When issuing from his cloud of fiery gold
Our wasted frames feel the true sun, and live.

Then shall we see Thee as Thou art,
For ever fix'd in no unfruitful gaze,
But such as lifts the new-created heart,
Age after age, in worthier love and praise.

## SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION

*As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.*—**1 St. Peter iv. 10.**

THE Earth that in her genial breast
Makes for the down a kindly nest,
Where wafted by the warm south-west
It floats at pleasure,
Yields, thankful, of her very best,
To nurse her treasure:

True to her trust, tree, herb, or reed,
She renders for each scatter'd seed,
And to her Lord with duteous heed
Gives large increase:
Thus year by year she works unfee'd,
And will not cease.

Woe worth these barren hearts of ours,
Where Thou hast set celestial flowers,
And water'd with more balmy showers
Than e'er distill'd
In Eden, on th' ambrosial bowers—
Yet nought we yield.

Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely Thy gifts should be restor'd;
Freely Thou givest, and Thy word
Is, "Freely give."[1]
He only, who forgets to hoard,
Has learn'd to live.

Wisely Thou givest—all around
Thine equal rays are resting found,
Yet varying so on various ground
They pierce and strike,
That not two roseate cups are crown'd
With dew alike:

E'en so, in silence, likest Thee,
Steals on soft-handed Charity,
Tempering her gifts, that seem so free,
By time and place,
Till not a woe the bleak world see,
But finds her grace:

Eyes to the blind, and to the lame
Feet, and to sinners wholesome blame,
To starving bodies food and flame,
By turns she brings;
To humbled souls, that sink for shame,
Lends heaven-ward wings:

Leads them the way our Saviour went,
And shows Love's treasure yet unspent;
As when th' unclouded heavens were rent,
Opening His road,
Nor yet His Holy Spirit sent
To our abode.

[1] *St. Matthew* x. 8.

Ten days th' eternal doors display'd
Were wondering (so th' Almighty bade)
Whom Love enthron'd would send, in aid
Of souls that mourn,
Left orphans in Earth's dreary shade
As soon as born.

Open they stand, that prayers in throngs
May rise on high, and holy songs,
Such incense as of right belongs
To the true shrine,
Where stands the Healer of all wrongs
In light divine;

The golden censer in His hand,
He offers hearts from every land,
Tied to his own by gentlest band
Of silent Love:
About Him wingèd blessings stand
In act to move.

A little while, and they shall fleet
From Heaven to Earth, attendants meet
On the life-giving Paraclete
Speeding His flight,
With all that sacred is and sweet,
On saints to light.

Apostles, Prophets, Pastors, all
Shall feel the shower of Mercy fall,
And starting at th' Almighty's call,
Give what He gave,
Till their high deeds the world appal,
And sinners save.

## WHITSUNDAY

*And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.*—Acts ii. 2-4.

When God of old came down from Heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay;
A day of wrath, and not of grace;
A dim and dreadful day.

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love,
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd His holy Dove.

The fires that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth
Wing'd with the sinner's doom,
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come:

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from Heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

Nor doth the outward ear alone
At that high warning start;
Conscience gives back th' appalling tone;
'Tis echoed in the heart.

It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

To other strains our souls are set:
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear and brain, and will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by Love or Fear.

## MONDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK

*So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city.*—Genesis xi. 8.

Since all that is not Heaven must fade,
Light be the hand of Ruin laid
Upon the home I love:
With lulling spell let soft Decay
Steal on, and spare the giant sway,
The crash of tower and grove.

Far opening down some woodland deep
In their own quiet glade should sleep
The relics dear to thought,
And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
Their waving tracery hang, to hide
What ruthless Time has wrought.

Such are the visions green and sweet
That o'er the wistful fancy fleet
In Asia's sea-like plain,
Where slowly, round his isles of sand,
Euphrates through the lonely land
Winds toward the pearly main.

Slumber is there, but not of rest;
There her forlorn and weary nest
The famish'd hawk has found,
The wild dog howls at fall of night,
The serpent's rustling coils affright
The traveller on his round.

What shapeless form, half lost on high,[1]
Half seen against the evening sky,
Seems like a ghost to glide,
And watch, from Babel's crumbling heap,
Where in her shadow, fast asleep,
Lies fall'n imperial Pride?

With half-clos'd eye a lion there
Is basking in his noontide lair,
Or prowls in twilight gloom.
The golden city's king he seems,
Such as in old prophetic dreams[2]
Sprang from rough ocean's womb.

But where are now his eagle wings,
That shelter'd erst a thousand kings,
Hiding the glorious sky
From half the nations, till they own
No holier name, no mightier throne?
That vision is gone by.

[1] See Sir R. K. Porter's Travels, ii. 387. "In my second visit to Birs Nimrood, my party suddenly halted, having descried several dark objects moving along the summit of its hill, which they construed into dismounted Arabs on the look out: I took out my glass to examine, and soon distinguished that the causes of our alarm were two or three majestic lions, taking the air upon the heights of the pyramid."

[2] *Daniel* vii. 4.

Quench'd is the golden statue's ray,[1]
The breath of heaven has blown away
What toiling earth had pil'd,
Scattering wise heart and crafty hand,
As breezes strew on ocean's sand
The fabrics of a child.

Divided thence through every age
Thy rebels, Lord, their warfare wage,
And hoarse and jarring all
Mount up their heaven-assailing cries
To Thy bright watchmen in the skies
From Babel's shatter'd wall.

Thrice only since, with blended might
The nations on that haughty height
Have met to scale the Heaven :
Thrice only might a Seraph's look
A moment's shade of sadness brook—
Such power to guilt was given.

Now the fierce Bear and Leopard keen [2]
Are perish'd as they ne'er had been,
Oblivion is their home :
Ambition's boldest dream and last
Must melt before the clarion blast
That sounds the dirge of Rome.

Heroes and Kings, obey the charm,
Withdraw the proud high-reaching arm,
There is an oath on high,
That ne'er on brow of mortal birth
Shall blend again the crowns of earth,
Nor in according cry

Her many voices mingling own
One tyrant Lord, one idol throne :
But to His triumph soon
*He* shall descend, who rules above,
And the pure language of His love [3]
All tongues of men shall tune.

[1] *Daniel* ii. and iii. [2] *Daniel* vii. 5, 6.

[3] Then will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve Him with one consent.—*Zephaniah* iii. 9.

Nor let Ambition heartless mourn ;
When Babel's very ruins burn,
Her high desires may breathe ;—
O'ercome thyself, and thou mayst share
With Christ His Father's throne,[1] and wear
The world's imperial wreath.

## TUESDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK

*When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them.*—St. John x. 4.

(Addressed to Candidates for Ordination.)

" Lord, in Thy field I work all day,
" I read, I teach, I warn, I pray,
" And yet these wilful wandering sheep
" Within Thy fold I cannot keep.

" I journey, yet no step is won—
" Alas ! the weary course I run !
" Like sailors shipwreck'd in their dreams,
" All powerless and benighted seems."

What ? wearied out with half a life ?
Scar'd with this smooth unbloody strife ?
Think where thy coward hopes had flown,
Had Heaven held out the martyr's crown.

How couldst thou hang upon the Cross,
To whom a weary hour is loss ?
Or how the thorns and scourging brook,
Who shrinkest from a scornful look ?

Yet ere thy craven spirit faints,
Hear thine own King, the King of Saints ;
Though thou wert toiling in the grave,
'Tis He can cheer thee, He can save.

He is th' eternal mirror bright,
Where Angels view the Father's light,
And yet in Him the simplest swain
May read his homely lesson plain.

[1] To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne.—*Revelation* iii. 21.

Early to quit His home on earth,
And claim His high celestial birth,
Alone with His true Father found
Within the temple's solemn round :—

Yet in meek duty to abide
For many a year at Mary's side,
Nor heed, though restless spirits ask,
" What ? hath the Christ forgot His task ? "—

Conscious of Deity within,
To bow before an heir of sin,
With folded arms on humble breast,
By His own servant wash'd and blest :—

Then full of Heaven, the mystic Dove
Hovering His gracious brow above,
To shun the voice and eye of praise,
And in the wild His trophies raise :—

With hymns of angels in His ears,
Back to His task of woe and tears,
Unmurmuring through the world to roam
With not a wish or thought at home :—

All but Himself to heal and save,
Till ripen'd for the cross and grave,
He to His Father gently yield
The breath that our redemption seal'd :—

Then to unearthly life arise,
Yet not at once to seek the skies,
But glide awhile from saint to saint,
Lest on our lonely way we faint ;

And through the cloud by glimpses show
How bright, in Heaven, the marks will glow
Of the true cross, imprinted deep
Both on the Shepherd and the sheep :—

When out of sight, in heart and prayer
Thy chosen people still to bear,
And from behind Thy glorious veil,
Shed light that cannot change or fail :—

This is Thy pastoral course, O LORD,
Till we be sav'd, and Thou ador'd;—
Thy course and ours—but who are they
Who follow on the narrow way?

And yet of Thee from year to year
The Church's solemn chant we hear,
As from Thy cradle to Thy throne
She swells her high heart-cheering tone.

Listen, ye pure white-robèd souls,
Whom in her list she now enrolls,
And gird ye for your high emprize
By these her thrilling minstrelsies.

And wheresoe'er, in earth's widė field,
Ye lift, for Him, the red-cross shield,
Be this your song, your joy and pride—
"Our Champion went before and died."

## TRINITY SUNDAY

*If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?*—St. John iii. 12.

CREATOR, Saviour, strengthening Guide,
Now on Thy mercy's ocean wide
Far out of sight we seem to glide.

Help us, each hour, with steadier eye
To search the deepening mystery,
The wonders of Thy sea and sky.

The blessèd Angels look and long
To praise Thee with a worthier song,
And yet our silence does Thee wrong.—

Along the Church's central space
The sacred weeks, with unfelt pace,
Have borne us on from grace to grace.

As travellers on some woodland height,
When wintry suns are gleaming bright,
Lose in arch'd glades their tangled sight ;—

By glimpses such as dreamers love
Through her grey veil the leafless grove
Shows where the distant shadows rove ;—

Such trembling joy the soul o'er-awes
As nearer to Thy shrine she draws :—
And now before the choir we pause.

The door is clos'd—but soft and deep
Around the awful arches sweep
Such airs as soothe a hermit's sleep.

From each carv'd nook and fretted bend
Cornice and gallery seem to send
Tones that with seraph hymns might blend.

Three solemn parts together twine
In harmony's mysterious line ;
Three solemn aisles approach the shrine :

Yet all are One—together all,
In thoughts that awe but not appal,
Teach the adoring heart to fall.

Within these walls each fluttering guest
Is gently lur'd to one safe nest—
Without, 'tis moaning and unrest.

The busy world a thousand ways
Is hurrying by, nor ever stays
To catch a note of Thy dear praise.

Why tarries not her chariot wheel,
That o'er her with no vain appeal
One gust of heavenly song might steal ?

Alas ! for her Thy opening flowers
Unheeded breathe to summer showers,
Unheard the music of Thy bowers.

What echoes from the sacred dome
The selfish spirit may o'ercome
That will not hear of love or home!

The heart that scorn'd a father's care,
How can it rise in filial prayer?
How an all-seeing Guardian bear?

Or how shall envious brethren own
A Brother on th' eternal throne,
Their Father's joy, their hope alone?

How shall Thy Spirit's gracious wile
The sullen brow of gloom beguile,
That frowns on sweet Affection's smile?

Eternal One, Almighty Trine!
(Since Thou art ours, and we are Thine,)
By all Thy love did once resign,

By all the grace Thy heavens still hide,
We pray Thee, keep us at Thy side,
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide!

## FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*So Joshua smote all the country, . . . and all their kings: he left none remaining.*—Joshua x. 40.

WHERE is the land with milk and honey flowing,
The promise of our God, our fancy's theme?
Here over shatter'd walls dank weeds are growing,
And blood and fire have run in mingled stream;
Like oaks and cedars all around
The giant corses strew the ground,
And haughty Jericho's cloud-piercing wall
Lies where it sank at Joshua's trumpet call.

These are not scenes for pastoral dance at even,
For moonlight rovings in the fragrant glades,
Soft slumbers in the open eye of Heaven,
And all the listless joy of summer shades.

We in the midst of ruins live,
Which every hour dread warning give,
Nor may our household vine or fig-tree hide
The broken arches of old Canaan's pride.

Where is the sweet repose of hearts repenting,
The deep calm sky, the sunshine of the soul,
Now Heaven and earth are to our bliss consenting,
And all the Godhead joins to make us whole?
The triple crown of mercy now
Is ready for the suppliant's brow,
By the Almighty Three for ever plann'd,
And from behind the cloud held out by Jesus' hand.

"Now, Christians, hold your own—the land before ye
"Is open—win your way, and take your rest."
So sounds our war-note; but our path of glory
By many a cloud is darken'd and unblest:
And daily as we downward glide,
Life's ebbing stream on either side
Shows at each turn some mould'ring hope or joy,
The Man seems following still the funeral of the Boy.

Open our eyes, Thou Sun of life and gladness,
That we may see that glorious world of Thine!
It shines for us in vain, while drooping sadness
Enfolds us here like mist: come Power benign,
Touch our chill'd hearts with vernal smile,
Our wintry course do Thou beguile,
Nor by the wayside ruins let us mourn,
Who have th' eternal towers for our appointed bourne.

## SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you. We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.* —1 St. John iii. 13, 14.

The clouds that wrap the setting sun
When Autumn's softest gleams are ending,
Where all bright hues together run
In sweet confusion blending:—

Why, as we watch their floating wreath,
Seem they the breath of life to breathe?
To Fancy's eye their motions prove
They mantle round the Sun for love.

When up some woodland dale we catch
The many-twinkling smile [1] of ocean,
Or with pleas'd ear bewilder'd watch
His chime of restless motion;
Still as the surging waves retire
They seem to gasp with strong desire,
Such signs of love old Ocean gives,
We cannot choose but think he lives.

Wouldst thou the life of souls discern?
Nor human wisdom nor divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn;
Love is life's only sign.
The spring of the regenerate heart,
The pulse, the glow of every part,
Is the true love of Christ our Lord,
As man embrac'd, as God ador'd.

But he, whose heart will bound to mark
The full bright burst of summer morn,
Loves too each little dewy spark,
By leaf or flow'ret worn:
Cheap forms, and common hues, 'tis true,
Through the bright shower-drop meet his view;
The colouring may be of this earth;
The lustre comes of heavenly birth.

E'en so, who loves the Lord aright,
No soul of man can worthless find;
All will be precious in his sight,
Since Christ on all hath shin'd:
But chiefly Christian souls; for they,
Though worn and soil'd with sinful clay,
Are yet, to eyes that see them true,
All glistening with baptismal dew.

[1] . . . ποντίων τε κυμάτων
ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα . . . *Æschyl. Prom.* 89.

Then marvel not, if such as bask
In purest light of innocence,
Hope against hope, in love's dear task,
Spite of all dark offence.
If they who hate the trespass most,
Yet, when all other love is lost,
Love the poor sinner, marvel not;
Christ's mark outwears the rankest blot.

No distance breaks the tie of blood;
Brothers are brothers evermore;
Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood,
That magic may o'erpower;
Oft, ere the common source be known,
The kindred drops will claim their own,
And throbbing pulses silently
Move heart towards heart by sympathy.

So is it with true Christian hearts;
Their mutual share in Jesus' blood
An everlasting bond imparts
Of holiest brotherhood:
Oh! might we all our lineage prove,
Give and forgive, do good and love,
By soft endearments in kind strife
Lightening the load of daily life!

There is much need; for not as yet
Are we in shelter or repose,
The holy house is still beset
With leaguer of stern foes;
Wild thoughts within, bad men without,
All evil spirits round about,
Are banded in unblest device,
To spoil Love's earthly paradise.

Then draw we nearer day by day,
Each to his brethren, all to God;
Let the world take us as she may,
We must not change our road;
Not wondering, though in grief, to find
The martyr's foe still keep her mind;
But fix'd to hold Love's banner fast,
And by submission win at last.

## THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.*—St. Luke xv. 10.

O HATEFUL spell of Sin! when friends are nigh,
To make stern Memory tell her tale unsought,
And raise accusing shades of hours gone by,
To come between us and all kindly thought!

Chill'd at her touch, the self-reproaching soul
Flies from the heart and home she dearest loves
To where lone mountains tower, or billows roll,
Or to your endless depth, ye solemn groves.

In vain: the averted cheek in loneliest dell
Is conscious of a gaze it cannot bear,
The leaves that rustle near us seem to tell
Our heart's sad secret to the silent air.

Nor is the dream untrue; for all around
The heavens are watching with their thousand eyes,
We cannot pass our guardian angel's bound,
Resign'd or sullen, he will hear our sighs.

He in the mazes of the budding wood
Is near, and mourns to see our thankless glance
Dwell coldly, where the fresh green earth is strew'd
With the first flowers that lead the vernal dance.

In wasteful bounty shower'd, they smile unseen,
Unseen by man—but what if purer sprights
By moonlight o'er their dewy bosoms lean
To' adore the Father of all gentle lights?

If such there be, O grief and shame to think
That sight of thee should overcloud their joy,
A new-born soul, just waiting on the brink
Of endless life, yet wrapt in earth's annoy!

O turn, and be thou turn'd ! the selfish tear,
In bitter thoughts of low-born care begun,
Let it flow on, but flow refin'd and clear,
The turbid waters brightening as they run.

Let it flow on, till all thine earthly heart
In penitential drops have ebb'd away,
Then fearless turn where Heaven hath set thy part,
Nor shudder at the Eye that saw thee stray.

O lost and found ! all gentle souls below
Their dearest welcome shall prepare, and prove
Such joy o'er thee, as raptur'd seraphs know,
Who learn their lesson at the Throne of Love.

## FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope, because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.*—Romans viii. 19-22.

It was not then a poet's dream,
An idle vaunt of song,
Such as beneath the moon's soft gleam
On vacant fancies throng ;

Which bids us see in heaven and earth,
In all fair things around,
Strong yearnings for a blest new birth
With sinless glories crown'd ;

Which bids us hear, at each sweet pause
From care and want and toil,
When dewy eve her curtain draws
Over the day's turmoil,

In the low chant of wakeful birds,
In the deep weltering flood,
In whispering leaves, these solemn words—
" God made us all for good."

All true, all faultless, all in tune,
Creation's wondrous choir,
Open'd in mystic unison
To last till time expire.

And still it lasts: by day and night,
With one consenting voice,
All hymn Thy glory, Lord, aright,
All worship and rejoice.

Man only mars the sweet accord,
O'erpowering with "harsh din"
The music of Thy works and word,
Ill match'd with grief and sin.

Sin is with man at morning break,
And through the live-long day
Deafens the ear that fain would wake
To Nature's simple lay.

But when eve's silent foot-fall steals
Along the eastern sky,
And one by one to earth reveals
Those purer fires on high,

When one by one each human sound
Dies on the awful ear,
Then Nature's voice no more is drown'd,
She speaks, and we must hear.

Then pours she on the Christian heart
That warning still and deep,
At which high spirits of old would start
E'en from their Pagan sleep,

Just guessing, through their murky blind,
Few, faint, and baffling sight,
Streaks of a brighter heaven behind,
A cloudless depth of light.

Such thoughts, the wreck of Paradise,
Through many a dreary age,
Upbore whate'er of good and wise
Yet liv'd in bard or sage:

They mark'd what agonizing throes
Shook the great mother's womb;
But Reason's spells might not disclose
The gracious birth to come;

Nor could th' enchantress Hope forecast
God's secret love and power;
The travail pangs of Earth must last
Till her appointed hour;

The hour that saw from opening heaven
Redeeming glory stream,
Beyond the summer hues of even,
Beyond the mid-day beam.

Thenceforth, to eyes of high desire,
The meanest things below,
As with a seraph's robe of fire
Invested, burn and glow:

The rod of Heaven has touch'd them all,
The word from Heaven is spoken;
"Rise, shine, and sing, thou captive thrall;
"Are not thy fetters broken?

"The God Who hallow'd thee and blest,
"Pronouncing thee all good—
"Hath He not all thy wrongs redrest,
"And all thy bliss renew'd?

"Why mourn'st thou still as one bereft,
"Now that th' eternal Son
"His blessèd home in Heaven hath left
"To make thee all His own?"

Thou mourn'st because Sin lingers still
In Christ's new heaven and earth;
Because our rebel works and will
Stain our immortal birth:

Because, as Love and Prayer grow cold,
The Saviour hides His face,
And worldlings blot the temple's gold
With uses vile and base.

Hence all thy groans and travail pains,
Hence, till thy God return,
In Wisdom's ear thy blithest strains,
Oh Nature, seem to mourn.

## FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*And Simon answering said unto Him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake.*—St. Luke v. 5, 6.

"THE live-long night we've toil'd in vain,
"But at Thy gracious word
"I will let down the net again:—
"Do Thou Thy will, O Lord!"

So spake the weary fisher, spent
With bootless darkling toil,
Yet on his Master's bidding bent
For love and not for spoil.

So day by day and week by week,
In sad and weary thought,
They muse, whom God hath set to seek
The souls His Christ hath bought.

For not upon a tranquil lake
Our pleasant task we ply,
Where all along our glistening wake
The softest moonbeams lie;

Where rippling wave and dashing oar
Our midnight chant attend,
Or whispering palm-leaves from the shore
With midnight silence blend.

Sweet thoughts of peace, ye may not last:
Too soon some ruder sound
Calls us from where ye soar so fast
Back to our earthly round.

For wildest storms our ocean sweep:—
No anchor but the Cross
Might hold: and oft the thankless deep
Turns all our toil to loss.

Full many a dreary anxious hour
We watch our nets alone
In drenching spray, and driving shower,
And hear the night-bird's moan:

At morn we look, and nought is there;
Sad dawn of cheerless day!
Who then from pining and despair
The sickening heart can stay?

There is a stay—and we are strong;
Our Master is at hand,
To cheer our solitary song,
And guide us to the strand,

In His own time: but yet awhile
Our bark at sea must ride:
Cast after cast, by force or guile
All waters must be tried:

By blameless guile or gentle force,
As when He deign'd to teach
(The lode-star of our Christian course)
Upon this sacred beach.

Should e'er Thy wonder-working grace
Triumph by our weak arm,
Let not our sinful fancy trace
Aught human in the charm:

To our own nets [1] ne'er bow we down,
Lest on the eternal shore
The angels, while our draught they own,[2]
Reject us evermore:

Or, if for our unworthiness
Toil, prayer, and watching fail,
In disappointment Thou canst bless,
So love at heart prevail.

## SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord. And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die.*—2 Samuel xii. 13.

When bitter thoughts, of conscience born,
With sinners wake at morn,
When from our restless couch we start
With fever'd lips and wither'd heart,
Where is the spell to charm those mists away,
And make new morning in that darksome day?
One draught of spring's delicious air,
One steadfast thought, that God is there.

These are Thy wonders, hourly wrought,[3]
Thou Lord of time and thought,
Lifting and lowering souls at will,
Crowding a world of good or ill
Into a moment's vision: e'en as light
Mounts o'er a cloudy ridge, and all is bright,
From west to east one thrilling ray
Turning a wintry world to May.

[1] They sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag.—*Habakkuk* i. 16. [2] *St. Matthew* xiii. 49.
[3] See Herbert's *Poems*: "The Flower."

Would'st thou the pangs of guilt assuage ?
Lo ! here an open page,
Where heavenly mercy shines as free,
Written in balm, sad heart, for thee.
Never so fast, in silent April shower,
Flush'd into green the dry and leafless bower,[1]
As Israel's crownèd mourner felt
The dull hard stone within him melt.

The absolver saw the mighty grief,
And hasten'd with relief ;—
" The Lord forgives ; thou shalt not die : "—
'Twas gently spoke, yet heard on high,
And all the band of angels, us'd to sing
In heaven, accordant to his raptur'd string,
Who many a month had turn'd away
With veilèd eyes, nor own'd his lay,

Now spread their wings, and throng around
To the glad mournful sound,
And welcome, with bright open face,
The broken heart to love's embrace.
The rock is smitten, and to future years
Springs ever fresh the tide of holy tears [2]
And holy music, whispering peace
Till time and sin together cease.

There drink ; and when ye are at rest,
With that free Spirit blest,[3]
Who to the contrite can dispense,
The princely heart of innocence,
If ever, floating from faint earthly lyre,
Was wafted to your soul one high desire,
By all the trembling hope ye feel,
Think on the minstrel as ye kneel :

[1] And all this leafless and uncolour'd scene
Shall flush into variety again.—*Cowper.*

[2] The fifty-first Psalm.

[3] *Psalm* li. 12. " Uphold me with Thy *free* Spirit." The original word seems to mean " ingenuous, princely, noble." Read Bishop Horne's Paraphrase on the verse.

Think on the shame, that dreadful hour
When tears shall have no power,
Should his own lay th' accuser prove,
Cold while he kindled others' love :
And let your prayer for charity arise,
That his own heart may hear his melodies,
And a true voice to him may cry,
" Thy GOD forgives—thou shalt not die."

## SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?*—St. Mark viii. 4.

Go not away, thou weary soul :
Heaven has in store a precious dole
Here on Bethsaida's cold and darksome height,
Where over rocks and sands arise
Proud Sirion in the northern skies,
And Tabor's lonely peak, 'twixt thee and noonday light.

And far below, Gennesaret's main
Spreads many a mile of liquid plain,
(Though all seem gather'd in one eager bound,)
Then narrowing cleaves yon palmy lea,
Towards that deep sulphureous sea,
Where five proud cities lie, by one dire sentence drown'd.

Landscape of fear ! yet, weary heart,
Thou need'st not in thy gloom depart,
Nor fainting turn to seek thy distant home :
Sweetly thy sickening throbs are ey'd
By the kind Saviour at thy side ;
For healing and for balm e'en now thine hour is come.

No fiery wing is seen to glide,
No cates ambrosial are supplied,
But one poor fisher's rude and scanty store
Is all He asks (and more than needs)
Who men and angels daily feeds,
And stills the wailing sea-bird on the hungry shore.

The feast is o'er, the guests are gone,
And over all that upland lone
The breeze of eve sweeps wildly as of old—
But far unlike the former dreams,
The heart's sweet moonlight softly gleams
Upon life's varied view, so joyless erst and cold.

As mountain travellers in the night,
When heaven by fits is dark and bright,
Pause listening on the silent heath, and hear
Nor trampling hoof nor tinkling bell,
Then bolder scale the rugged fell,
Conscious the more of One, ne'er seen, yet ever near:

So when the tones of rapture gay
On the lorn ear, die quite away,
The lonely world seems lifted nearer heaven;
Seen daily, yet unmark'd before,
Earth's common paths are strewn all o'er
With flowers of pensive hope, the wreath of man forgiven.

The low sweet tones of Nature's lyre
No more on listless ears expire,
Nor vainly smiles along the shady way
The primrose in her vernal nest,
Nor unlamented sink to rest
Sweet roses one by one, nor autumn leaves decay.

There's not a star the heaven can show,
There's not a cottage-hearth below,
But feeds with solace kind the willing soul—
Men love us, or they need our love;
Freely they own, or heedless prove
The curse of lawless hearts, the joy of self-control.

Then rouse thee from desponding sleep,
Nor by the wayside lingering weep,
Nor fear to seek Him farther in the wild,
Whose love can turn earth's worst and least
Into a conqueror's royal feast:
Thou wilt not be untrue, thou shalt not be beguil'd.

## EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*It is the man of God, who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord.*—1 Kings xiii. 26.

PROPHET of God, arise and take
With thee the words of wrath divine,
The scourge of Heaven, to shake
O'er yon apostate shrine.

Where Angels down the lucid stair
Came hovering to our sainted sires,
Now, in the twilight glare
The heathen's wizard fires.

Go, with thy voice the altar rend,
Scatter the ashes, be the arm,
That idols would befriend,
Shrunk at thy withering charm.

Then turn thee, for thy time is short,
But trace not o'er the former way,
Lest idol pleasures court
Thy heedless soul astray.

Thou know'st how hard to hurry by,
Where on the lonely woodland road
Beneath the moonlight sky
The festal warblings flow'd;

Where maidens to the Queen of Heaven
Wove the gay dance round oak or palm,
Or breath'd their vows at even
In hymns as soft as balm.

Or thee, perchance, a darker spell
Enthralls: the smooth stones of the flood,[1]
By mountain grot or fell,
Pollute with infant's blood;

[1] Among the smooth stones of the stream is thy portion; they, they are thy lot.—*Isaiah* lvii. 6.

The giant altar on the rock,
The cavern whence the timbrel's call
Affrights the wandering flock :—
Thou long'st to search them all.

Trust not the dangerous path again—
O forward step and lingering will !
O lov'd and warn'd in vain !
And wilt thou perish still ?

Thy message given, thine home in sight,
To the forbidden feast return ?
Yield to the false delight
Thy better soul could spurn ?

Alas, my brother ! round thy tomb
In sorrow kneeling, and in fear,
We read the Pastor's doom
Who speaks and will not hear.

The grey-hair'd saint may fail at last,
The surest guide a wanderer prove ;
Death only binds us fast
To the bright shore of love.

## NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*And after the earthquake a fire ; but the Lord was not in the fire : and after the fire a still small voice.*—1 Kings xix. 12.

In troublous days of anguish and rebuke,
While sadly round them Israel's children look,
And their eyes fail for waiting on their Lord :
While underneath each awful arch of green,
On every mountain top, God's chosen scene
Of pure heart-worship, Baal is ador'd :

'Tis well, true hearts should for a time retire
To holy ground, in quiet to aspire
Towards promis'd regions of serener grace ;
On Horeb, with Elijah, let us lie,
Where all around on mountain, sand, and sky,
God's chariot-wheels have left distinctest trace ;

There, if in jealousy and strong disdain
We to the sinner's God of sin complain,
  Untimely seeking here the peace of Heaven—
" It is enough, O Lord ! now let me die
" E'en as my fathers did : for what am I
  " That I should stand, where they have vainly
    " striven ? "—

Perhaps our God may of our conscience ask,
" What doest thou here, frail wanderer from thy
    " task ?
  " Where hast thou left those few sheep in the
    " wild ? " [1]
Then should we plead our heart's consuming pain,
At sight of ruin'd altars, prophets slain,
  And God's own ark with blood of souls defil'd ;

He on the rock may bid us stand, and see
The outskirts of His march of mystery,
  His endless warfare with man's wilful heart ;
First, His great Power He to the sinner shows,
Lo ! at His angry blast the rocks unclose,
  And to their base the trembling mountains part :

Yet the Lord is not here : 'tis not by Power
He will be known—but darker tempests lower ;
  Still, sullen heavings vex the labouring ground :
Perhaps His Presence thro' all depth and height,
Best of all gems, that deck His crown of light,
  The haughty eye may dazzle and confound.

God is not in the earthquake ; but behold
From Sinai's caves are bursting, as of old,
  The flames of His consuming jealous ire.
Woe to the sinner, should stern Justice prove
His chosen attribute ;—but He in love
  Hastes to proclaim, " God is not in the fire."

[1] 1 *Samuel* xvii. 28.

The storm is o'er—and hark! a still small voice
Steals on the ear, to say, Jehovah's choice
  Is ever with the soft, meek, tender soul:
By soft, meek, tender ways He loves to draw
The sinner, startled by His ways of awe:
  Here is our Lord, and not where thunders roll.

Back, then, complainer; loathe thy life no more,
Nor deem thyself upon a desert shore,
  Because the rocks the nearer prospect close.
Yet in fallen Israel are there hearts and eyes
That day by day in prayer like thine arise:
  Thou know'st them not, but their Creator knows.

Go, to the world return, nor fear to cast
Thy bread upon the waters, sure at last [1]
  In joy to find it after many days.
The work be thine, the fruit thy children's part:
Choose to believe, not see: sight tempts the heart
  From sober walking in true Gospel ways.

## TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it.*—St. Luke xix. 41.

Why doth my Saviour weep
  At sight of Sion's bowers?
Shows it not fair from yonder steep,
  Her gorgeous crown of towers?
Mark well His holy pains:
  'Tis not in pride or scorn,
That Israel's King with sorrow stains
  His own triumphal morn.

It is not that His soul
  Is wandering sadly on,
In thought how soon at death's dark goal
  Their course will all be run,

[1] *Ecclesiastes* xi. 1.

Who now are shouting round
Hosanna to their chief;
No thought like this in Him is found,
This were a Conqueror's grief.[1]

Or doth He feel the Cross
Already in His heart,
The pain, the shame, the scorn, the loss?
Feel e'en His God depart?
No: though He knew full well
The grief that then shall be—
The grief that angels cannot tell—
Our God in agony.

It is not thus He mourns;
Such might be martyr's tears,
When his last lingering look he turns
On human hopes and fears;
But hero ne'er or saint
The secret load might know,
With which His Spirit waxeth faint;
His is a Saviour's woe.

"If thou hadst known, e'en thou,
"At least in this thy day,
"The message of thy peace! but now
"'Tis pass'd for aye away:
"Now foes shall trench thee round,
"And lay thee even with earth,
"And dash thy children to the ground,
"Thy glory and thy mirth."

And doth the Saviour weep
Over His people's sin,
Because we will not let Him keep
The souls He died to win?
Ye hearts, that love the Lord,
If at this sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made Him mourn.

[1] Compare *Herod.* vii. 46.

## ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and menservants, and maidservants?*—2 Kings v. 26.

Is this a time to plant and build,
Add house to house, and field to field,
When round our walls the battle lowers,
When mines are hid beneath our towers,
And watchful foes are stealing round
To search and spoil the holy ground?

Is this a time for moonlight dreams
Of love and home by mazy streams,
For Fancy with her shadowy toys,
Aerial hopes and pensive joys,
While souls are wandering far and wide,
And curses swarm on every side?

No—rather steel thy melting heart
To act the martyr's sternest part,
To watch, with firm unshrinking eye,
Thy darling visions as they die,
Till all bright hopes, and hues of day,
Have faded into twilight gray.

Yes—let them pass without a sigh,
And if the world seem dull and dry,
If long and sad thy lonely hours,
And winds have rent thy sheltering bowers,
Bethink thee what thou art and where,
A sinner in a life of care.

The fire of God is soon to fall
(Thou know'st it) on this earthly ball;
Full many a soul, the price of blood,
Mark'd by th' Almighty's hand for good,
To utter death that hour shall sweep—
And will the Saints in Heaven dare weep?

Then in His wrath shall GOD uproot
The trees He set, for lack of fruit,
And drown in rude tempestuous blaze
The towers His hand had deign'd to raise;
In silence, ere that storm begin,
Count o'er His mercies and thy sin.

Pray only that thine aching heart,
From visions vain content to part,
Strong for Love's sake its woe to hide
May cheerful wait the Cross beside,
Too happy if, that dreadful day,
Thy life be given thee for a prey.[1]

Snatch'd sudden from th' avenging rod,
Safe in the bosom of thy GOD,
How wilt thou then look back, and smile
On thoughts that bitterest seem'd erewhile,
And bless the pangs that made thee see
This was no world of rest for thee!

## TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*And looking up to Heaven, He sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened.*—St. Mark vii. 34.

THE Son of God in doing good
Was fain to look to Heaven and sigh:
And shall the heirs of sinful blood
Seek joy unmix'd in charity?
God will not let Love's work impart
Full solace, lest it steal the heart;
Be thou content in tears to sow,
Blessing, like Jesus, in thy woe:

[1] The Lord saith thus: Behold, that which I have built will I break down, and that which I have planted I will pluck up, even this whole land. And seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not: for, behold, I will bring evil upon all flesh, saith the Lord: but thy life will I give unto thee for a prey in all places whither thou goest.—*Jeremiah* xlv. 4, 5.

He look'd to Heaven, and sadly sigh'd—
  What saw my gracious Saviour there,
With fear and anguish to divide
  The joy of Heaven-accepted prayer?
So o'er the bed where Lazarus slept
He to His Father groan'd and wept:
What saw He mournful in that grave,
Knowing Himself so strong to save?

O'erwhelming thoughts of pain and grief
  Over His sinking spirit sweep;—
"What boots it gathering one lost leaf
  "Out of yon sere and wither'd heap,
"Where souls and bodies, hopes and joys,
"All that earth owns or sin destroys,
"Under the spurning hoof are cast,
"Or tossing in th' autumnal blast?"

The deaf may hear the Saviour's voice,
  The fetter'd tongue its chain may break;
But the deaf heart, the dumb by choice,
  The laggard soul, that will not wake,
The guilt that scorns to be forgiven;—
These baffle e'en the spells of Heaven;
In thought of these, His brows benign
Not e'en in healing cloudless shine.

No eye but His might ever bear
  To gaze all down that drear abyss,
Because none ever saw so clear
  The shore beyond of endless bliss:
The giddy waves so restless hurl'd,
The vex'd pulse of this feverish world,
He views and counts with steady sight,
Used to behold the Infinite.

But that in such communion high
  He hath a fount of strength within,
Sure His meek heart would break and die,
  O'erburthen'd by His brethren's sin;
Weak eyes on darkness dare not gaze,
It dazzles like the noon-day blaze;
But He who sees God's face may brook
On the true face of Sin to look.

What then shall wretched sinners do,
When in their last, their hopeless day,
Sin, as it is, shall meet their view,
God turn His face for aye away?
Lord, by Thy sad and earnest eye,
When Thou didst look to Heaven and sigh;
Thy voice, that with a word could chase
The dumb, deaf spirit from his place;

As Thou hast touch'd our ears, and taught
Our tongues to speak Thy praises plain,
Quell Thou each thankless godless thought
That would make fast our bonds again.
From worldly strife, from mirth unblest,
Drowning Thy music in the breast,
From foul reproach, from thrilling fears,
Preserve, good Lord, Thy servants' ears.

From idle words, that restless throng
And haunt our hearts when we would pray,
From Pride's false chime, and jarring wrong,
Seal Thou my lips, and guard the way:
For Thou hast sworn, that every ear,
Willing or loth, Thy trump shall hear,
And every tongue unchainèd be
To own no hope, no God, but Thee.

## THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*And He turned Him unto His disciples, and said privately, Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see: for I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them.*—St. Luke x. 23, 24.

On Sinai's top, in prayer and trance,
Full forty nights and forty days
The Prophet watch'd for one dear glance
Of Thee and of Thy ways:

Fasting he watch'd and all alone,
Wrapt in a still, dark, solid cloud,
The curtain of the Holy One
Drawn round him like a shroud:

So, separate from the world, his breast
Might duly take and strongly keep
The print of Heaven, to be express'd
Ere long on Sion's steep.[1]

There one by one his spirit saw
Of things divine the shadows bright,
The pageant of God's perfect law;
Yet felt not full delight.

Through gold and gems, a dazzling maze,
From veil to veil the vision led,
And ended, where unearthly rays
From o'er the ark were shed.

Yet not that gorgeous place, nor aught
Of human or angelic frame,
Could half appease his craving thought;
The void was still the same.

"Show me Thy glory, gracious Lord!
"'Tis Thee," he cries, "not Thine, I seek."[2]—
Nay, start not at so bold a word
From man, frail worm and weak:

The spark of his first deathless fire
Yet buoys him up, and high above
The holiest creature, dares aspire
To the Creator's love.

The eye in smiles may wander round,
Caught by earth's shadows as they fleet;
But for the soul no help is found,
Save Him who made it, meet.

Spite of yourselves, ye witness this,[3]
Who blindly self or sense adore;
Else wherefore leaving your own bliss
Still restless ask ye more?

[1] See that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount.—*Hebrews* viii. 5.

[2] *Exodus* xxxiii. 18. [3] *Pensées de Pascal*, part 1, art. viii.

This witness bore the saints of old
When highest rapt and favour'd most,
Still seeking precious things untold,
Not in fruition lost.

Canaan was theirs, and in it all
The proudest hope of kings dare claim:
Sion was theirs; and at their call
Fire from Jehovah came.

Yet monarchs walk'd as pilgrims still
In their own land, earth's pride and grace;
And seers would mourn on Sion's hill
Their Lord's averted face.

Vainly they tried the deeps to sound
E'en of their own prophetic thought,
When of Christ crucified and crown'd
His Spirit in them taught:

But He their aching gaze repress'd,
Which sought behind the veil to see,
For not without us fully blest [1]
Or perfect might they be.

The rays of the Almighty's face
No sinner's eye might then receive;
Only the meekest man found grace [2]
To see His skirts and live.

But we as in a glass espy
The glory of His countenance,
Not in a whirlwind hurrying by
The too presumptuous glance,

But with mild radiance every hour,
From our dear Saviour's face benign
Bent on us with transforming power,
Till we, too, faintly shine.

[1] That they without us should not be made perfect.—*Hebrews* xi. 40. [2] *Exodus* xxxiii. 20-23.

Sprinkled with His atoning blood
  Safely before our God we stand,
As on the rock the Prophet stood,
  Beneath His shadowing hand.—

Bless'd eyes, which see the things we see!
  And yet this tree of life hath prov'd
To many a soul a poison tree,
  Beheld, and not belov'd.

So, like an angel's is our bliss
  (Oh! thought to comfort and appal)
It needs must bring, if used amiss,
  An angel's hopeless fall.

## FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger.*—St. Luke xvii. 17, 18.

Ten cleans'd, and only one remain!
Who would have thought our nature's stain
Was dyed so foul, so deep in grain?
  E'en He who reads the heart,—
Knows what He gave and what we lost,
Sin's forfeit, and redemption's cost,—
By a short pang of wonder cross'd
  Seems at the sight to start:

Yet 'twas not wonder, but His love
Our wavering spirits would reprove,
That heaven-ward seem so free to move
  When earth can yield no more:
Then from afar on God we cry,
But should the mist of woe roll by,
Not showers across an April sky
  Drift, when the storm is o'er,

Faster than those false drops and few
Fleet from the heart, a worthless dew.
What sadder scene can angels view
  Than self-deceiving tears,

Pour'd idly over some dark page
Of earlier life, though pride or rage
The record of to-day engage,
A woe for future years ?

Spirits, that round the sick man's bed
Watch'd, noting down each prayer he made,
Were your unerring roll display'd,
His pride of health to' abase ;
Or, when soft showers in season fall
Answering a famish'd nation's call,
Should unseen fingers on the wall
Our vows forgotten trace ;

How should we gaze in trance of fear !
Yet shines the light as thrilling clear
From Heaven upon that scroll severe,
" Ten cleans'd and one remain ! "
Nor surer would the blessing prove
Of humbled hearts, that own Thy love,
Should choral welcome from above
Visit our senses plain :

Than by Thy placid voice and brow,
With healing first, with comfort now,
Turn'd upon him, who hastes to bow
Before Thee, heart and knee ;
" Oh ! thou, who only wouldst be blest,
" On thee alone My blessing rest !
" Rise, go thy way in peace, possess'd
" For evermore of Me."

## FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.*—St. Matthew vi. 28.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bath'd in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view ?

In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
  Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
  As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
  Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stain'd with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
  What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while
  Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
  In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
  And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
  Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
  Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet
  And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
  Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
  By all but lowly eyes:
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
  He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when He paus'd and own'd you good;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renew'd.
What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
"Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
"To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
"Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
"And Heaven thy morn will bless."

## SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*I desire that ye faint not at my tribulations for you, which is your glory.*—Ephesians iii. 13.

Wish not, dear friends, my pain away—
Wish me a wise and thankful heart,
With God, in all my griefs, to stay,
Nor from His lov'd correction start.

The dearest offering He can crave
His portion in our souls to prove,
What is it to the gift He gave,
The only Son of His dear love?

But we, like vex'd unquiet sprights,
Will still be hovering o'er the tomb,
Where buried lie our vain delights,
Nor sweetly take a sinner's doom.

In life's long sickness evermore
Our thoughts are tossing to and fro:
We change our posture o'er and o'er,
But cannot rest, nor cheat our woe.

Were it not better to lie still,
  Let Him strike home and bless the rod,
Never so safe as when our will
  Yields undiscern'd by all but God ?

Thy precious things, whate'er they be,
  That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain,
Look to the Cross, and thou shalt see
  How thou mayst turn them all to gain.

Lovest thou praise ? the Cross is shame :
  Or ease ? the Cross is bitter grief :
More pangs than tongue or heart can frame
  Were suffer'd there without relief.

We of that Altar would partake,
  But cannot quit the cost—no throne
Is ours, to leave for Thy dear sake—
  We cannot do as Thou hast done.

We cannot part with Heaven for Thee—
  Yet guide us in Thy track of love :
Let us gaze on where light should be,
  Though not a beam the clouds remove.

So wanderers ever fond and true
  Look homeward through the evening sky,
Without a streak of heaven's soft blue
  To aid Affection's dreaming eye.

The wanderer seeks his native bower,
  And we will look and long for Thee,
And thank Thee for each trying hour,
  Wishing, not struggling, to be free.

## SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*Every man of the house of Israel that setteth up his idols in his heart, and putteth the stumblingblock of his iniquity before his face, and cometh to the Prophet; I the Lord will answer him that cometh according to the multitude of his idols.*—Ezekiel xiv. 4.

STATELY thy walls, and holy are the prayers
Which day and night before thine altars rise;
Not statelier, towering o'er her marble stairs,
Flash'd Sion's gilded dome to summer skies,
Not holier, while around him angels bow'd,
From Aaron's censer steam'd the spicy cloud,

Before the mercy-seat. O Mother dear,
Wilt thou forgive thy son one boding sigh?
Forgive, if round thy towers he walk in fear,
And tell thy jewels o'er with jealous eye?
Mindful of that sad vision, which in thought [1]
From Chebar's plains the captive prophet brought

To see lost Sion's shame. 'Twas morning prime,
And like a Queen new seated on her throne,
GOD'S crownèd mountain, as in happier time,
Seem'd to rejoice in sunshine all her own:
So bright, while all in shade around her lay,
Her northern pinnacles had caught th' emerging ray.

The dazzling lines of her majestic roof
Cross'd with as free a span the vault of heaven,
As when twelve tribes knelt silently aloof
Ere GOD His answer to their king had given,[2]
Ere yet upon the new-built altar fell
The glory of the LORD, the Lord of Israel.

All seems the same: but enter in and see
What idol shapes are on the wall pourtray'd: [3]
And watch their shameless and unholy glee,
Who worship there in Aaron's robes array'd:
Hear Judah's maids the dirge to Thammuz pour,[4]
And mark her chiefs yon orient sun adore.[5]

[1] *Ezekiel* viii. 3. [2] 1 *Kings* viii. 5. [3] *Ezekiel* viii. 10.
[4] *Ezekiel* viii. 14. [5] *Ezekiel* viii. 16.

Yet turn thee, son of man—for worse than these
  Thou must behold : thy loathing were but lost
On dead men's crimes, and Jews' idolatries—
  Come, learn to tell aright thine own sins' cost,—
And sure their sin as far from equals thine,
As earthly hopes abus'd are less than hopes divine.

What if within His world, His Church, our LORD
  Have enter'd thee, as in some temple gate,
Where, looking round, each glance might thee afford
  Some glorious earnest of thine high estate,
And thou, false heart and frail, hast turn'd from all
To worship pleasure's shadow on the wall ?

If, when the LORD of Glory was in sight,
  Thou turn thy back upon that fountain clear,
To bow before the " little drop of light,"
  Which dim-eyed men call praise and glory here ;
What dost thou, but adore the sun, and scorn
Him at whose only word both sun and stars were born ?

If, while around thee gales from Eden breathe,
  Thou hide thine eyes, to make thy peevish moan
Over some broken reed of earth beneath,
  Some darling of blind fancy dead and gone,
As wisely mightst thou in JEHOVAH'S fane
Offer thy love and tears to Thammuz slain.

Turn thee from these, or dare not to inquire
  Of Him whose name is Jealous, lest in wrath
He hear and answer thine unblest desire :
  Far better we should cross His lightning's path
Than be according to our idols heard,
And GOD should take us at our own vain word.

Thou who hast deign'd the Christian's heart to call
  Thy Church and Shrine ; whene'er our rebel will
Would in that chosen home of Thine instal
  Belial or Mammon, grant us not the ill
We blindly ask ; in very love refuse
Whate'er Thou know'st our weakness would abuse.

Or rather help us, LORD, to choose the good,
To pray for naught, to seek to none, but Thee,
Nor by "our daily bread" mean common food,
Nor say, "From this world's evil set us free;"
Teach us to love, with CHRIST, our sole true bliss,
Else, though in CHRIST's own words, we surely pray amiss.

## EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*I will bring you into the wilderness of the people, and there will I plead with you face to face. Like as I pleaded with your fathers in the wilderness of the land of Egypt, so will I plead with you, saith the Lord God.*—Ezekiel xx. 35, 36.

IT is so—ope thine eyes, and see—
What view'st thou all around?
A desert, where iniquity
And knowledge both abound.

In the waste howling wilderness
The Church is wandering still,[1]
Because we would not onward press
When close to Sion's hill.

Back to the world we faithless turn'd,
And far along the wild,
With labour lost and sorrow earn'd,
Our steps have been beguil'd.

Yet full before us, all the while,
The shadowing pillar stays,
The living waters brightly smile,
Th' eternal turrets blaze.

Yet Heaven is raining angels' bread
To be our daily food,
And fresh, as when it first was shed,
Springs forth the SAVIOUR's blood.

[1] *Revelation* xii. 14.

From every region, race, and speech,
Believing myriads throng,
Till, far as sin and sorrow reach,
Thy grace is spread along;

Till sweetest nature, brightest art,
Their votive incense bring,
And every voice and every heart
Own Thee their God and King.

All own; but few, alas! will love;
Too like the recreant band
That with Thy patient Spirit strove
Upon the Red-sea strand.

O Father of long-suffering grace,
Thou who hast sworn to stay
Pleading with sinners face to face
Through all their devious way:

How shall we speak to Thee, O LORD,
Or how in silence lie?
Look on us, and we are abhorr'd,
Turn from us, and we die.

Thy guardian fire, Thy guiding cloud,
Still let them gild our wall,
Nor be our foes and Thine allow'd
To see us faint and fall.

Too oft, within this camp of Thine,
Rebellious murmurs rise;
Sin cannot bear to see Thee shine
So awful to her eyes.

Fain would our lawless hearts escape,
And with the heathen be,
To worship every monstrous shape
In fancied darkness free.

Vain thought, that shall not be at all ![1]
Refuse we or obey,
Our ears have heard th' Almighty's call,
We cannot be as they.

We cannot hope the heathen's doom
To whom GOD's Son is given,
Whose eyes have seen beyond the tomb,
Who have the key of Heaven.

Weak tremblers on the edge of woe,
Yet shrinking from true bliss,
Our rest must be " no rest below,"
And let our prayer be this :

" LORD, wave again Thy chastening rod,
" Till every idol throne
" Crumble to dust, and Thou, O GOD,
" Reign in our hearts alone.

" Bring all our wandering fancies home,
" For Thou hast every spell,
" And 'mid the heathen where they roam,
" Thou knowest, LORD, too well.

" Thou know'st our service sad and hard,
" Thou know'st us fond and frail ;—
" Win us to be belov'd and spar'd
" When all the world shall fail.

" So when at last our weary days
" Are well-nigh wasted here,
" And we can trace Thy wondrous ways
" In distance calm and clear,

" When in Thy love and Israel's sin
" We read our story true,
" We may not, all too late, begin
" To wish our hopes were new :

[1] That which cometh into your mind shall not be at all, that ye say, We will be as the heathen, as the families of the countries, to serve wood and stone.—*Ezekiel* xx. 32.

" Long lov'd, long tried, long spar'd as they,
" Unlike in this alone,
" That, by Thy grace, our hearts shall stay
" For evermore Thine own." 88

## NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonied, and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? They answered and said unto the king, True, O king. He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.*— **Daniel iii. 24, 25.**

When Persecution's torrent blaze
Wraps the unshrinking Martyr's head;
When fade all earthly flowers and bays,
When summer friends are gone and fled,
Is he alone in that dark hour
Who owns the Lord of love and power?

Or waves there not around his brow
A wand no human arm may wield,
Fraught with a spell no angels know,
His steps to guide, his soul to shield? 10
Thou, Saviour, art his Charmèd Bower,
His Magic Ring, his Rock, his Tower.

And when the wicked ones behold
Thy favourites walking in Thy light,
Just as, in fancied triumph bold,
They deem'd them lost in deadly night,
Amaz'd they cry, " What spell is this,
" Which turns their sufferings all to bliss?

" How are they free whom we had bound?
" Upright, whom in the gulf we cast? 20
" What wondrous helper have they found
" To screen them from the scorching blast?
" Three were they—who hath made them four?
" And sure a form divine He wore,

" E'en like the Son of God." So cried
The Tyrant, when in one fierce flame
The Martyrs liv'd, the murderers died :
Yet knew he not what angel came
To make the rushing fire-flood seem
Like summer breeze by woodland stream.[1]

He knew not, but there are who know :
The Matron, who alone hath stood,
When not a prop seem'd left below,
The first lorn hour of widowhood,
Yet cheer'd and cheering all, the while,
With sad but unaffected smile ;—

The Father, who his vigil keeps
By the sad couch whence hope hath flown,
Watching the eye where reason sleeps,
Yet in his heart can mercy own,
Still sweetly yielding to the rod,
Still loving man, still thanking GOD ;—

The Christian Pastor, bow'd to earth
With thankless toil, and vile esteem'd,
Still travailing in second birth
Of souls that will not be redeem'd,
Yet steadfast set to do his part,
And fearing most his own vain heart ;—

These know : on these look long and well,
Cleansing thy sight by prayer and faith,
And thou shalt know what secret spell
Preserves them in their living death :
Through sevenfold flames thine eye shall see
The Saviour walking with His faithful Three.

[1] As it had been a moist whistling wind.—*Song of the Three Children*, ver. 27.

## TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth.*—Micah vi. 2.

WHERE is Thy favour'd haunt, eternal Voice,
The region of Thy choice,
Where, undisturb'd by sin and earth, the soul
Owns Thy entire control?—
'Tis on the mountain's summit dark and high,
When storms are hurrying by:
'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of the earth,
Where torrents have their birth.

No sounds of worldly toil ascending there,
Mar the full burst of prayer;
Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,
And round us and beneath
Are heard her sacred tones: the fitful sweep
Of winds across the steep,
Through wither'd bents—romantic note and clear,
Meet for a hermit's ear,—

The wheeling kite's wild solitary cry,
And, scarcely heard so high,
The dashing waters when the air is still
From many a torrent rill
That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,
Track'd by the blue mist well:
Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart
For Thought to do her part.

'Tis then we hear the voice of GOD within,
Pleading with care and sin:
"Child of My love! how have I wearied thee?
"Why wilt thou err from Me?
"Have I not brought thee from the house of slaves,
"Parted the drowning waves,
"And set My saints before thee in the way,
"Lest thou shouldst faint or stray?

" What! was the promise made to thee alone?
" Art thou th' excepted one?
" An heir of glory without grief or pain?
" O vision false and vain!
" There lies thy cross; beneath it meekly bow;
" It fits thy stature now:
" Who scornful pass it with averted eye,
" 'Twill crush them by-and-by.

" Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure
" Of thine eternal treasure;
" The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee naught,
" The world for thee was bought,
" And as this landscape broad—earth, sea, and sky,—
" All centres in thine eye,
" So all God does, if rightly understood,
" Shall work thy final good."

## TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.*—Habakkuk ii. 3.

The morning mist is clear'd away,
Yet still the face of Heaven is grey,
Nor yet th' autumnal breeze has stirr'd the grove,
Faded yet full, a paler green
Skirts soberly the tranquil scene,
The red-breast warbles round this leafy cove.

Sweet messenger of " calm decay,"
Saluting sorrow as you may,
As one still bent to find or make the best,
In thee, and in this quiet mead,
The lesson of sweet peace I read,
Rather in all to be resign'd than blest.

'Tis a low chant, according well
With the soft solitary knell,
As homeward from some grave belov'd we turn,
Or by some holy death-bed dear,
Most welcome to the chasten'd ear
Of her whom Heaven is teaching how to mourn.

O cheerful tender strain! the heart
That duly bears with you its part,
Singing so thankful to the dreary blast,
Though gone and spent its joyous prime,
And on the world's autumnal time,
'Mid wither'd hues and sere, its lot be cast:

That is the heart for thoughtful seer,
Watching, in trance nor dark nor clear,[1]
Th' appalling Future as it nearer draws:
His spirit calm'd the storm to meet,
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud th' eternal Cause.

That is the heart for watchman true
Waiting to see what GOD will do,
As o'er the Church the gathering twilight falls:
No more he strains his wistful eye,
If chance the golden hours be nigh,
By youthful Hope seen beaming round her walls.

Forc'd from his shadowy paradise,
His thoughts to Heaven the steadier rise:
There seek his answer when the world reproves:
Contented in his darkling round,
If only he be faithful found,
When from the east th' eternal morning moves.

*Note: The expression, "calm decay," is borrowed from a friend by whose kind permission the following stanzas are here inserted.*

TO THE RED-BREAST.

Unheard in summer's flaring ray,
Pour forth thy notes, sweet singer,
Wooing the stillness of the autumn day:
Bid it a moment linger,
Nor fly
Too soon from winter's scowling eye.

The blackbird's song at even-tide,
And hers, who gay ascends,
Filling the heavens far and wide,
Are sweet. But none so blends,
As thine,
With calm decay, and peace divine.

[1] It shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark.—*Zechariah* xiv. 6.

## TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

***Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?*—St. Matthew xviii. 21.**

WHAT liberty so glad and gay,
As where the mountain boy,
Reckless of regions far away,
A prisoner lives in joy?

The dreary sounds of crowded earth,
The cries of camp or town,
Never untun'd his lonely mirth,
Nor drew his visions down.

The snow-clad peaks of rosy light
That meet his morning view,
The thwarting cliffs that bound his sight,
They bound his fancy too.

Two ways alone his roving eye
For aye may onward go,
Or in the azure deep on high,
Or darksome mere below.

O blest restraint! more blessèd range!
Too soon the happy child
His nook of homely thought will change
For life's seducing wild:

Too soon his alter'd day-dreams show
This earth a boundless space,
With sun-bright pleasures to and fro
Sporting in joyous race:

While of his narrowing heart each year,
Heaven less and less will fill,
Less keenly, through his grosser ear,
The tones of mercy thrill.

It must be so : else wherefore falls
The Saviour's voice unheard,
While from His pard'ning Cross He calls,
" O spare as I have spar'd ? "

By our own niggard rule we try
The hope to suppliants given !
We mete out love, as if our eye
Saw to the end of Heaven.

Yes, ransom'd sinner ! wouldst thou know
How often to forgive,
How dearly to embrace thy foe,
Look where thou hop'st to live ;—

When thou hast told those isles of light,
And fancied all beyond,
Whatever owns, in depth or height,
Creation's wondrous bond ;

Then in their solemn pageant learn
Sweet mercy's praise to see :
Their Lord resign'd them all, to earn
The bliss of pardoning thee.

## TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.*—Philippians iii. 21.

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crown'd the eastern copse : and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tir'd hunter winds a parting note,
And Echo bids good-night from every glade ;
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!
And yet no second spring have they in store,
But where they fall, forgotten to abide
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them; in all the bounteous sky
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again—
Yet he complains, while these unmurmuring part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain,
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half unblam'd his murmuring voice
Might sound in Heaven, were all his second life
Only the first renew'd—the heathen's choice,
A round of listless joy and weary strife.

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,
Tho' brighten'd oft by dear Affection's kiss;—
Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall?
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and heart,
Whether slow creeping on cold earth, or borne
On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart
O'er wave or field: yet breezes laugh to scorn

Our puny speed, and birds, and clouds in heaven,
And fish, like living shafts that pierce the main,
And stars that shoot through freezing air at even—
Who but would follow, might he break his chain?

And thou shalt break it soon ; the grovelling worm
Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free
As his transfigur'd Lord with lightning form
And snowy vest—such grace He won for thee,

When from the grave He sprang at dawn of morn,
And led through boundless air thy conquering road,
Leaving a glorious track, where saints, new-born,
Might fearless follow to their blest abode.

But first, by many a stern and fiery blast
The world's rude furnace must thy blood refine,
And many a gale of keenest woe be pass'd,
Till every pulse beat true to airs divine,

Till every limb obey the mounting soul,
The mounting soul, the call by Jesus given.
He who the stormy heart can so control,
The laggard body soon will waft to Heaven.

## TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*The heart knoweth his own bitterness ; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.*—Proverbs xiv. 10.

Why should we faint, and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has will'd, we die,[1]
Nor e'en the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh ?

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart,
Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow—
Hues of their own, fresh borrow'd from the heart.

And well it is for us our God should feel
Alone our secret throbbings : so our prayer
May readier spring to Heaven, nor spend its zeal
On cloud-born idols of this lower air.

[1] Je mourrai seul. *Pascal.*

For if one heart in perfect sympathy
  Beat with another, answering love for love,
Weak mortals, all entranc'd, on earth would lie,
  Nor listen for those purer strains above.

Or what if Heaven for once its searching light
  Lent to some partial eye, disclosing all
The rude bad thoughts, that in our bosom's night
  Wander at large, nor heed Love's gentle thrall ?

Who would not shun the dreary uncouth place ?
  As if, fond leaning where her infant slept,
A mother's arm a serpent should embrace :
  So might we friendless live, and die unwept.

Then keep the softening veil in mercy drawn,
  Thou who canst love us, tho' Thou read us true ;
As on the bosom of th' aërial lawn
  Melts in dim haze each coarse ungentle hue.

So too may soothing Hope Thy leave enjoy
  Sweet visions of long-sever'd hearts to frame :
Though absence may impair, or cares annoy,
  Some constant mind may draw us still the same.

We in dark dreams are tossing to and fro,
  Pine with regret, or sicken with despair,
The while she bathes us in her own chaste glow,
  And with our memory wings her own fond prayer.

O bliss of child-like innocence, and love
  Tried to old age ! creative power to win,
And raise new worlds, where happy fancies rove,
  Forgetting quite this grosser world of sin.

Bright are their dreams, because their thoughts are clear,
  Their memory cheering : but th' earth-stain'd spright,
Whose wakeful musings are of guilt and fear,
  Must hover nearer earth, and less in light.

Farewell, for her, th' ideal scenes so fair—
Yet not farewell her hope, since Thou hast deign'd,
Creator of all hearts! to own and share
The woe of what Thou mad'st, and we have stain'd.

Thou know'st our bitterness—our joys are Thine [1]—
No stranger Thou to all our wanderings wild:
Nor could we bear to think, how every line
Of us, Thy darken'd likeness and defil'd,

Stands in full sunshine of Thy piercing eye,
But that Thou call'st us Brethren: sweet repose
Is in that word—the LORD who dwells on high
Knows all, yet loves us better than He knows.

## TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

*The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.*—Proverbs xvi. 31.

THE bright-hair'd morn is glowing
O'er emerald meadows gay,
With many a clear gem strowing
The early shepherd's way.
Ye gentle elves, by Fancy seen
Stealing away with night
To slumber in your leafy screen,
Tread more than airy light.

And see what joyous greeting
The sun through heaven has shed,
Though fast yon shower be fleeting,
His beams have faster sped.
For lo! above the western haze
High towers the rainbow arch
In solid span of purest rays:
How stately is its march!

[1] Thou hast known my soul in adversities.—*Psalm* xxxi. 7.

Pride of the dewy morning!
The swain's experienc'd eye
From thee takes timely warning,
Nor trusts the gorgeous sky.
For well he knows, such dawnings gay
Bring noons of storm and shower,
And travellers linger on the way
Beside the sheltering bower.

E'en so, in hope and trembling
Should watchful shepherd view
His little lambs assembling,
With glance both kind and true;
'Tis not the eye of keenest blaze,
Nor the quick-swelling breast,
That soonest thrills at touch of praise—
These do not please him best.

But voices low and gentle,
And timid glances shy,
That seem for aid parental
To sue all wistfully,
Still pressing, longing to be right,
Yet fearing to be wrong,—
In these the Pastor dares delight,
A lamb-like, Christ-like throng.

These in Life's distant even
Shall shine serenely bright,
As in th' autumnal heaven
Mild rainbow tints at night,
When the last shower is stealing down,
And ere they sink to rest,
The sun-beams weave a parting crown
For some sweet woodland nest.

The promise of the morrow
Is glorious on that eve,
Dear as the holy sorrow
When good men cease to live.

When brightening ere it die away
Mounts up their altar flame,
Still tending with intenser ray
To Heaven whence first it came.

Say not it dies, that glory,
'Tis caught unquench'd on high,
Those saint-like brows so hoary
Shall wear it in the sky.
No smile is like the smile of death,
When all good musings past
Rise wafted with the parting breath,
The sweetest thought the last.

## SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT

*Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.*—St. John vi. 12.

WILL God indeed with fragments bear,
Snatch'd late from the decaying year?
Or can the Saviour's blood endear
The dregs of a polluted life?
When down th' o'erwhelming current toss'd,
Just ere he sink for ever lost,
The sailor's untried arms are cross'd
In agonizing prayer, will Ocean cease her strife?

Sighs that exhaust but not relieve,
Heart-rending sighs, O spare to heave
A bosom freshly taught to grieve
For lavish'd hours and love mis-spent!
Now through her round of holy thought
The Church our annual steps has brought,
But we no holy fire have caught—
Back on the gaudy world our wilful eyes were bent.

Too soon th' ennobling carols, pour'd
To hymn the birth-night of the LORD,
Which duteous Memory should have stor'd
For thankful echoing all the year—

Too soon those airs have pass'd away;
Nor long within the heart would stay
The silence of CHRIST's dying day,
Profan'd by worldly mirth, or scar'd by worldly fear.

Some strain of hope and victory
On Easter wings might lift us high;
A little while we sought the sky:
And when the SPIRIT's beacon fires
On every hill began to blaze,
Lightening the world with glad amaze,
Who but must kindle while they gaze?
But faster than she soars, our earth-bound Fancy tires.

Nor yet for these, nor all the rites,
By which our Mother's voice invites
Our GOD to bless our home delights,
And sweeten every secret tear:—
The funeral dirge, the marriage vow,
The hallow'd font where parents bow,
And now elate and trembling now
To the Redeemer's feet their new-found treasures bear:—

Not for the Pastor's gracious arm
Stretch'd out to bless—a Christian charm
To dull the shafts of worldly harm:—
Nor, sweetest, holiest, best of all,
For the dear feast of JESUS dying,
Upon that altar ever lying,
Where souls with sacred hunger sighing
Are call'd to sit and eat, while angels prostrate fall:—

No, not for each and all of these,
Have our frail spirits found their ease.
The gale that stirs th' autumnal trees
Seems tun'd as truly to our hearts
As when, twelve weary months ago,
'Twas moaning bleak, so high and low,
You would have thought Remorse and Woe
Had taught the innocent air their sadly thrilling parts.

Is it, CHRIST's light is too divine,
We dare not hope like Him to shine?
But see, around His dazzling shrine
Earth's gems the fire of Heaven have caught;
Martyrs and saints—each glorious day
Dawning in order on our way—
Remind us, how our darksome clay
May keep th' ethereal warmth our new Creator brought.

These we have scorn'd, O false and frail!
And now once more th' appalling tale,
How love divine may woo and fail,
Of our lost year in Heaven is told—
What if as far our life were past,
Our weeks all number'd to the last,
With time and hope behind us cast,
And all our work to do with palsied hands and cold?

O watch and pray ere Advent dawn!
For thinner than the subtlest lawn
'Twixt thee and death the veil is drawn.
But Love too late can never glow:
The scatter'd fragments Love can glean,
Refine the dregs, and yield us clean
To regions where one thought serene
Breathes sweeter than whole years of sacrifice below.

## SAINT ANDREW'S DAY

***He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias. . . . And he brought him to Jesus.*—St. John i. 41, 42.**

WHEN brothers part for manhood's race,
What gift may most endearing prove
To keep fond memory in her place,
And certify a brother's love?

'Tis true, bright hours together told,
And blissful dreams in secret shar'd,
Serene or solemn, gay or bold,
Shall last in fancy unimpair'd.

E'en round the death-bed of the good
  Such dear remembrances will hover,
And haunt us with no vexing mood
  When all the cares of earth are over.

But yet our craving spirits feel,
  We shall live on, though Fancy die,
And seek a surer pledge—a seal
  Of love to last eternally.

Who art thou, that wouldst grave thy name
  Thus deeply in a brother's heart?
Look on this saint, and learn to frame
  Thy love-charm with true Christian art.

First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell
  Beneath the shadow of His roof,
Till thou have scann'd His features well,
  And known Him for the Christ by proof;

Such proof as they are sure to find
  Who spend with Him their happy days,
Clean hands, and a self-ruling mind
  Ever in tune for love and praise.

Then, potent with the spell of Heaven,
  Go, and thine erring brother gain,
Entice him home to be forgiven,
  Till he, too, see his Saviour plain.

Or, if before thee in the race,
  Urge him with thine advancing tread,
Till, like twin stars, with even pace,
  Each lucid course be duly sped.

No fading frail memorial give
  To soothe his soul when thou art gone,
But wreaths of hope for aye to live,
  And thoughts of good together done.

That so, before the judgement-seat,
  Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremember'd ye may meet
  For endless ages to embrace.

## SAINT THOMAS' DAY

*Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.*—St. John xx. 29.

We were not by when Jesus came,[1]
But round us, far and near,
We see His trophies, and His name
In choral echoes hear.
In a fair ground our lot is cast,
As in the solemn week that past,
While some might doubt, but all ador'd,[2]
Ere the whole widow'd Church had seen her risen Lord.

Slowly, as then, His bounteous hand
The golden chain unwinds,
Drawing to Heaven with gentlest band
Wise hearts and loving minds.
Love sought Him first—at dawn of morn[3]
From her sad couch she sprang forlorn,
She sought to weep with Thee alone,
And saw Thine open grave, and knew that Thou wert gone.

Reason and Faith at once set out[4]
To search the Saviour's tomb;
Faith faster runs, but waits without,
As fearing to presume,
Till Reason enter in, and trace
Christ's relics round the holy place—
"Here lay His limbs, and here His sacred head,
"And who was by, to make His new-forsaken bed?"

[1] Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.—*St. John* xx. 24.

[2] When they saw Him, they worshipped Him: but some doubted.—*St. Matthew* xxviii. 17.

[3] St. Mary Magdalene's visit to the sepulchre.

[4] St. Peter and St. John.

Both wonder, one believes—but while
They muse on all at home,
No thought can tender Love beguile
From Jesus' grave to roam.
Weeping she stays till He appear—
Her witness first the Church must hear—
All joy to souls that can rejoice
With her at earliest call of His dear gracious voice.

Joy too to those, who love to talk
In secret how He died,
Though with seal'd eyes awhile they walk,
Nor see Him at their side;
Most like the faithful pair are they,
Who once to Emmaus took their way,
Half darkling, till their Master shed
His glory on their souls, made known in breaking bread.

Thus, ever brighter and more bright,
On those He came to save
The Lord of new-created light
Dawn'd gradual from the grave;
Till pass'd th' enquiring day-light hour,
And with clos'd door in silent bower
The Church in anxious musing sate,
As one who for redemption still had long to wait.

Then, gliding through th' unopening door,
Smooth without step or sound,
"Peace to your souls," He said—no more—
They own Him, kneeling round.
Eye, ear, and hand, and loving heart,
Body and soul in every part,
Successive made His witnesses that hour,
Cease not in all the world to show His saving power.

Is there, on earth, a spirit frail,
Who fears to take their word,
Scarce daring, through the twilight pale,
To think he sees the Lord?

With eyes too tremblingly awake
To bear with dimness for His sake?
Read and confess the Hand Divine
That drew thy likeness here so true in every line.

For all thy rankling doubts so sore,
Love thou thy Saviour still,
Him for thy Lord and God adore,
And ever do His will.
Though vexing thoughts may seem to last,
Let not thy soul be quite o'ercast;—
Soon will He show thee all His wounds, and say,
"Long have I known thy name[1]—know thou My face alway."

## THE CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL

*And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? And he said, Who art Thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.*—Acts ix. 4, 5.

The mid-day sun, with fiercest glare,
Broods o'er the hazy, twinkling air;
Along the level sand
The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise
To greet yon wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,
So steadily he speeds,
With lips firm clos'd and fixèd eye,
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

[1] In *Exodus* xxxiii. 17, God says to Moses, "I know thee by name"; meaning, "I bear especial favour towards thee." Thus our Saviour speaks to St. Thomas by name in the place here referred to.

What sudden blaze is round him pour'd,
As though all Heaven's refulgent hoard
In one rich glory shone?
One moment—and to earth he falls:
What voice his inmost heart appals?—
Voice heard by him alone.

For to the rest both words and form
Seem lost in lightning and in storm,
While Saul, in wakeful trance,
Sees deep within that dazzling field
His persecuted Lord reveal'd
With keen yet pitying glance:

And hears the meek upbraiding call
As gently on his spirit fall,
As if th' Almighty Son
Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,
Nor had proclaim'd His royal birth,
Nor His great power begun.

"Ah! wherefore persecut'st thou Me?"
He heard and saw, and sought to free
His strain'd eye from the sight:
But Heaven's high magic bound it there,
Still gazing, though untaught to bear
Th' insufferable light.

"Who art Thou, Lord?" he falters forth:—
So shall Sin ask of heaven and earth
At the last awful day.
"When did we see Thee suffering nigh,[1]
"And pass'd Thee with unheeding eye?
"Great God of judgement, say!"

Ah! little dream our listless eyes
What glorious presence they despise,
While, in our noon of life,
To power or fame we rudely press.—
Christ is at hand, to scorn or bless,
Christ suffers in our strife.

[1] *St. Matthew* xxv. 44.

And though heaven gate long since have clos'd,
And our dear Lord in bliss repos'd,
High above mortal ken,
To every ear in every land
(Though meek ears only understand)
He speaks as He did then.

" Ah ! wherefore persecute ye Me ?
" 'Tis hard, ye so in love should be
" With your own endless woe.
" Know, though at God's right hand I live,
" I feel each wound ye reckless give
" To the least saint below.

" I in your care My brethren left,
" Not willing ye should be bereft
" Of waiting on your Lord.
" The meanest offering ye can make—
" A drop of water—for love's sake,[1]
" In Heaven, be sure, is stor'd."

O by those gentle tones and dear,
When Thou hast stay'd our wild career,
Thou only hope of souls,
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,
But in the thought of Jesus find
What every thought controls.

As to Thy last Apostle's heart
Thy lightning glance did then impart
Zeal's never-dying fire,
So teach us on Thy shrine to lay
Our hearts, and let them day by day
Intenser blaze and higher.

And as each mild and winning note
(Like pulses that round harp-strings float
When the full strain is o'er)
Left lingering on his inward ear
Music, that taught, as death drew near,
Love's lesson more and more :

[1] *St. Matthew* x. 42.

So, as we walk our earthly round,
Still may the echo of that sound
Be in our memory stor'd:
"Christians! behold your happy state:
"Christ is in these, who round you wait;
"Make much of your dear Lord!"

## THE PURIFICATION

*Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*—St. Matthew v. 8.

Bless'd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God,
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Might mortal thought presume
To guess an angel's lay,
Such are the notes that echo through
The courts of Heaven to-day.

Such the triumphal hymns
On Sion's Prince that wait,
In high procession passing on
Towards His temple-gate.

Give ear, ye kings—bow down,
Ye rulers of the earth—
This, this is He; your Priest by grace,
Your God and King by birth.

No pomp of earthly guards
Attends with sword and spear,
And all-defying, dauntless look,
Their monarch's way to clear;

Yet are there more with Him
Than all that are with you—
The armies of the highest Heaven,
All righteous, good, and true.

Spotless their robes and pure,
Dipp'd in the sea of light,
That hides the unapproachèd shrine
From men's and angels' sight.

His throne, thy bosom blest,
O Mother undefil'd—
That throne, if aught beneath the skies,
Beseems the sinless child.

Lost in high thoughts, " whose son
" The wondrous Babe might prove,"
Her guileless husband walks beside,
Bearing the hallow'd dove ;

Meet emblem of His vow,
Who, on this happy day,
His dove-like soul—best sacrifice—
Did on God's altar lay.

But who is he, by years
Bow'd, but erect in heart,
Whose prayers are struggling with his tears ?
" Lord, let me now depart.

" Now hath Thy servant seen
" Thy saving health, O Lord ;
" 'Tis time that I depart in peace,
" According to Thy word."

Yet swells the pomp : one more
Comes forth to bless her God :
Full fourscore years, meek widow, she
Her heaven-ward way hath trod.

She who to earthly joys
So long had given farewell,
Now sees, unlook'd for, Heaven on earth,
Christ in His Israel.

Wide open from that hour
The temple-gates are set,
And still the saints rejoicing there
The holy Child have met.

Now count His train to-day,
And who may meet Him, learn:
Him child-like sires, meek maidens find,
Where pride can nought discern.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

## SAINT MATTHIAS' DAY

*Wherefore of these men which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, beginning from the baptism of John, unto that same day that He was taken up from us, must one be ordained to be a witness with us of His resurrection.*—Acts i. 21, 22.

WHO is God's chosen priest?
He, who on Christ stands waiting day and night,
Who trac'd His holy steps, nor ever ceas'd,
From Jordan banks to Bethphage height:

Who hath learn'd lowliness
From his Lord's cradle, patience from His Cross;
Whom poor men's eyes and hearts consent to bless;
To whom, for Christ, the world is loss;

Who both in agony
Hath seen Him and in glory; and in both
Own'd Him divine, and yielded, nothing loth,
Body and soul, to live and die,

In witness of his Lord,
In humble following of his Saviour dear:
This is the man to wield th' unearthly sword,
Warring unharm'd with sin and fear.

But who can e'er suffice—
What mortal—for this more than angels' task,
Winning or losing souls, Thy life-blood's price?
The gift were too divine to ask,

But Thou hast made it sure
By Thy dear promise to Thy Church and Bride,
That Thou, on earth, wouldst aye with her endure,
Till earth to Heaven be purified.

Thou art her only spouse,
Whose arm supports her, on Whose faithful breast
Her persecuted head she meekly bows,
Sure pledge of her eternal rest.

Thou, her unerring guide,
Stayest her fainting steps along the wild;
Thy mark is on the bowers of lust and pride,
That she may pass them undefil'd.

Who then, uncall'd by Thee,
Dare touch Thy spouse, Thy very self below?
Or who dare count him summon'd worthily,
Except Thine hand and seal he show?

Where can Thy seal be found,
But on the chosen seed, from age to age
By Thine anointed heralds duly crown'd,
As kings and priests Thy war to wage?

Then fearless walk we forth,
Yet full of trembling, Messengers of God:
Our warrant sure, but doubting of our worth,
By our own shame alike and glory aw'd.

Dread Searcher of the hearts,
Thou who didst seal by Thy descending Dove
Thy servant's choice, O help us in our parts,
Else helpless found, to learn and teach Thy love.

## THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

*And the Angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.*—St. Luke i. 28.

Oh! Thou who deign'st to sympathize
With all our frail and fleshly ties,
Maker yet Brother dear,
Forgive the too presumptuous thought,
If, calming wayward grief, I sought
To gaze on Thee too near.

Yet sure 'twas not presumption, Lord,
'Twas Thine own comfortable word
That made the lesson known:
Of all the dearest bonds we prove,
Thou countest sons' and mothers' love
Most sacred, most Thine own.

When wandering here a little span,
Thou took'st on Thee to rescue man,
Thou hadst no earthly sire:
That wedded love we prize so dear,
As if our heaven and home were here,
It lit in Thee no fire.

On no sweet sister's faithful breast
Wouldst Thou Thine aching forehead rest,
On no kind brother lean:
But who, O perfect filial heart,
E'er did like Thee a true son's part,
Endearing, firm, serene?

Thou wept'st, meek maiden, mother mild,
Thou wept'st upon thy sinless Child,
Thy very heart was riven:
And yet, what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
By all on this side Heaven?

A Son that never did amiss,
That never shamed His Mother's kiss,
Nor cross'd her fondest prayer :
E'en from the tree He deign'd to bow
For her His agonizèd brow,
Her, His sole earthly care.

Ave Maria ! blessèd Maid !
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,
Who can express the love
That nurtur'd thee so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
For Jesus' holy Dove ?

Ave Maria ! Mother blest,
To whom, caressing and caress'd,
Clings the Eternal Child ;
Favour'd beyond Archangels' dream,
When first on thee with tenderest gleam
Thy new-born Saviour smil'd :—

Ave Maria ! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine ;
For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

Bless'd is the womb that bare Him—bless'd [1]
The bosom where His lips were press'd,
But rather bless'd are they
Who hear His word and keep it well,
The living homes where Christ shall dwell,
And never pass away.

[1] *St. Luke* xi. 27, 28.

## SAINT MARK'S DAY

*And the contention was so sharp between them, that they departed asunder one from the other.*—Acts xv. 39.

*Compare* 2 Timothy iv. 11 : *Take Mark, and bring him with thee : for he is profitable to me for the ministry.*

Oh ! who shall dare in this frail scene
On holiest happiest thoughts to lean,
    On Friendship, Kindred, or on Love ?
Since not Apostles' hands can clasp
Each other in so firm a grasp,
    But they shall change and variance prove.

Yet deem not, on such parting sad
Shall dawn no welcome dear and glad :
    Divided in their earthly race,
Together at the glorious goal,
Each leading many a rescu'd soul,
    The faithful champions shall embrace.

For e'en as those mysterious Four,
Who the bright whirling wheels upbore
    By Chebar in the fiery blast,[1]
So, on their tasks of love and praise
The saints of God their several ways
    Right onward speed, yet join at last.

And sometimes e'en beneath the moon
The Saviour gives a gracious boon,
    When reconcilèd Christians meet,
And face to face, and heart to heart,
High thoughts of holy love impart
    In silence meek, or converse sweet.

Companion of the Saints ! 'twas thine
To taste that drop of peace divine,
    When the great soldier of thy Lord
Call'd thee to take his last farewell,
Teaching the Church with joy to tell
    The story of your love restor'd.

[1] They turned not when they went ; they went every one straight forward.—*Ezekiel* i. 9.

O then the glory and the bliss,
When all that pain'd or seem'd amiss
Shall melt with earth and sin away!
When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,
Fill'd with each other's company,
Shall spend in love th' eternal day!

## ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES

*Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted: but the rich, in that he is made low.*—St. James i. 9, 10.

Dear is the morning gale of spring,
And dear th' autumnal eve;
But few delights can summer bring
A Poet's crown to weave.

Her bowers are mute, her fountains dry,
And ever Fancy's wing
Speeds from beneath her cloudless sky,
To autumn or to spring.

Sweet is the infant's waking smile,
And sweet the old man's rest—
But middle age by no fond wile,
No soothing calm is blest.

Still in the world's hot restless gleam
She plies her weary task,
While vainly for some pleasant dream
Her wandering glances ask.—

O shame upon thee, listless heart,
So sad a sigh to heave,
As if thy Saviour had no part
In thoughts, that make thee grieve.

As if along His lonesome way
He had not borne for thee
Sad languors through the summer day,
Storms on the wintry sea.

Youth's lightning-flash of joy secure
Pass'd seldom o'er His spright,—
A well of serious thought and pure,
Too deep for earthly light.

No spring was His—no fairy gleam—
For He by trial knew
How cold and bare what mortals dream,
To worlds where all is true.

Then grudge not thou the anguish keen
Which makes thee like thy LORD,
And learn to quit with eye serene
Thy youth's ideal hoard.

Thy treasur'd hopes and raptures high—
Unmurmuring let them go,
Nor grieve the bliss should quickly fly
Which CHRIST disdain'd to know.

Thou shalt have joy in sadness soon;
The pure, calm hope be thine,
Which brightens, like the eastern moon,
As day's wild lights decline.

Thus souls, by nature pitch'd too high,
By sufferings plung'd too low,
Meet in the Church's middle sky,
Half way 'twixt joy and woe,

To practise there the soothing lay
That sorrow best relieves:
Thankful for all God takes away,
Humbled by all He gives.

## ST. BARNABAS

*The son of consolation, a Levite.*—Acts iv. 36.

THE world's a room of sickness, where each heart
Knows its own anguish and unrest;
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,
Is his, who skills of comfort best;
Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone
Enfeebled spirits own,
And love to raise the languid eye,
When, like an angel's wing, they feel him fleeting by:—

*Feel* only—for in silence gently gliding
Fain would he shun both ear and sight,
'Twixt Prayer and watchful Love his heart dividing,
A nursing-father day and night.
Such were the tender arms, where cradled lay,
In her sweet natal day,
The Church of JESUS; such the love
He to His chosen taught for His dear widow'd Dove.

Warm'd underneath the Comforter's safe wing,
They spread th' endearing warmth around:
Mourners, speed here your broken hearts to bring,
Here healing dews and balms abound:
Here are soft hands that cannot bless in vain,
By trial taught your pain:
Here loving hearts, that daily know
The heavenly consolations they on you bestow.

Sweet thoughts are theirs, that breathe serenest calms,
Of holy offerings timely paid,[1]
Of fire from Heaven to bless their votive alms
And passions on GOD's altar laid.
The world to them is clos'd, and now they shine
With rays of love divine,
Through darkest nooks of this dull earth
Pouring, in showery times, their glow of "quiet mirth."

[1] Having land, sold it, and brought the money, and laid it at the Apostles' feet.—*Acts* iv. 37.

New hearts before their Saviour's feet to lay,
This is their first, their dearest joy :
Their next, from heart to heart to clear the way [1]
For mutual love without alloy :
Never so blest, as when in JESUS' roll
They write some hero-soul,
More pleas'd upon his brightening road
To wait, than if their own with all his radiance glow'd.

O happy spirits, mark'd by God and man
Their messages of love to bear,[2]
What though long since in Heaven your brows began
The genial amarant wreath to wear,
And in th' eternal leisure of calm love
Ye banquet there above,
Yet in your sympathetic heart
We and our earthly griefs may ask and hope a part.

Comfort's true sons ! amid the thoughts of down
That strew your pillow of repose,
Sure, 'tis one joy to muse, how ye unknown
By sweet remembrance soothe our woes,
And how the spark ye lit, of heavenly cheer,
Lives in our embers here,
Where'er the Cross is borne with smiles,
Or lighten'd secretly by Love's endearing wiles :

Where'er one Levite in the temple keeps
The watch-fire of his midnight prayer,
Or issuing thence, the eyes of mourners steeps
In heavenly balm, fresh gather'd there ;
Thus saints, that seem to die in earth's rude strife,
Only win double life :
They have but left our weary ways
To live in memory here, in Heaven by love and praise.

[1] Barnabas took him, and brought him (Saul) to the Apostles. —*Acts* ix. 27.

[2] *Acts* xi. 22 ; xiii. 2.

## ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY

*Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers.*—Malachi iv. 5, 6.

TWICE in her season of decay
The fallen Church hath felt Elijah's eye
Dart from the wild its piercing ray:
Not keener burns, in the chill morning sky,
The herald star,
Whose torch afar
Shadows and boding night-birds fly.

Methinks we need him once again,
That favour'd seer—but where shall he be found?
By Cherith's side we seek in vain,
In vain on Carmel's green and lonely mound:
Angels no more
From Sinai soar,
On his celestial errands bound.

But wafted to her glorious place
By harmless fire, among the ethereal thrones,
His spirit with a dear embrace
Thee the lov'd harbinger of Jesus owns,
Well-pleas'd to view
Her likeness true,
And trace, in thine, her own deep tones.

Deathless himself, he joys with thee
To commune how a faithful martyr dies,
And in the blest could envy be,
He would behold thy wounds with envious eyes,
Star of our morn,
Who yet unborn [1]
Didst guide our hope, where Christ should rise.

[1] The Babe leaped in my womb for joy.—*St. Luke* i. 44.

Now resting from your jealous care
For sinners, such as Eden cannot know,
Ye pour for us your mingled prayer,
No anxious fear to damp Affection's glow,
Love draws a cloud
From you to shroud
Rebellion's mystery here below.

And since we see, and not afar,
The twilight of the great and dreadful day,
Why linger, till Elijah's car
Stoop from the clouds? Why sleep ye? rise and pray,
Ye heralds seal'd
In camp or field
Your Saviour's banner to display.

Where is the lore the Baptist taught,
The soul unswerving and the fearless tongue?
The much-enduring wisdom, sought
By lonely prayer the haunted rocks among?
Who counts it gain [1]
His light should wane,
So the whole world to Jesus throng?

Thou Spirit, who the Church didst lend
Her eagle wings, to shelter in the wild,[2]
We pray Thee, ere the Judge descend,
With flames like these, all bright and undefil'd,
Her watch-fires light,
To guide aright
Our weary souls by earth beguil'd.

So glorious let Thy Pastors shine,
That by their speaking lives the world may learn
First filial duty, then divine,[3]
That sons to parents, all to Thee may turn;

[1] He must increase, but I must decrease.—*St. John* iii. 30.
[2] *Revelation* xii. 14.
[3] He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers.—*Malachi* iv. 6.
To turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord.—*St. Luke* i. 17.

And ready prove
In fires of love,
At sight of Thee, for aye to burn.

## ST. PETER'S DAY

*When Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping.*—Acts xii. 6.

THOU thrice denied, yet thrice belov'd,[1]
Watch by Thine own forgiven friend;
In sharpest perils faithful prov'd,
Let his soul love Thee to the end.

The prayer is heard—else why so deep
His slumber on the eve of death?
And wherefore smiles he in his sleep
As one who drew celestial breath?

He loves and is belov'd again—
Can his soul choose but be at rest?
Sorrow hath fled away, and Pain
Dares not invade the guarded nest.

He dearly loves, and not alone:
For his wing'd thoughts are soaring high
Where never yet frail heart was known
To breathe in vain Affection's sigh.

He loves and weeps—but more than tears
Have seal'd Thy welcome and his love—
One look lives in him, and endears
Crosses and wrongs where'er he rove:

That gracious chiding look,[2] Thy call
To win him to himself and Thee,
Sweetening the sorrow of his fall
Which else were rued too bitterly.

[1] *St. John* xxi. 15-17. [2] *St. Luke* xxii. 61.

E'en through the veil of sleep it shines,
The memory of that kindly glance;—
The Angel watching by, divines
And spares awhile his blissful trance.

Or haply to his native lake
His vision wafts him back, to talk
With JESUS, ere His flight He take,
As in that solemn evening walk,

When to the bosom of His friend,
The Shepherd, He whose name is Good,
Did His dear lambs and sheep commend,
Both bought and nourish'd with His blood:

Then laid on him th' inverted tree,
Which firm embrac'd with heart and arm,
Might cast o'er hope and memory,
O'er life and death, its awful charm.

With brightening heart he bears it on,
His passport through the eternal gates,
To his sweet home—so nearly won,
He seems, as by the door he waits,

The unexpressive notes to hear
Of angel song and angel motion,
Rising and falling on the ear
Like waves in Joy's unbounded ocean.—

His dream is chang'd—the Tyrant's voice
Calls to that last of glorious deeds—
But as he rises to rejoice,
Not Herod but an Angel leads.

He dreams he sees a lamp flash bright,
Glancing around his prison room—
But 'tis a gleam of heavenly light
That fills up all the ample gloom.

The flame, that in a few short years
  Deep through the chambers of the dead
Shall pierce, and dry the fount of tears,
  Is waving o'er his dungeon-bed.

Touch'd he upstarts—his chains unbind—
  Through darksome vault, up massy stair,
His dizzy, doubting footsteps wind
  To freedom and cool moonlight air.

Then all himself, all joy and calm,
  Though for a while his hand forgo,
Just as it touch'd, the martyr's palm,
  He turns him to his task below;

The pastoral staff, the keys of Heaven,
  To wield a while in grey-hair'd might,
Then from his cross to spring forgiven,
  And follow JESUS out of sight.

## ST. JAMES' DAY

*Ye shall drink indeed of My cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with: but to sit on My right hand, and on My left, is not Mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of My Father.*—St. Matthew xx. 23.

SIT down and take thy fill of joy
  At God's right hand, a bidden guest,
Drink of the cup that cannot cloy,
  Eat of the bread that cannot waste.
O great Apostle! rightly now
  Thou readest all thy Saviour meant,
What time His grave yet gentle brow
  In sweet reproof on thee was bent.

"Seek ye to sit enthron'd by Me?
  "Alas! ye know not what ye ask,
"The first in shame and agony,
  "The lowest in the meanest task—

"This can be ye? and can ye drink
"The cup that I in tears must steep,
"Nor from the 'whelming waters shrink
"That o'er Me roll so dark and deep?"

"We can—Thine are we, dearest Lord,
"In glory and in agony,
"To do and suffer all Thy word;
"Only be Thou for ever nigh."—
"Then be it so—My cup receive,
"And of My woes baptismal taste:
"But for the crown, that angels weave
"For those next Me in glory plac'd,

"I give it not by partial love;
"But in My Father's book are writ
"What names on earth shall lowliest prove,
"That they in Heaven may highest sit."
Take up the lesson, O my heart;
Thou Lord of meekness, write it there,
Thine own meek self to me impart,
Thy lofty hope, Thy lowly prayer.

If ever on the mount with Thee
I seem to soar in vision bright,
With thoughts of coming agony,[1]
Stay Thou the too presumptuous flight:
Gently along the vale of tears
Lead me from Tabor's sunbright steep,
Let me not grudge a few short years
With thee tow'rd Heaven to walk and weep:

Too happy, on my silent path,
If now and then allow'd, with Thee
Watching some placid holy death,
Thy secret work of love to see;
But, oh! most happy, should Thy call,
Thy welcome call, at last be given—
"Come where thou long hast stor'd thy all,
"Come see thy place prepar'd in Heaven."

[1] *St. Matthew* xvii. 12.—Likewise shall also the Son of Man suffer of them. (This was just after the Transfiguration.)

## ST. BARTHOLOMEW

*Jesus answered and said unto him, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig-tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these.*—St. John i. 50.

Hold up thy mirror to the sun,
And thou shalt need an eagle's gaze,
So perfectly the polish'd stone
Gives back the glory of his rays:

Turn it, and it shall paint as true
The soft green of the vernal earth,
And each small flower of bashful hue,
That closest hides its lowly birth.

Our mirror is a blessèd book,
Where out from each illumin'd page
We see one glorious Image look
All eyes to dazzle and engage,

The Son of God: and that indeed
We see Him as He is, we know,
Since in the same bright glass we read
The very life of things below.—

Eye of God's word![1] where'er we turn
Ever upon us! thy keen gaze
Can all the depths of sin discern,
Unravel every bosom's maze:

Who that has felt thy glance of dread
Thrill through his heart's remotest cells,
About his path, about his bed,
Can doubt what spirit in thee dwells?

[1] "The position before us is, that we ourselves, and such as we, are the very persons whom Scripture speaks of, and to whom, as men, in every variety of persuasive form, it makes its condescending though celestial appeal. The point worthy of observation is, to note how a book of the description and the compass which we have represented Scripture to be, possesses this versatility of power; *this eye, like that of a portrait, uniformly fixed upon us, turn where we will.*"—Miller's *Bampton Lectures*, p. 128.

" What word is this ? Whence know'st thou me ? "
All wondering cries the humbled heart,
To hear thee that deep mystery,
The knowledge of itself, impart.

The veil is rais'd ; who runs may read,
By its own light the truth is seen,
And soon the Israelite indeed
Bows down t' adore the Nazarene.

So did Nathanael, guileless man,
At once, not shame-fac'd or afraid,
Owning Him God, who so could scan
His musings in the lonely shade ;

In his own pleasant fig-tree's shade,
Which by his household fountain grew,
Where at noon-day his prayer he made
To know God better than he knew.

Oh ! happy hours of heaven-ward thought !
How richly crown'd ! how well improv'd !
In musing o'er the Law he taught,
In waiting for the Lord he lov'd.

We must not mar with earthly praise
What God's approving word hath seal'd ;
Enough, if right our feeble lays
Take up the promise He reveal'd ;

" The child-like faith, that asks not sight,
" Waits not for wonder or for sign,
" Believes, because it loves, aright—
" Shall see things greater, things divine.

" Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
" And brightest angels to and fro
" On messages of love shall glide
" 'Twixt God above and Christ below."

So still the guileless man is blest,
To him all crooked paths are straight,
Him on his way to endless rest
Fresh, ever-growing strengths await.[1]

God's witnesses, a glorious host,
Compass him daily like a cloud;
Martyrs and seers, the sav'd and lost,
Mercies and judgements cry aloud.

Yet shall to him the still small voice,
That first into his bosom found
A way, and fix'd his wavering choice,
Nearest and dearest ever sound.

## ST. MATTHEW

*And after these things He went forth, and saw a publican, named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom: and He said unto him, Follow Me. And he left all, rose up, and followed Him.*—St. Luke v. 27, 28.

Ye hermits blest, ye holy maids,
The nearest Heaven on earth,
Who talk with God in shadowy glades,
Free from rude care and mirth;
To whom some viewless teacher brings
The secret lore of rural things,
The moral of each fleeting cloud and gale,
The whispers from above, that haunt the twilight vale:

Say, when in pity ye have gaz'd
On the wreath'd smoke afar,
That o'er some town, like mist uprais'd,
Hung hiding sun and star,
Then as ye turn'd your weary eye
To the green earth and open sky,
Were ye not fain to doubt how Faith could dwell
Amid that dreary glare, in this world's citadel?

[1] They go from strength to strength.—*Psalm* lxxxiv. 7.

But Love's a flower that will not die
For lack of leafy screen,
And Christian Hope can cheer the eye
That ne'er saw vernal green;
Then be ye sure that Love can bless
E'en in this crowded loneliness,
Where ever-moving myriads seem to say,
Go—thou art naught to us, nor we to thee—away!

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

How sweet to them, in such brief rest
As thronging cares afford,
In thought to wander, fancy-blest,
To where their gracious Lord,
In vain, to win proud Pharisees,
Spake, and was heard by fell disease [1]—
But not in vain, beside yon breezy lake,
Bade the meek Publican his gainful seat forsake:

At once he rose, and left his gold;
His treasure and his heart
Transferr'd, where he shall safe behold
Earth and her idols part;
While he beside his endless store
Shall sit, and floods unceasing pour
Of Christ's true riches o'er all time and space,
First angel of His Church, first steward of His Grace.

Nor can ye not delight to think [2]
Where He vouchsaf'd to eat,
How the Most Holy did not shrink
From touch of sinner's meat;

[1] It seems from *St. Matthew* ix. 8, 9, that the calling of Levi took place immediately after the healing of the paralytic in the presence of the Pharisees. [2] *St. Matthew* ix. 10.

What worldly hearts and hearts impure
Went with Him through the rich man's door,
That we might learn of Him lost souls to love,
And view His least and worst with hope to meet above.

These gracious lines shed Gospel light
On Mammon's gloomiest cells,
As on some city's cheerless night
The tide of sun-rise swells,
Till tower, and dome, and bridge-way proud
Are mantled with a golden cloud,
And to wise hearts this certain hope is given;
"No mist that man may raise, shall hide the eye of Heaven."

And oh! if e'en on Babel shine
Such gleams of Paradise,
Should not their peace be peace divine,
Who day by day arise
To look on clearer heavens, and scan
The work of God untouch'd by man?
Shame on us, who about us Babel bear,
And live in Paradise, as if God was not there!

## ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

*Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?*—Hebrews i. 14.

Ye stars that round the Sun of righteousness
In glorious order roll,
With harps for ever strung, ready to bless
God for each rescued soul,
Ye eagle spirits, that build in light divine,
Oh! think of us to-day,
Faint warblers of this earth, that would combine
Our trembling notes with your accepted lay.

Your amarant wreaths were earn'd; and homeward all,
Flush'd with victorious might,
Ye might have sped to keep high festival,
And revel in the light;

But meeting us, weak worldlings, on our way,
Tired ere the fight begun,
Ye turn'd to help us in th' unequal fray,
Remembering Whose we were, how dearly won:

Remembering Bethlehem, and that glorious night
When ye, who used to soar
Diverse along all space in fiery flight,
Came thronging to adore
Your God new-born, and made a sinner's child;
As if the stars should leave
Their stations in the far ethereal wild,
And round the sun a radiant circle weave.

Nor less your lay of triumph greeted fair
Our Champion and your King,
In that first strife, whence Satan in despair
Sunk down on scathèd wing:
Alone He fasted, and alone He fought;
But when His toils were o'er,
Ye to the sacred Hermit duteous brought
Banquet and hymn, your Eden's festal store.

Ye too, when lowest in th' abyss of woe
He plung'd to save His sheep,
Were leaning from your golden thrones to know
The secrets of that deep:
But clouds were on His sorrow: one alone
His agonizing call
Summon'd from Heaven, to still that bitterest groan,
And comfort Him, the Comforter of all.

Oh! highest favour'd of all Spirits create,
(If right of thee we deem)
How didst thou glide on brightening wing elate
To meet th' unclouded beam
Of Jesus from the couch of darkness rising!
How swell'd thine anthem's sound,
With fear and mightier joy weak hearts surprising,
"Your God is risen, and may not here be found!"

Pass a few days, and this dull darkling globe
Must yield Him from her sight ;—
Brighter and brighter streams His glory-robe,
And He is lost in light.
Then, when through yonder everlasting arch,
Ye in innumerous choir
Pour'd, heralding Messiah's conquering march,
Linger'd around His skirts two forms of fire :

With us they stay'd, high warning to impart ;
" The Christ shall come again
" E'en as He goes ; with the same human heart,
" With the same godlike train."—
Oh ! jealous God ! how could a sinner dare
Think on that dreadful day,
But that with all Thy wounds Thou wilt be there,
And all our angel friends to bring Thee on Thy way ?

Since to Thy little ones is given such grace,
That they who nearest stand
Alway to God in Heaven, and see His face,
Go forth at His command,
To wait around our path in weal or woe,
As erst upon our King,
Set Thy baptismal seal upon our brow,
And waft us heaven-ward with enfolding wing :

Grant, Lord, that when around th' expiring world
Our seraph guardians wait,
While on her death-bed, ere to ruin hurl'd,
She owns Thee, all too late,
They to their charge may turn, and thankful see
Thy mark upon us still ;
Then all together rise, and reign with Thee,
And all their holy joy o'er contrite hearts fulfil !

## ST. LUKE

*Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas, greet you.*—Colossians iv. 14.

*Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world. . . . Only Luke is with me.*—2 Tim. iv. 10, 11.

Two clouds before the summer gale
  In equal race fleet o'er the sky:
Two flowers, when wintry blasts assail,
  Together pine, together die.

But two capricious human hearts—
  No sage's rod may track their ways,
No eye pursue their lawless starts
  Along their wild self-chosen maze.

He only, by whose sovereign hand
  E'en sinners for the evil day [1]
Were made—who rules the world He plann'd,
  Turning our worst His own good way;

He only can the cause reveal,
  Why, at the same fond bosom fed,
Taught in the self-same lap to kneel
  Till the same prayer were duly said,

Brothers in blood and nurture too,
  Aliens in heart so oft should prove;
One lose, the other keep, Heaven's clue;
  One dwell in wrath, and one in love.

He only knows,—for He can read
  The mystery of the wicked heart,—
Why vainly oft our arrows speed
  When aim'd with most unerring art;

[1] The Lord hath made all things for Himself: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil.—*Proverbs* xvi. 4.

While from some rude and powerless arm
A random shaft in season sent
Shall light upon some lurking harm,
And work some wonder little meant.

Doubt we, how souls so wanton change,
Leaving their own experienc'd rest?
Need not around the world to range;
One narrow cell may teach us best.

Look in, and see Christ's chosen saint
In triumph wear his Christ-like chain;
No fear lest he should swerve or faint;
"His life is Christ, his death is gain." [1]

Two converts, watching by his side,
Alike his love and greetings share;
Luke the belov'd, the sick soul's guide,
And Demas, nam'd in faltering prayer.

Pass a few years—look in once more—
The saint is in his bonds again;
Save that his hopes more boldly soar,[2]
He and his lot unchang'd remain.

But only Luke is with him now:—
Alas! that e'en the martyr's cell,
Heaven's very gate, should scope allow
For the false world's seducing spell.

'Tis sad—but yet 'tis well, be sure,
We on the sight should muse awhile,
Nor deem our shelter all secure
E'en in the Church's holiest aisle.

[1] *Philippians* i. 21.

[2] In the Epistle to the Philippians, "I know that I shall abide and continue with you all: . . . I count not myself to have apprehended."—Ch. i. 25; iii. 13.
In 2 Timothy, "I have finished my course," etc.—Ch. iv. 7, 8.

Vainly before the shrine he bends,
Who knows not the true pilgrim's part:
The martyr's cell no safety lends
To him, who wants the martyr's heart.

But if there be, who follows Paul
As Paul his Lord, in life and death,
Where'er an aching heart may call,
Ready to speed and take no breath;

Whose joy is, to the wandering sheep
To tell of the great Shepherd's love;[1]
To learn of mourners while they weep
The music that makes mirth above;

Who makes the Saviour all his theme,
The Gospel all his pride and praise—
Approach: for thou canst feel the gleam
That round the martyr's death-bed plays:

Thou hast an ear for angels' songs,
A breath the Gospel trump to fill,
And taught by thee the Church prolongs
Her hymns of high thanksgiving still.[2]

Ah! dearest mother, since too oft
The world yet wins some Demas frail
E'en from thine arms, so kind and soft,
May thy tried comforts never fail!

When faithless ones forsake thy wing,
Be it vouchsaf'd thee still to see
Thy true, fond nurslings closer cling,
Cling closer to their Lord and thee.

[1] The Gospel of St. Luke abounds most in such passages as the parable of the lost sheep, which display God's mercy to penitent sinners.

[2] The Christian hymns are all in St. Luke: the Magnificat, Benedictus, and Nunc Dimittis.

## ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE

*That ye should earnestly contend for*[1] *the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.*—St. Jude 3.

Seest thou, how tearful and alone,
And drooping like a wounded dove,
The Cross in sight, but Jesus gone,
The widow'd Church is fain to rove?

Who is at hand that loves the Lord?[2]
Make haste, and take her home, and bring
Thine household choir, in true accord
Their soothing hymns for her to sing.

Soft on her fluttering heart shall breathe
The fragrance of that genial isle,
There she may weave her funeral wreath,
And to her own sad music smile.

The Spirit of the dying Son
Is there, and fills the holy place
With records sweet of duties done,
Of pardon'd foes, and cherish'd grace.

And as of old by two and two[3]
His herald saints the Saviour sent
To soften hearts like morning dew,
Where He to shine in mercy meant;

So evermore He deems His Name
Best honour'd and His way prepar'd,
When watching by His altar-flame
He sees His servants duly pair'd.

[1] ἐπαγωνίζεσθαι: "be very anxious for it": "feel for it as for a friend in jeopardy."

[2] Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.—*St. John* xix. 27.

[3] *St. Mark* vi. 7; *St. Luke* x. 1.

He loves when age and youth are met,
  Fervent old age and youth serene,
Their high and low in concord set
  For sacred song, Joy's golden mean.

He loves when some clear soaring mind
  Is drawn by mutual piety
To simple souls and unrefin'd,
  Who in life's shadiest covert lie.

Or if perchance a sadden'd heart
  That once was gay and felt the spring,
Cons slowly o'er its alter'd part,
  In sorrow and remorse to sing,

Thy gracious care will send that way
  Some spirit full of glee, yet taught
To bear the sight of dull decay,
  And nurse it with all-pitying thought;

Cheerful as soaring lark, and mild
  As evening blackbird's full-ton'd lay,
When the relenting sun has smil'd
  Bright through a whole December day.

These are the tones to brace and cheer
  The lonely watcher of the fold,
When nights are dark, and foemen near,
  When visions fade and hearts grow cold.

How timely then a comrade's song
  Comes floating on the mountain air,
And bids thee yet be bold and strong—
  Fancy may die, but Faith is there.

## ALL SAINTS' DAY

*Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads.*—Revelation vii. 3.

WHY blow'st thou not, thou wintry wind,
Now every leaf is brown and sere,
And idly droops, to thee resign'd,
The fading chaplet of the year?
Yet wears the pure aërial sky
Her summer veil, half drawn on high,
Of silvery haze, and dark and still
The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.

How quiet shows the woodland scene!
Each flower and tree, its duty done,
Reposing in decay serene,
Like weary men when age is won,
Such calm old age as conscience pure
And self-commanding hearts ensure,
Waiting their summons to the sky,
Content to live, but not afraid to die.

Sure if our eyes were purg'd to trace
God's unseen armies hovering round,
We should behold by angels' grace
The four strong winds of Heaven fast bound,
Their downward sweep a moment stay'd
On ocean cove and forest glade,
Till the last flower of autumn shed
Her funeral odours on her dying bed.

So in Thine awful armoury, Lord,
The lightnings of the judgement day
Pause yet awhile, in mercy stor'd,
Till willing hearts wear quite away
Their earthly stains; and spotless shine
On every brow in light divine
The Cross by angel hands impress'd,
The seal of glory won and pledge of promis'd rest.

Little they dream, those haughty souls
Whom empires own with bended knee,
What lowly fate their own controls,
Together link'd by Heaven's decree ;—
As bloodhounds hush their baying wild
To wanton with some fearless child,
So Famine waits, and War with greedy eyes,
Till some repenting heart be ready for the skies.

Think ye the spires that glow so bright
In front of yonder setting sun,
Stand by their own unshaken might ?
No—where th' upholding grace is won,
We dare not ask, nor Heaven would tell,
But sure from many a hidden dell,
From many a rural nook unthought of there,
Rises for that proud world the saints' prevailing prayer.

On Champions blest, in Jesus' name,
Short be your strife, your triumph full,
Till every heart have caught your flame,
And, lighten'd of the world's misrule,
Ye soar those elder saints to meet,
Gather'd long since at Jesus' feet,
No world of passions to destroy,
Your prayers and struggles o'er, your task all praise and joy.

## HOLY COMMUNION

O God of Mercy, God of Might,
How should pale sinners bear the sight,
If, as Thy power is surely here,
Thine open glory should appear ?

For now Thy people are allow'd
To scale the mount and pierce the cloud,
And Faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

Fresh from th' atoning sacrifice
The world's Creator bleeding lies,
That man, His foe, by whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily bread.

O agony of wavering thought
When sinners first so near are brought!
"It is my Maker—dare I stay?
"My Saviour—dare I turn away?"

Thus while the storm is high within
'Twixt love of Christ and fear of sin,
Who can express the soothing charm,
To feel thy kind upholding arm,

My mother Church? and hear thee tell
Of a world lost, yet lov'd so well,
That He, by whom the angels live,
His only Son for her would give? [1]

And doubt we yet? Thou call'st again;
A lower still, a sweeter strain;
A voice from Mercy's inmost shrine,
The very breath of Love divine.

Whispering it says to each apart,
"Come unto Me, thou trembling heart"; [2]
And we must hope, so sweet the tone,
The precious words are all our own.

Hear them, kind Saviour—hear Thy spouse
Low at Thy feet renew her vows;
Thine own dear promise she would plead
For us her true though fallen seed.

[1] "So God loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son." See the sentences in the Communion Service, after the Confession.

[2] "Come unto Me, all that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

She pleads by all Thy mercies, told
Thy chosen witnesses of old,
Love's heralds sent to man forgiven,
One from the Cross, and one from Heaven.[1]

This, of true Penitents the chief,
To the lost spirit brings relief,
Lifting on high th' adorèd Name :—
" Sinners to save, Christ Jesus came." [2]

That, dearest of Thy bosom Friends,
Into the wavering heart descends :—
" What ? fall'n again ? yet cheerful rise,[3]
" Thine Intercessor never dies."

The eye of Faith, that waxes bright
Each moment by Thine altar's light,
Sees them e'en now : they still abide
In mystery kneeling at our side ;

And with them every spirit blest,
From realms of triumph or of rest,
From Him who saw creation's morn,
Of all Thine angels eldest born,

To the poor babe, who died to-day,
Take part in our thanksgiving lay,
Watching the tearful joy and calm,
While sinners taste Thine heavenly balm.

Sweet awful hour ! the only sound
One gentle footstep gliding round,
Offering by turns on Jesus' part
The Cross to every hand and heart.

Refresh us, Lord, to hold it fast ;
And when Thy veil is drawn at last,
Let us depart where shadows cease,
With words of blessing and of peace.

[1] St. Paul and St. John.

[2] " This is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be received, That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

[3] " If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

## HOLY BAPTISM

WHERE is it mothers learn their love ?—
In every Church a fountain springs
O'er which th' eternal Dove
Hovers on softest wings.

What sparkles in that lucid flood
Is water, by gross mortals ey'd :
But seen by Faith, 'tis blood
Out of a dear Friend's side.

A few calm words of faith and prayer,
A few bright drops of holy dew,
Shall work a wonder there
Earth's charmers never knew.

O happy arms, where cradled lies,
And ready for the Lord's embrace,
That precious sacrifice,
The darling of His grace !

Blest eyes, that see the smiling gleam
Upon the slumbering features glow,
When the life-giving stream
Touches the tender brow !

Or when the holy cross is sign'd,
And the young soldier duly sworn
With true and fearless mind
To serve the Virgin-born.

But happiest ye, who seal'd and blest
Back to your arms your treasure take,
With Jesus' mark impress'd
To nurse for Jesus' sake :

To whom—as if in hallow'd air
Ye knelt before some awful shrine—
His innocent gestures wear
A meaning half divine :

By whom Love's daily touch is seen
In strengthening form and freshening hue,
In the fix'd brow serene,
The deep yet eager view.—

Who taught thy pure and even breath
To come and go with such sweet grace?
Whence thy reposing Faith,
Though in our frail embrace?

O tender gem, and full of Heaven!
Not in the twilight stars on high,
Not in moist flowers at even
See we our God so nigh.

Sweet one, make haste and know Him too,
Thine own adopting Father love,
That like thine earliest dew
Thy dying sweets may prove.

## CATECHISM

Oh! say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.

Dim or unheard, the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind.

Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day?

And lov'd He not of Heaven to talk
With children in His sight,
To meet them in His daily walk,
And to His arms invite?

What though around His throne of fire
The everlasting chant
Be wafted from the seraph choir
In glory jubilant?

Yet stoops He, ever pleas'd to mark
Our rude essays of love,
Faint as the pipe of wakening lark,
Heard by some twilight grove:

Yet is He near us, to survey
These bright and order'd files,
Like spring-flowers in their best array,
All silence and all smiles.

Save that each little voice in turn
Some glorious truth proclaims,
What sages would have died to learn,
Now taught by cottage dames.

And if some tones be false or low,
What are all prayers beneath
But cries of babes, that cannot know
Half the deep thought they breathe?

In His own words we Christ adore,
But angels, as we speak,
Higher above our meaning soar
Than we o'er children weak:

And yet His words mean more than they,
And yet He owns their praise:
Why should we think, He turns away
From infants' simple lays?

## CONFIRMATION

THE shadow of th' Almighty's cloud
Calm on the tents of Israel lay,
While drooping paus'd twelve banners proud,
Till He arise and lead the way.

Then to the desert breeze unroll'd,
Cheerly the waving pennons fly,
Lion or eagle—each bright fold
A lodestar to a warrior's eye.

So should Thy champions, ere the strife,
By holy hands o'ershadow'd kneel,
So, fearless for their charmèd life,
Bear, to the end, Thy Spirit's seal.

Steady and pure as stars that beam
In middle heaven, all mist above,
Seen deepest in the frozen stream :—
Such is their high courageous love.

And soft as pure, and warm as bright,
They brood upon life's peaceful hour,
As if the Dove that guides their flight
Shook from her plumes a downy shower.

Spirit of might and sweetness too !
Now leading on the wars of God,
Now to green isles of shade and dew
Turning the waste Thy people trod ;

Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy seven-fold veil
Between us and the fires of youth ;
Breathe, Holy Ghost, Thy freshening gale,
Our fever'd brow in age to soothe.

And oft as sin and sorrow tire,
The hallow'd hour do Thou renew,
When beckon'd up the awful choir
By pastoral hands, toward Thee we drew ;

When trembling at the sacred rail
We hid our eyes and held our breath,
Felt Thee how strong, our hearts how frail,
And long'd to own Thee to the death.

For ever on our souls be trac'd
That blessing dear, that dove-like hand,
A sheltering rock in Memory's waste,
O'er-shadowing all the weary land.

## MATRIMONY

THERE is an awe in mortals' joy,
A deep mysterious fear
Half of the heart will still employ,
As if we drew too near
To Eden's portal, and those fires
That bicker round in wavy spires,
Forbidding, to our frail desires,
What cost us once so dear.

We cower before th' heart-searching eye
In rapture as in pain;
E'en wedded Love, till Thou be nigh,
Dares not believe her gain:
Then in the air she fearless springs,
The breath of Heaven beneath her wings,
And leaves her woodnote wild, and sings
A tun'd and measur'd strain.

Ill fare the lay, though soft as dew
And free as air it fall,
That, with Thine altar full in view,
Thy votaries would enthrall
To a foul dream, of heathen night,
Lifting her torch in Love's despite,
And scaring with base wild-fire light
The sacred nuptial hall.

Far other strains, far other fires,
Our marriage-offering grace;
Welcome, all chaste and kind desires,
With even matron pace

Approaching down the hallow'd aisle !
Where should ye seek Love's perfect smile,
But where your prayers were learn'd erewhile,
In her own native place ?

Where, but on His benignest brow,
Who waits to bless you here ?
Living, He own'd no nuptial vow,
No bower to Fancy dear :
Love's very self—for Him no need
To nurse, on earth, the heavenly seed :
Yet comfort in His eye we read
For bridal joy and fear.

'Tis He who clasps the marriage band,
And fits the spousal ring,
Then leaves ye kneeling, hand in hand,
Out of His stores to bring
His Father's dearest blessing, shed
Of old on Isaac's nuptial bed,
Now on the board before ye spread
Of our all-bounteous King.

All blessings of the breast and womb,
Of Heaven and earth beneath,
Of converse high, and sacred home,
Are yours, in life and death.
Only kneel on, nor turn away
From the pure shrine, where Christ to-day
Will store each flower, ye duteous lay,
For an eternal wreath.

## VISITATION AND COMMUNION OF THE SICK

O Youth and Joy, your airy tread
Too lightly springs by Sorrow's bed,
Your keen eye-glances are too bright,
Too restless for a sick man's sight.
Farewell : for one short life we part :
I rather woo the soothing art,
Which only souls in sufferings tried
Bear to their suffering brethren's side.

Where may we learn that gentle spell ?
Mother of Martyrs, thou canst tell !
Thou, who didst watch thy dying Spouse
With piercèd hands and bleeding brows,
Whose tears from age to age are shed
O'er sainted sons untimely dead,
If e'er we charm a soul in pain,
Thine is the key-note of our strain.

How sweet with thee to lift the latch,
Where Faith has kept her midnight watch,
Smiling on woe : with thee to kneel,
Where fix'd, as if one prayer could heal,
She listens, till her pale eye glow
With joy, wild health can never know,
And each calm feature, ere we read,
Speaks, silently, thy glorious Creed.

Such have I seen : and while they pour'd
Their hearts in every contrite word,
How have I rather long'd to kneel
And ask of them sweet pardon's seal !
How bless'd the heavenly music brought
By thee to aid my faltering thought !
" Peace " ere we kneel, and when we cease
To pray, the farewell word is, " Peace."

I came again : the place was bright
" With something of celestial light "—
A simple Altar by the bed
For high Communion meetly spread,
Chalice, and plate, and snowy vest.—
We ate and drank : then calmly blest,
All mourners, one with dying breath,
We sate and talk'd of Jesus' death.

Once more I came : the silent room
Was veil'd in sadly-soothing gloom,
And ready for her last abode
The pale form like a lily show'd,

By virgin fingers duly spread,
And priz'd for love of summer fled.
The light from those soft-smiling eyes
Had fleeted to its parent skies.

O soothe us, haunt us, night and day,
Ye gentle Spirits far away,
With whom we shar'd the cup of grace,
Then parted; ye to Christ's embrace,
We to the lonesome world again,
Yet mindful of th' unearthly strain
Practis'd with you at Eden's door,
To be sung on, where Angels soar,
With blended voices evermore.

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD

*And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And He came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.*—St. Luke vii. 13, 14.

Who says, the wan autumnal sun
Beams with too faint a smile
To light up nature's face again,
And, though the year be on the wane,
With thoughts of spring the heart beguile?

Waft him, thou soft September breeze,
And gently lay him down
Within some circling woodland wall,
Where bright leaves, reddening ere they fall,
Wave gaily o'er the waters brown.

And let some graceful arch be there
With wreathèd mullions proud,
With burnish'd ivy for its screen,
And moss, that glows as fresh and green
As though beneath an April cloud.—

Who says the widow's heart must break,
The childless mother sink ?—
A kinder truer voice I hear,
Which e'en beside that mournful bier
Whence parents' eyes would hopeless shrink,

Bids weep no more—O heart bereft,
How strange, to thee, that sound !
A widow o'er her only son,
Feeling more bitterly alone
For friends that press officious round.

Yet is the voice of comfort heard,
For Christ hath touch'd the bier—
The bearers wait with wondering eye,
The swelling bosom dares not sigh,
But all is still, 'twixt hope and fear.

E'en such an awful soothing calm
We sometimes see alight
On Christian mourners, while they wait
In silence, by some church-yard gate,
Their summons to the holy rite.

And such the tones of love, which break
The stillness of that hour,
Quelling th' embitter'd spirit's strife—
" The Resurrection and the Life
" Am I : believe, and die no more."—

Unchang'd that voice—and though not yet
The dead sit up and speak,
Answering its call ; we gladlier rest
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,
And our hearts feel they must not break.

Far better they should sleep awhile
Within the Church's shade,
Nor wake, until new heaven, new earth,
Meet for their new immortal birth
For their abiding-place be made,

Than wander back to life, and lean
On our frail love once more.
'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb,
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home.

Then cheerly to your work again
With hearts new-brac'd and set
To run, untir'd, love's blessèd race,
As meet for those, who face to face
Over the grave their Lord have met.

## CHURCHING OF WOMEN

Is there, in bowers of endless spring,
One known from all the seraph band
By softer voice, by smile and wing
More exquisitely bland!
Here let him speed: to-day this hallow'd air
Is fragrant with a mother's first and fondest prayer.

Only let Heaven her fire impart,
No richer incense breathes on earth:
"A spouse with all a daughter's heart,"
Fresh from the perilous birth,
To the great Father lifts her pale glad eye,
Like a reviving flower when storms are hush'd on high.

O what a treasure of sweet thought
Is here! what hope and joy and love
All in one tender bosom brought,
For the all-gracious Dove
To brood o'er silently, and form for Heaven
Each passionate wish and dream to dear affection given.

Her fluttering heart, too keenly blest,
Would sicken, but she leans on Thee,
Sees Thee by faith on Mary's breast,
And breathes serene and free.
Slight tremblings only of her veil declare [1]
Soft answers duly whisper'd to each soothing prayer.

We are too weak, when Thou dost bless,
To bear the joy—help, Virgin-born!
By Thine own mother's first caress,
That wak'd Thy natal morn!
Help, by the unexpressive smile, that made
A Heaven on earth around the couch where Thou wast laid!

## COMMINATION

The prayers are o'er: why slumberest thou so long,
Thou voice of sacred song?
Why swell'st thou not, like breeze from mountain cave,
High o'er the echoing nave,
The white-rob'd priest, as otherwhile, to guide,
Up to the Altar's northern side?—
A mourner's tale of shame and sad decay
Keeps back our glorious sacrifice to-day:

The widow'd Spouse of Christ: with ashes crown'd,
Her Christmas robes unbound,
She lingers in the porch for grief and fear,
Keeping her penance drear.—
O is it naught to you? that idly gay,
Or coldly proud, ye turn away?
But if her warning tears in vain be spent,
Lo, to her alter'd eye the Law's stern fires are lent.

[1] "When the woman comes to this office, the rubric (as it was altered at the last review) directs that she be *decently apparelled*, i.e., as the custom and order was formerly, *with a white covering* or *veil*." Wheatly on the Common Prayer, c. xiii. sect. i. 3.

Each awful curse, that on mount Ebal rang,
Peals with a direr clang
Out of that silver trump, whose tones of old
Forgiveness only told.
And who can blame the mother's fond affright,[1]
Who sporting on some giddy height
Her infant sees, and springs with hurried hand
To snatch the rover from the dangerous strand?

But surer than all words the silent spell
(So Grecian legends tell)
When to her bird, too early scap'd the nest,
She bares her tender breast,
Smiling he turns and spreads his little wing,
There to glide home, there safely cling.
So yearns our mother o'er each truant son,
So softly falls the lay in fear and wrath begun.

Wayward and spoil'd she knows ye: the keen blast,
That brac'd her youth, is past:
The rod of discipline, the robe of shame—
She bears them in your name:
Only return and love. But ye perchance
Are deeper plung'd in sorrow's trance:
Your God forgives, but ye no comfort take
Till ye have scourg'd the sins that in your conscience ache.

O heavy laden soul! kneel down and hear
Thy penance in calm fear:
With thine own lips to sentence all thy sin;
Then, by the judge within
Absolv'd, in thankful sacrifice to part
For ever with thy sullen heart,
Nor on remorseful thoughts to brood, and stain
The glory of the Cross, forgiven and cheer'd in vain.

[1] Alluding to a beautiful anecdote in the Greek Anthology, tom. i. 180, ed. Jacobs. See *Pleasures of Memory*, p. 133.

## FORMS OF PRAYER TO BE USED AT SEA

*When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.*—Isaiah xliii. 2.

THE shower of moonlight falls as still and clear
Upon the desert main,
As where sweet flowers some pastoral garden cheer
With fragrance after rain:
The wild winds rustle in the piping shrouds,
As in the quivering trees:
Like summer fields, beneath the shadowy clouds
The yielding waters darken in the breeze.

Thou too art here with thy soft inland tones,
Mother of our new birth;
The lonely ocean learns thy orisons,
And loves thy sacred mirth;
When storms are high, or when the fires of war
Come lightening round our course,
Thou breath'st a note like music from afar,
Tempering rude hearts with calm angelic force.

Far, far away, the homesick seaman's hoard,
Thy fragrant tokens live,
Like flower-leaves in a precious volume stor'd,
To solace and relieve
Some heart too weary of the restless world;
Or like thy sabbath Cross,
That o'er the brightening billow streams unfurl'd,
Whatever gale the labouring vessel toss.

O kindly soothing in high Victory's hour,
Or when a comrade dies,
In whose sweet presence Sorrow dares not lower,
Nor Expectation rise
Too high for earth; what mother's heart could spare
To the cold cheerless deep
Her flower and hope? but Thou art with him there,
Pledge of the untir'd arm and eye that cannot sleep:

The eye that watches o'er wild Ocean's dead,
Each in his coral cave,
Fondly as if the green turf wrapt his head
Fast by his Father's grave.—
One moment, and the seeds of life shall spring
Out of the waste abyss,
And happy warriors triumph with their King
In worlds without a sea,[1] unchanging orbs of bliss.

## GUNPOWDER TREASON

*As thou hast testified of Me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome.*—Acts xxiii. 11.

Beneath the burning eastern sky
The Cross was rais'd at morn:
The widow'd Church to weep stood by,
The world, to hate and scorn.

Now, journeying westward, evermore
We know the lonely Spouse
By the dear mark her Saviour bore
Trac'd on her patient brows.

At Rome she wears it, as of old
Upon th' accursèd hill:
By monarchs clad in gems and gold,
She goes a mourner still.

She mourns that tender hearts should bend
Before a meaner shrine,
And upon Saint or Angel spend
That love that should be thine.

By day and night her sorrows fall
Where miscreant hands and rude
Have stain'd her pure ethereal pall
With many a martyr's blood.

[1] And there was no more sea.—*Revelation* xxi. 1.

And yearns not her parental heart,
To hear *their* secret sighs,
Upon whose doubting way apart
Bewildering shadows rise ?

Who to her side in peace would cling,
But fear to wake, and find
What they had deem'd her genial wing
Was Error's soothing blind.

She treasures up each throbbing prayer :
Come, trembler, come and pour
Into her bosom all thy care,
For she has balm in store.

Her gentle teaching sweetly blends
With the clear light of Truth
Th' aërial gleam that Fancy lends
To solemn thoughts in youth.—

If thou hast lov'd, in hours of gloom,
To dream the dead are near,
And people all the lonely room
With guardian spirits dear,

Dream on the soothing dream at will :
The lurid mist is o'er,
That show'd the righteous suffering still
Upon th' eternal shore.

If with thy heart the strains accord,
That on His altar-throne
Highest exalt thy glorious Lord,
Yet leave Him most thine own ;

O come to our Communion Feast :
There present, in the heart
As in the hands, th' eternal Priest
Will His true self impart.—

Thus, should thy soul misgiving turn
Back to th' enchanted air,
Solace and warning thou mayst learn
From all that tempts thee there.

And O! by all the pangs and fears
Fraternal spirits know,
When for an elder's shame the tears
Of wakeful anguish flow,

Speak gently of our sister's fall:
Who knows but gentle love
May win her at our patient call
The surer way to prove?

## KING CHARLES THE MARTYR

*This is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully.*—1 St. Peter ii. 19.

Praise to our pardoning God! though silent now
The thunders of the deep prophetic sky,
Though in our sight no powers of darkness bow
Before th' Apostles' glorious company;

The Martyrs' noble army still is ours,
Far in the North our fallen days have seen
How in her woe the tenderest spirit towers
For Jesus' sake in agony serene.

Praise to our God! not cottage hearths alone,
And shades impervious to the proud world's glare,
Such witness yield: a monarch from his throne
Springs to his Cross and finds his glory there.

Yes: wheresoe'er one trace of thee is found,
As in the Sacred Land, the shadows fall:
With beating hearts we roam the haunted ground,
Lone battle-field, or crumbling prison hall.

And there are aching solitary breasts,
Whose widow'd walk with thought of thee is cheer'd,
Our own, our royal Saint: thy memory rests
On many a prayer, the more for thee endear'd.

True son of our dear Mother, early taught
With her to worship and for her to die,
Nurs'd in her aisles to more than kingly thought,
Oft in her solemn hours we dream thee nigh.

For thou didst love to trace her daily lore,
And where we look for comfort or for calm,
Over the self-same lines to bend, and pour
Thy heart with hers in some victorious psalm.

And well did she thy loyal love repay:
When all forsook, her Angels still were nigh,
Chain'd and bereft, and on thy funeral way,
Straight to the Cross she turn'd thy dying eye.[1]

And yearly now, before the Martyrs' King,
For thee she offers her maternal tears,
Calls us, like thee, to His dear feet to cling,
And bury in His wounds our earthly fears.

The Angels hear, and there is mirth in Heaven,
Fit prelude of the joy, when spirits won
Like thee to patient Faith, shall rise forgiven,
And at their Saviour's knees thy bright example own.

[1] "His Majesty then bade him (Mr. Herbert) withdraw; for he was about an hour in private with the Bishop (Juxon): and being called in, the Bishop went to prayer; and reading also the 27th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, which relateth the passion of our Blessed Saviour. The King, after the Service was done, asked the Bishop, if he had made choice of that chapter, being so applicable to his present condition? The Bishop replied, 'May it please your Gracious Majesty, it is the proper lesson for the day, as appears by the Kalendar'; which the King was much affected with, so aptly serving as a seasonable preparation for his death that day."—*Herbert's Memoirs*, p. 131.

## THE RESTORATION OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

*And Barzillai said unto the King, How long have I to live, that I should go up with the King unto Jerusalem?*—2 Sam. xix. 34.

As when the Paschal week is o'er,
Sleeps in the silent aisles no more
The breath of sacred song,
But by the rising Saviour's light
Awaken'd soars in airy flight,
Or deepening rolls along; [1]

The while round altar, niche, and shrine,
The funeral evergreens entwine,
And a dark brilliance cast,
The brighter for their hues of gloom,
Tokens of Him, who through the tomb
Into high glory pass'd:

Such were the lights and such the strains,
When proudly stream'd o'er Ocean plains
Our own returning Cross;
For with that triumph seem'd to float
Far on the breeze one dirge-like note
Of orphanhood and loss.

Father and King, O where art thou?
A greener wreath adorns thy brow,
And clearer rays surround;
O for one hour of prayer like thine,
To plead before th' all-ruling shrine
For Britain lost and found!

And he,[2] whose mild persuasive voice
Taught us in trials to rejoice,
Most like a faithful dove,
That by some ruin'd homestead builds,
And pours to the forsaken fields
His wonted lay of love:

[1] The organ is silent in many Churches during Passion week: and in some it is the custom to put up evergreen boughs at Easter as well as at Christmas time.

[2] Read Fell's *Life of Hammond*, pp. 283-296. Oxford, 1806.

Why comes he not to bear his part,
To lift and guide th' exulting heart ?—
A hand that cannot spare
Lies heavy on his gentle breast :
We wish him health ; he sighs for rest,
And Heaven accepts the prayer.

Yes, go in peace, dear placid spright,
Ill spar'd ; but would we store aright
Thy serious sweet farewell,
We need not grudge thee to the skies,
Sure after thee in time to rise,
With thee for ever dwell.

Till then, whene'er with duteous hand,
Year after year, my native Land
Her royal offering brings,
Upon the Altar lays the Crown,
And spreads her robes of old renown
Before the King of Kings,

Be some kind spirit, likest thine,
Ever at hand, with airs divine
The wandering heart to seize ;
Whispering, " How long hast thou to live,
" That thou shouldst Hope or Fancy give
" To flowers or crowns like these ? "

## THE ACCESSION

*As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee : I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.*—Joshua i. 5.

The voice that from the glory came
To tell how Moses died unseen,
And waken Joshua's spear of flame
To victory on the mountains green,
Its trumpet tones are sounding still,
When Kings or Parents pass away,
They greet us with a cheering thrill
Of power and comfort in decay.

Behind the soft bright summer cloud
  That makes such haste to melt and die,
Our wistful gaze is oft allow'd
  A glimpse of the unchanging sky:
Let storm and darkness do their worst;
  For the lost dream the heart may ache,
The heart may ache, but may not burst:
  Heaven will not leave thee nor forsake.

One rock amid the weltering floods,
  One torch in a tempestuous night,
One changeless pine in fading woods:—
  Such is the thought of Love and Might,
True Might and ever-present Love,
  When Death is busy near the throne,
And Sorrow her keen sting would prove
  On Monarchs orphan'd and alone.

In that lorn hour and desolate,
  Who could endure a crown? but He,
Who singly bore the world's sad weight,
  Is near, to whisper, "Lean on Me:
"Thy days of toil, thy nights of care,
  "Sad lonely dreams in crowded hall,
"Darkness within, while pageants glare
  "Around—the Cross supports them all."

O Promise of undying Love!
  While Monarchs seek thee for repose,
Far in the nameless mountain cove
  Each pastoral heart thy bounty knows.
Ye, who in place of shepherds true
  Come trembling to their awful trust,
Lo here the fountain to imbue
  With strength and hope your feeble dust.

Not upon Kings or Priests alone
  The power of that dear word is spent;
It chants to all in softest tone
  The lowly lesson of Content:
Heaven's light is pour'd on high and low;
  To high and low Heaven's Angel spake;
"Resign thee to thy weal or woe,
  "I ne'er will leave thee nor forsake."

## ORDINATION

*After this, the Congregation shall be desired, secretly in their prayers, to make their humble supplications to God for all these things : for the which prayers there shall be silence kept for a space.*
*After which shall be sung or said by the Bishop (the persons to be ordained Priests all kneeling)* "*Veni, Creator Spiritus.*"—Rubric in the Office for Ordering of Priests.

'Twas silence in Thy temple, Lord,
When slowly through the hallow'd air
The spreading cloud of incense soar'd,
Charg'd with the breath of Israel's prayer.

'Twas silence round Thy throne on high,
When the last wondrous seal unclos'd,[1]
And in the portals of the sky
Thine armies awfully repos'd.

And this deep pause, that o'er us now
Is hovering—comes it not of Thee ?
Is it not like a Mother's vow,
When with her darling on her knee,

She weighs and numbers o'er and o'er
Love's treasure hid in her fond breast,
To cull from that exhaustless store
The dearest blessing and the best ?

And where shall Mother's bosom find,
With all its deep love-learnèd skill,
A prayer so sweetly to her mind,
As, in this sacred hour and still,

Is wafted from the white-rob'd choir,
Ere yet the pure high-breathèd lay,
" Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,"
Rise floating on its dove-like way.

[1] When he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in Heaven about the space of half an hour.—*Revelation* viii. 1.

And when it comes, so deep and clear
The strain, so soft the melting fall,
It seems not to th' entrancèd ear
Less than Thine own heart-cheering call,

Spirit of Christ—Thine earnest given
That these our prayers are heard, and they,
Who grasp, this hour, the sword of Heaven,
Shall feel Thee on their weary way.

Oft as at morn or soothing eve
Over the Holy Fount they lean,
Their fading garland freshly weave,
Or fan them with Thine airs serene,

Spirit of Light and Truth! to Thee
We trust them in that musing hour,
Till they, with open heart and free,
Teach all Thy word in all its power.

When foemen watch their tents by night,
And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,
Spirit of Counsel and of Might,
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.

And O! when worn and tir'd they sigh
With that more fearful war within,
When Passion's storms are loud and high,
And brooding o'er remember'd sin

The heart dies down—O mightiest then,
Come ever true, come ever near,
And wake their slumbering love again,
Spirit of God's most holy Fear!

# LYRA INNOCENTIUM

TO

## ALL FRIENDLY READERS

THERE are, who love upon their knees
  To linger when their prayers are said,
And lengthen out their Litanies,
  In duteous care for quick and dead.
Thou, of all Love the Source and Guide!
  O may some hovering thought of theirs,
Where I am kneeling, gently glide,
  And higher waft these earth-bound prayers.

There are, who gazing on the stars
  Love-tokens read from worlds of light,
Not as dim-seen through prison-bars,
  But as with Angels' welcome bright.
O had we kept entire the vow
  And covenant of our infant eyes,
We too might trace untrembling now
  Glad lessons in the moonlight skies.

There are, to whom the gay green earth
  Might seem a mournful penance cave;
For they have marr'd their holy birth,
  Have rent the bowers that o'er them wave.
Where underneath Thy Cross they lie,
  Mark me a place: Thy Mercy's ray
Is healing, even to such as I,
  Else wherefore bid us hope and pray?

What if there were, who laid one hand
  Upon the Lyre of Innocence,
While the other, over sea and land,
  Beckoned foul shapes, in dream intense
Of earthly Passion? Whoso reads,
  In pity kneel for him, and pour
A deep heart-prayer (O! much it needs)
  That lies may be his hope no more.

Pray that the mist, by sin and shame
  Left on his soul, may fleet ; that he
A true and timely word may frame
  For weary hearts, that ask to see
Their way in our dim twilight hour ;
  His lips so purged with penance-fire,
That he may guide them, in Christ's power,
  Along the path of their desire :

And with no faint nor erring voice
  May to the wanderer whisper, " Stay :
God chooses for thee : seal His choice,
  Nor from thy Mother's shadow stray ;
For sure thine holy Mother's shade
  Rests yet upon thine ancient home :
No voice from Heaven hath clearly said,
  ' Let us depart ; ' then fear to roam."

Pray that the Prayer of Innocents
  On Earth, of Saints in Heaven above,
Guard, as of old, our lonely tents ;
  Till, as one Faith is ours, in Love
We own all Churches, and are owned.—
  Pray Him to save, by chastenings keen,
The harps that hail His Bride enthroned
  From wayward touch of hands unclean.

*Feb.* 8, 1846.

# I

# HOLY BAPTISM

## 1

## THE MOST HOLY NAME

*Baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*—St. Matthew xxviii. 19.

Once in His Name Who made thee,
Once in His Name Who died for thee,
Once in His Name Who lives to aid thee,
We plunge thee in Love's boundless sea.

Christian, dear child, we call thee;
Threefold the Bath, the Name is One:
Henceforth no evil dream befall thee,
Now is thy heavenly rest begun.

Yet in sharp hours of trial
The mighty seal must needs be prov'd:
Dread Spirits wait in stern espial:—
But name thou still the Name belov'd.

Name it with heart untainted,
Lips fragrant from their early vow,
Ere Conscience yet have swerved or fainted,
Ere Shame have dyed the willing brow.

Name it in dewy morning,
When duly for the world's keen fray
With prayer and vow thy soul adorning,
Thou in thy bower salut'st the day.

In quiet evening name it,
When gently, like a wearied breeze,
Thou sink'st to sleep; O see thou claim it—
That saving Name—upon thy knees.

Name it in solemn meetings,
'Mid chanted anthems grave and clear,
When toward the East our awful greetings
Are wafted ere our Lord appear.

Upon thy death-bed name it:
So may'st thou chase th' infernal horde,
So learn with Angels to proclaim it,
Thrice Holy, One Almighty Lord.

## 2

## NEW CREATION

*He hath set the world in their heart.* —Ecclesiastes iii. 11.

Who may the wondrous birth declare
Of Earth and Heaven so vast and fair?
Yet whensoe'er to Love's pure spring
A helpless Little One they bring,
Those wonders o'er again we see
In saving mystery.

All in the unregenerate child
Is void and formless, dark and wild,
Till the life-giving holy Dove
Upon the waters gently move,
And power impart, soft brooding there,
Celestial fruit to bear.

God on the first day spake in might,
"Let there be Light," and there was Light.
So o'er the Font enlightening grace
As surely beams from Jesus' face,
As when in Jordan's wave He bow'd
Beneath the hovering cloud.

The second day, God stored on high
The dewy treasures of the sky :
And who the pure glad drops may tell,
Reserv'd in yon ethereal well,
Faith to revive upon her way,
Hope's weary thirst allay ?

The third day dawn'd : at His command
The rushing waters left the land,
With herb and flower the green earth smil'd :
So art thou rescued, Christian Child,
From tossings of the world's rude sea,
In vernal peace to be.

Bright rose the fourth triumphal morn,
For then the sun and stars were born,
And the soft moon, whose chaste cold ray
Tells tidings of a purer day.
Christ in the Font became our Noon,
The Holy Church, our Moon.

To the fifth dawn and eve belong
Motion and life, and flight and song,
In watery deeps and deeps of Heaven :
Such gift to thee, dear babe, was given,
When from the earth He bade thee rise
To greet Him in the skies.

The sixth dread day, the last in place,
Dread in its deeps of untold grace,
Moulded, at morn, the cold dull clay,
Inspired, at eve, the quickening ray ;
The same sad morn and evening mild
Renewed us, earth-defiled.

Thee, awful image of the All-good,
That one atoning day renew'd
For the whole world : the fontal wave
To each apart the glory gave,
Washing us clean, that we might hide
In His love-piercèd side.

Thus in each day of toil we read
Tokens of joy to Saints decreed.
What if the day of holy rest
The sleep foreshow of infant blest,
Borne from the Font, the seal new given,
Perchance to wake in Heaven!

## 3

## GUARDIAN ANGELS

*He shall give His Angels charge concerning thee.*—St. Matthew iv. 16.

"Tell me now thy morning dream."
"In the flowery sweet spring-tide
I beheld a sparkling stream,
Where by thousands Angels glide;
Each beneath the soft bright wing
Seem'd a tender babe to bring,
Where the freshest waters fell
In an ever-living well.

Far within the unearthly Font
Showed the pure Heaven's steadfast rays,
Stars beyond what eye can count
Deepening on the unwearied gaze.
Whoso of those springs would draw,
Wondrous joy and wondrous awe
On his soul together rise,
Starlight keen and dark blue skies.

Round the margin breath'd and bloom'd
Flowers from Eden: far below
Gems from Heaven the sides illum'd:—
But nor flower nor gem might show
Half so fair as your soft charms,
Who in your own Seraphs' arms
Here are wafted, in pure vest
Rob'd, and wash'd, and seal'd, and bless'd.

There one moment lay immers'd
  Each bright form, and ere it rose,
Rose regenerate, Light would burst
  From where golden morning glows,
With a sudden, silent thrill,
Over that mysterious rill.
Ne'er so bright, so gentle, sweep
Lightnings o'er the summer deep.

In a moment came that ray,
  Came but went not: every sprite,
Through its veil of mortal clay,
  Now is drench'd in quickening light;
Light wherewith the Seraphs burn,
Light that to itself would turn
Whatsoe'er of earth and shame
Mars even now the new-born frame.

Through the pure Heavens now at large
  See the immortal guardians soar,
Joying to behold their charge
  Purg'd, wing'd, brighten'd more and more.
As the strong undying spark
Buoys them upward to God's Ark,
To the Throne where all repair
With the first-fruits of their care.

Ne'er with smile so glad and kind
  Welcom'd God's High Priest of old
Abraham's seed with Abraham's mind
  Offering gifts from field and fold,
Lamb or kid, or first-ripe corn,
Glory of the Paschal morn;—
When the shades from Salem's wall
On Siloah deepest fall;—

As in that entrancing dream,
  On my sleep-embolden'd eyes,
From the shrine, the approving beam
  Thrill'd, as each new sacrifice,

Each new living ray, each soul
Borne beyond where shadows roll,
With its faithful Watcher, found
Place in the eternal round."

O sweet morning dream, I pray,
Pass not with the matin hour:
Charm me:—heart and tongue allay,
Thoughts that ache and eyes that lower,
From the Fountain to the Shrine
Bear me on, thou trance divine;
Faint not, fade not on my view,
Till I wake and find thee true.

## 4

## BAPTISMAL VOWS

*That which ye have already hold fast till I come.*—Revelation iii. 25.

O HAPPY new-born babe, where art thou lying?
What are these sounds that fill with healing balm
The hallow'd air, of power to still thy crying
At once, and nurse thee into heavenly calm?

"His Bosom bears me, who on earth descended,
Of a poor Maid vouchsafing to be born.
His saving words, with holy water blended,
Have brought the glory to my prime of morn."

Joy to thy nurse, more joy to her who bare thee,
Lamb of that Shepherd's flock, whose name is Good:
As He hath won, for ever may He wear thee,
And keep thee purified with His dear blood!

"Amen: and therefore am I sworn His servant,
His sacred Heart through life to be my rest,
To watch His eye with adoration fervent,
Foe of His foes, and in His white robe drest."

O blest, O safe, on God's own bosom leaning!
But passion-hours are nigh:—keep thou thy place:
And far and wide are evil watchers, gleaning
The lambs that slight the Shepherd's fostering grace.

" Nay, I will drink His cup ; my vow is taken ;
With his baptizing blood mine own shall blend ;
Ne'er be that holiest charge by me forsaken,
The dying Saviour's trust to each true friend."

Well hast thou sworn, and be thy warfare glorious :
But Saints are pure, the Church is undefiled,
And Jesus welcom'd from His cross victorious
A Virgin Mother to a Virgin Child.

" Then ask for me of the dread Son of Mary,
Whose arms eternal are young children's home,
A loving heart, obedient eyes and wary,
Even as I am to tarry till He come."

Prayer shall not fail, but higher He would lead thee :
His bosom-friend ate of that awful Bread :
So will He wait all day to bless and feed thee ;—
Come thou adoring to be blest and fed.

" 'Tis meet and right, and mine own bounden duty.
Good Angels guide me with pure heart to fall
Before His Altar-step, and see His Beauty,
And taste of Him, my first, my last, mine all."

## 5

## SIGN OF THE CROSS

**(See the First Prayer Book of Edward VI.—" Receyve the signe of the Holy Crosse, both in thy forehead, and in thy breste.")**

***I will write upon him My new Name.*—Revelation iii. 12.**

WHERE is the mark to Jesus known,
Whereby He seals His own ?
Slaves wore of old on brow and breast
Their master's name impress'd,
And Christian babes on heart and brow
Wear JESUS' token now.
His holy Priest that token gave
With finger dipt in the life-giving wave.

When soldiers take their sovereign's fee,
And swear his own to be,
The royal badge on forehead bold
They show to young and old.
Nor may we hide for fear or shame
The persecuted Name.
Only with downcast eyes we go
At thought of sin that God and Angels know.

If the dread mark, though dim, be there,
The watchers will not bear
From spirits unblest or reckless man
Unpitying word or ban.
"Mine own anointed touch ye not,
Nor mine handwriting blot.
Where'er my soldiers cross your path,
Honour my royal Sign, or fear my wrath."

The Shepherd signs his lambs in haste,
Ere on the mountain waste
He loose them, far and wide to stray,
And whoso mars their way,
Or scorns the awful Name they show,
That Shepherd counts him foe.
Fresh from His arms are these, and sure
We read His token here undimm'd and pure.

Fresh from th' eternal Arms are these,
Or sporting on our knees,
Or set on earth with earnest eye
And tottering feet, to try
Their daily walk, or newly taught
Grave prayer and quiet thought.
The fragrant breath of their new birth
Is round them yet: avaunt, ill airs of earth.

Ye elder brethren, think on this!
Think on the mighty bliss,
Should He, the Friend of babes, one day,
The words of blessing say:—

" My seal upon My lambs ye knew,
And I will honour you : "—
And think upon the eternal loss
If on their foreheads ye deface the glorious Cross.

## 6

## DEATH OF THE NEW-BAPTIZED

*The dew of Thy birth is of the womb of the morning.*— Psalm cx. 3 (Book of Common Prayer).

What purer brighter sight on earth, than when
The Sun looks down upon a drop of dew,
Hid in some nook from all but Angels' ken,
And with his radiance bathes it through and through,
Then into realms too clear for our frail view
Exhales and draws it with absorbing love ?
And what if Heaven therein give token true
Of grace that new-born dying infants prove,
Just touch'd with Jesus' light, then lost in joys above ?

# II

# CRADLE SONGS

## 1

## THE FIRST SMILE [1]

*Post et ridere cœpi, dormiens primo, deinde vigilans.*—August. Confess. i. 8.

Tears from the birth the doom must be
Of the sin-born—but wait awhile,
Young mother, and thine eye shall see
The dawning of the first soft smile.

It comes in slumber, gently steals
O'er the fair cheek, as light on dew;
Some inward joy that smile reveals;
Sit by and muse; such dreams are true.

Closed eyelids, limbs supine, and breath
So still, you scarce can calm the doubt
If life can be so like to death—
'Tis life, but all of earth shut out.

'Tis perfect peace; yet all the while
O'er marble brow, and dimpled chin
Mantles and glows that radiant smile,
Noting the spirit stirred within.

Oh dim to this the flashing ray,
Though dear as life to mother's heart,
From waking smiles, that later play;
In these earth claims the larger part.

[1] For this Poem the Author is indebted to a dear friend.

'Tis childish sport, or frolic mirth,
Or the fond mother's blameless guile,
Or glittering toy,—some gaud of earth,
That stirs him to that merry smile.

Or if in pensive wise it creep,
With gradual light and soberer grace,
Yet shades of earthly sorrow sleep,
Still sleep upon his beauteous face.

But did the smile disclose a dream
Of bliss that had been his before?
Was it from heaven's deep sea a gleam
Not faded quite on earth's dim shore?

Or told some Angel from above
Of glories to be his at last,
The sunset, crowning hours of love—
His labours done—his perils past?

Or, thought of trial for her breast,
Did the mild spirits whisper then,
"From the Baptismal Fount, O blest,
Thou shalt be ours, dear child, again?

"Thou shalt be ours, and heaven be thine,
Thy victory without peril given;
Sent a brief while on earth to shine,
And then to shine a light in heaven.

"And her that folds thee now so warm,
And haply thinks 'twere death to part,
Her shall a holier love inform,
A clearer faith enlarge her heart."

Blest smile!—so let me live my day,
That when my latest sun shall set,
That smile reviving once may play
And gild my dying features yet:

That smile to cheer the mourners round
With hope of human sins forgiven;
Token of earthly ties unbound,
Of heart intent on opening heaven.

## 2

## CHILDREN LIKE PARENTS

*Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be : but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him ; for we shall see Him as He is.*—1 John iii. 2.

When travail hours are spent and o'er,
And genial hours of joy
In cradle songs and nursery lore
All the glad home employ,

Full busy in her kindly mood
Is Fancy, to descry
The welcome notes of fatherhood,
In form, and lip, and eye.

And elder brethren's hearts are proud,
And sisters blush and smile,
As round the babe by turns they crowd,
A brief and wondering while.

With eager speed they ready make
Soft bosom and safe arm,
As though such burthen once to take
A blessing were and charm.

And ever as with hastening wing
His little life glides on,
By power of that first wondrous spring
To all but babes unknown,

Easier each hour the task will grow,
To name the unfolding flower,
By plumage and by song to know
The nestling in his bower.—

Oh, while your hearts so blithely dance
With frail fond hopes of earth,
Will ye not cast one onward glance
To the true heavenly birth ?

Will ye not say, " God speed the time
When Spirits pure, to trace
The hues of a more glorious prime,
Shall lean from their high place,

" And mark, too keen for earthly day,
The Father's stamp and seal,
Christ in the heart, the Living Ray,
Its deepening light reveal ? "

Oh, well the denizens of Heaven
Their Master's children know,
By filial yearnings sweet and even,
By patient smiles in woe,

By gaze of meek inquiry, turn'd
Towards th' informing Eye,
By tears that to obey have learn'd,
By claspèd hands on high.

Well may we guess, our Guardians true
Stoop low and tarry long,
Each accent noting, each faint hue,
That shows us weak or strong.

And even as loving nurses here
Joy in the babe to find
The likeness true of kinsman dear
Or brother good and kind,

So in each budding inward grace
The Seraphs' searching ken
The memory haply may retrace
Of ancient, holy men.

For of her Saints the Sacred Home
Is never quite bereft ;
Each a bright shadow in the gloom,
A glorious type, hath left :

And by those features, stern or sweet,
Of bold or gentle gleam,
Heaven's keen-eyed Watchers haply mete
What mortals holy deem.

" And hark," saith one, " the soul I guide—
I heard it gently sigh
In such a tone as Peter sighed,
Touched by his Saviour's eye."

" And see," another cries, " how soft
Smiles on that little child
Yon aged man ! even so full oft
The loved Disciple smiled."

And oh, be sure no guardian fires
Flash brighter in their joy
Than theirs, who scan the meek desires
And lowly lone employ

Of maiden in her quiet bower,
When haply glance or mien
Reminds them of the lily flower
With Blessed Mary seen.—

But as when babes by look or tone
Brother or friend recall,
In all the Parents' right we own,
Their memory blend with all,

So in earth's saintly multitude
Discern we Saints above :—
In these, the Fountain Orb of Good,
Pure Light and endless Love.

## 3

## THE LULLABY

*Ye shall have a song, as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept.*—Isaiah xxx. 29.

THE western sky is glowing yet,
The burnished Cross upon the spire
Gives token where the Sun hath set,
Touch'd faintly with its last dim fire.
Pause on thy way from evening prayer,
And listen: through the twilight air
Floats from yon open cottage door
A soft strain warbled o'er and o'er.

A maiden rocks a babe to sleep,
And times the cradle to her song;—
A simple strain, not high nor deep,
But awful thoughts thereto belong:
For oft in holy Church's shade
She to that strain hath lent her aid:—
"In thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, for thou art just."[1]

Without a Psalm she breathes her strain,
Lest haply ruder ears be nigh;
But to the babe her sense is plain,
In that half word of lullaby.
That sound still varied, still the same,
To him is as the Saving Name
Pronounced in every tone, and strong
To guard his sleep from every wrong.

Angels may read such words of power,
And infants feel them: we the while
But dimly guess, till in His hour
We see the Lord's unclouded smile.
Then spells that guarded us of old
Their hidden virtue shall unfold:
Charm'd writings are they now; no eye
May read them till the fire be nigh.

[1] Psalm lxxi. 1. New Version.

O awful touch of God made Man!
We have no lack if Thou art there,
From Thee our infant joys began,
By Thee our wearier age we bear.
From Satan's breath, from Herod's sword,
The cradle where Thou watchest, Lord,
Is safe: the Avenger's rushing cry
Is like a sister's lullaby.

## 4

## SLEEPING ON THE WATERS

*And He was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow . . and they awake Him, and say unto Him, Master, carest Thou not that we perish?*—St. Mark iv. 38.

While snows, even from the mild South-west,
Come blinding o'er all day,
What kindlier home, what safer nest,
For flower or fragrant spray,
Than underneath some cottage roof,
Where fires are bright within,
And fretting cares scowl far aloof,
And doors are closed on sin?

The scarlet tufts so cheerily
Look out upon the snow,
But gayer smiles the maiden's eye
Whose guardian care they know.
The buds that in that nook are born—
Through the dark howling day
Old Winter's spite they laugh to scorn:—
What is so safe as they?

Nay, look again: beside the hearth
The lowly cradle mark,
Where, wearied with his ten hours' mirth,
Sleeps in his own warm ark
A bright-haired babe, with arm upraised,
As though the slumberous dew
Stole o'er him, while in faith he gazed
Upon his Guardian true.

Storms may rush in, and crimes and woes
  Deform the quiet bower;—
They may not mar the deep repose
  Of that immortal flower.
Though only broken hearts be found
  To watch his cradle by,
No blight is on his slumbers sound,
  No touch of harmful eye.

So gently slumber'd on the wave
  The new-born seer of old,
Ordained the chosen tribes to save;
  Nor dream'd how darkly roll'd
The waters by his rushy brake,
  Perchance even now defiled
With infants' blood for Israel's sake,
  Blood of some priestly child.

What recks he of his mother's tears,
  His sister's boding sigh?
The whispering reeds are all he hears,
  And Nile, soft weltering nigh,
Sings him to sleep; but he will wake,
  And o'er the haughty flood
Wave his stern rod;—and lo! a lake,
  A restless sea of blood!

Soon shall a mightier flood thy call
  And outstretch'd rod obey;
To right and left the watery wall
  From Israel shrinks away.
Such honour wins the faith that gave
  Thee and thy sweetest boon
Of infant charms to the rude wave,
  In the third joyous moon.

Hail, chosen Type and Image true
  Of Jesus on the Sea!
In slumber and in glory too,
  Shadowed of old by thee.
Save that in calmness thou didst sleep
  The summer stream beside,
He on a wider wilder deep,
  Where boding night-winds sigh'd:—

Sigh'd when at eve He laid Him down,
But with a sound like flame
At midnight from the mountain's crown
Upon His slumbers came.—
Lo, how they watch, till He awake,
Around His rude low bed :
How wistful count the waves that break
So near His sacred Head !

O faithless ! know ye not of old
How in the western bay,
When dark and vast the billows roll'd,
A Prophet slumbering lay ?
The surges smote the keel as fast
As thunderbolts from heaven :—
Himself into the wave he cast,
And hope and life were given.

Behold, a mightier far is here ;—
Nor will He spare to leap,
For the souls' sake He loves so dear,
Into a wilder deep.
E'en now He dreams of Calvary ;
Soon will He wake and say
The words of peace and might ; do ye
His hour in calmness stay.

## 5

## FIRST WAKING

*Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto Him, Rabboni ; which is to say, Master.*—St. John xx. 16.

" Ye who wait in wistful gaze
Where young infants lie,
Learning faith and silent praise
From each pure calm sigh,
Say, 'mid all those beaming glances,
Starts, and gleams, and silent trances,
When the fond heart highest dances,
Feeling Heaven so nigh ? "

" Hard it is, 'mid gifts so sweet
  Choosing out the prime :
But no brighter smiles we meet
  Than at waking time,
When they burst the chains of slumber,
Chains that guard but not encumber,
And glad fancies without number
  Ring their playful chime."

" Nay, but with a moaning sound
  Babes awakening start ;
See the uneasy eye glance round,
  Feel the beating heart."
" But the watcher's look prevailing
In a moment stills that wailing,
Eye and heart have ceased their ailing,
  Joy hath learn'd her part."—

So when rose on Easter dawn
  Our all-glorious Sun,
You might see Love's eye withdrawn
  From th' adored One.
Tears that morn were in her waking,
Now again her heart is breaking ;—
Who may soothe her soul's sad aching ?
  For her Lord is gone.

Him for tears she may not see,
  Even her soul's delight,
Yet full near to her is He.—
  Say, did Hosts of Light
Ever breathe in mortals' hearing
Tones so soft, so heavenly cheering ?
" Mary," was the word endearing—
  Heaven and earth grew bright.—

Lo, the babe spreads out his arms
  Toward the watcher's face,
Fain to hide from sad alarms
  In Love's safe embrace.—

See, the Word of Grace attending,
Magdalen full lowly bending.
" Touch Me not till Mine ascending,"
Is the Word of Grace.

Love with infant's haste would fain
Touch Him and adore,
But a deeper holier gain
Mercy keeps in store.
" Touch Me not : awhile believe Me :
Touch Me not till Heaven receive Me,
Then draw near and never leave Me,
Then I go no more."

## 6

## LOOKING WESTWARD

*God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts.*—2 Corinthians iv. 6.

Had I an infant, Lord, to rear
And mould in Jesus' Law,
How should I watch in hope and fear
The first deep glance of awe,

When for a bright and conscious gaze
He lifts his eyelids meek,
And round his own world's little maze
Some marvel fain would seek !

Bright be the spot, and pure the ray,
That wins his steadfast eye ;
A path of light, a glorious way,
To guide his soul on high.

O, rich the tint of earthly gold,
And keen the diamond's spark,
But the young Lamb of Jesus' fold
Should other splendours mark.

To soothe him in the unquiet night
I ask no taper's gleam,
But bring him where aërial light
Falls from the Moon's soft beam.

His heart at early morn to store
With fancies fresh and rare,
Count not thy jewels o'er and o'er,
Show him no mirror's glare,

But lift him where the Eastern heaven
Glows with the Sun unseen,
Where the strong wings, to morning given,
Brood o'er a world serene.

There let him breathe his matin thought
Of pure unconscious love,
There taste the dew by Angels brought
In silence from above.

Yet, might I choose a time, me seems
That earliest wistful gaze
Were best to meet the softening beams
Of sunset's glowing maze.

Wide be the western casement thrown
At sultry evening's fall,
The gorgeous lines be duly shown
That weave Heaven's wondrous pall.

Calm be his sleep, whose eyelids close
Upon so fair a sight:
Not gentler mother's music flows,
Her sweetest, best good night.

So hastes the Lord our hearts to fill
With calm baptismal grace,
Preventing all false gleams of ill
By His own glorious Face.

## 7

## UPWARD GAZING

*And whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? For, lo, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy.*—St. Luke i. 43, 44.

" WHENCE is the mighty grace,
Mother of God, that thou to me shouldst come,
Me, who but fill a sinner's place,
A sinful child hid in my womb?
Who in God's sight am I,
And who mine unborn boy,
That I should view Heaven's Spouse so nigh,
He in my bosom leap for joy? "

O cry of deep delight
By Aaron's sainted daughter breath'd that hour!
O joy preventing life and light,
When the Incarnate in his Power
Came to th' Unborn! even now
Your echo faint we feel,
When o'er the newly sealèd brow
Glad airs and gleams of summer steal.

Oft as in sunbright dawn
The infant lifts his eye, joying to find
The dusky veil of sleep undrawn,
And to the East gives welcome kind:
Or in the morning air
Waves high his little arm,
As though he read engraven there
His fontal name, Christ's saving charm.

Oft as in hope untold
The parent's eye pursues that eager look,
Enkindling like the shafts of old,
Where mid the stars their way they took[1]:

[1] Virg. Æn. v. 525.

Still in Love's steady gaze,
In Joy's unbidden cry,
That holy mother's glad amaze,
That infant's worship, we descry.

Still Mary's Child unseen
Comes breathing, in the heart just seal'd His own,
Prayers of high hope: what bliss they mean,
And where they soar, to Him is known!—
But, joyous Mothers, mark,
And mark, exulting Sires,
All who the pure baptismal spark
Would duteous nurse to saintly fires:

Stern is the Babe, and lone:
Vow'd from his birth, unborn he seals the vow,
And ere he win his glory-throne,
Vigil and fast his frame must bow,
And hours of prayer, apart
From Home's too soothing praise;—
His Saviour's image in his heart
Increasing while his own decays.

## 8

## CHILDREN'S THANKFULNESS

*A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.* — Psalm cxlvii. 1 (Book of Common Prayer).

Why so stately, Maiden fair,
Rising in thy nurse's arms
With that condescending air;
Gathering up thy queenly charms,
Like some gorgeous Indian bird,
Which, when at eve the balmy copse is stirr'd,
Turns the glowing neck, to chide
Th' irreverent foot-fall, then makes haste to hide
Again its lustre deep
Under the purple wing, best home of downy sleep?

Not as yet she comprehends
How the tongues of men reprove,
But a spirit o'er her bends
Train'd in Heaven to courteous love,
And with wondering grave rebuke
Tempers, to-day, shy tone and bashful look.—
Graceless one, 'tis all of thee,
Who for her maiden bounty, full and free,
The violet from her gay
And guileless bosom, didst no word of thanks repay.

Therefore, lo, she opens wide
Both her blue and wistful eyes,—
Breathes her grateful chant, to chide
Our too tardy sympathies.
Little Babes and Angels bright—
They muse, be sure, and wonder, day and night,
How th' all-holy Hand should give,
The sinner's hand in thanklessness receive.
We see it and we hear,
But wonder not: for why? we feel it all too near.

Not in vain, when feasts are spread,
To the youngest at the board [1]
Call we to incline the head,
And pronounce the solemn word.
Not in vain they clasp and raise
The soft pure fingers in unconscious praise,
Taught perchance by pictur'd wall
How little ones before the Lord may fall,
How to His lov'd caress
Reach out the restless arm, and near and nearer press.

Children in their joyous ranks,
As you pace the village street,
Fill the air with smiles and thanks
If but once one babe you greet.
Never weary, never dim,
From Thrones Seraphic mounts th' eternal hymn.

[1] See Hooker, E. P. v. 31. 2.

Babes and Angels grudge no praise :—
But elder souls, to whom His saving ways
Are open, fearless take
Their portion, hear the Grace, and no meek answer make.

Save our blessings, Master, save
From the blight of thankless eye :
Teach us for all joys to crave
Benediction pure and high,
Own them given, endure them gone,
Shrink from their hardening touch, yet prize them won :
Prize them as rich odours, meet
For Love to lavish on His sacred Feet ;—
Prize them as sparkles bright
Of heavenly dew, from yon o'erflowing well of light.

## 9

## CHILDREN WITH DUMB CREATURES

*The sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.*—Isaiah xi. 8.

Thou mak'st me jealous, Infant dear ;
Why wilt thou waste thy precious smiles,
Thy beckonings blithe, and joyous wiles,
On bird or insect gliding near ?
Why court the deaf and blind ?
What is this wondrous sympathy,
That draws thee so, heart, ear, and eye,
Towards the inferior kind ?

We tempt thee much to look and sing,—
Thy mimic notes are rather drawn
From feathered playmates on the lawn.
The quivering moth or bee's soft wing,
Brushing the window pane,
Will reach thee in thy dreamy trance,
When nurses' skill for one bright glance
Hath toil'd an hour in vain.

And as thou hold'st the creatures dear,
So are they fain on thee to wait.
Blood-hounds at thy caress abate
Their bayings wild; yea, without fear
Thou dalliest in the lair
Of watch-dog stern; thy mother's eye
Shrinks not to see thee slumbering lie
Beneath his duteous care.

The war-horse treads full soft, they say,
If in his path a babe he see.
The tiger's whelp, encaged with thee,
Would sheathe his claws, to sport and play.
Bees have for thee no sting:—
They love thy trusting heart too well,
That mightier guard than fairy spell
Of old, or magic ring.

Oh, who the secret powers hath traced,
That in such league mysterious bind
The gentlest with the fiercest kind,
The sheepfold with the howling waste?
Is it, that each and all
The living sympathize with life?—
That sudden movements, though in strife,
The entrancèd thought recall?

He whom the burning East hath bred,
Wizard or sage, in day-dreams wild,
Might say, "Dim memories haunt the child,
Of lives in other beings led,
Other, and yet the same.
Nor less an instinct true, though blind,
Dwells in the soul of meaner kind.
Spark of past hope or shame."

Nay, call it recollection deep
Of Eden bowers,—high purity
Beaming around from brow or eye
Of infants, waking or asleep:—

As in old time, we read,
The royal lion bending low
Did Una's virgin-glory know,
Her guardian prove in need.

Of homage paid in Paradise
To Adam, guileless then and pure,
The broken dream may yet endure
Within them—visions vague arise
Of a Superior Power,
Discern'd by form erect, and mien
Commanding, and calm purpose, seen
In eyes that smile or lower.

Thus tender babes and beasts of prey
May silently each other mind
Of the old League : " Let man be kind
And true, so all must him obey."
Thus giants of the wood,
Wild elephant or mountain bull,
Beneath some quiet stripling's rule
Stand quailing and subdued.

Who knows but here, in mercy lent,
A gleam preventing heaven we see,
A token of Love's victory
In a sweet awful Sacrament ?
Hearts fallen and sin-born,
Oh, why are ye so fondly stirr'd ?
For bounding lamb or lonely bird
Why should ye joy or mourn ?

Ah, you have been in Jesus' arms,
The holy Fount hath you imbued
With His all-healing kindly Blood,
And somewhat of His pastoral charms,
And care for His lost sheep,
Ye there have learn'd : in order'd tones
Gently to soothe the lesser ones,
And watch their noon-day sleep.

Lo, far and wide the Love o'erflows,
The Love that to your souls He gave
In the regenerating wave ;—
Both man and beast His mercy knows ;—
Nor from His pattern swerve
His children, tending lamb or dove :—
But aye the choice of all your love
Ye for His Least reserve.

To point the way where they should go,
By word and gesture, o'er and o'er,
Teach them untir'd all courteous lore,
Hear their first prayers, so meek and low :—
These are your arts : by these
Ye in the fold your task fulfil,
And the Good Shepherd on the hill
From far approving sees.

## 10

## LIFTING UP TO THE CROSS

*But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto Him, We are able.*—St. Matthew xx. 22.

Oft have I read of sunny realms, where skies are pure at even,
And sight goes deep in lucid air, and earth seems nearer Heaven,
And wheresoe'er you lift your eyes, the holy Cross, they say,
Stands guardian of your journey, by lone or crowded way ;
And I have mused how awfully its shadows and its gleams
Might haply fall on infants' eyes, and mingle with their dreams,
And draw them up by silent power of its o'er-shading arm,
And deepen on the tender brow Christ's seal and saintly charm.

Oft have I read, and dream'd, and now behold a token true !
A maiden from a distant isle, where Faith is fresh of hue,—
Where Memory tarries, to reprove our cold irreverent age,
In churches set like stars around some saintly hermitage ;—
Where old Devotion lingers beside the granite Cross,
And pilgrims seek the healing well, far over moor and moss,—
A noble-hearted maiden, from a believing shore,
Is by, to see Christ's little ones Him Crucified adore.

Upon a verdant hillock the sacred sign appears,
A damsel on no trembling arm an eager babe uprears,
With a sister's yearning love, and an elder sister's pride,
She lifts the new-baptized, to greet the Friend Who for him died.[1]
Who may the maiden's thought divine, performing thus in sight
Of all the heavenly Watchers her pure unbidden rite ?
While fearless to those awful Lips her treasure she would raise,
I see her features shrink, as though she fain would downward gaze.

Perchance a breath of self-reproach is fluttering round her heart :—
" Thou, darling, in our Saviour mayst for certain claim thy part :
The dews baptismal bright and keen are glistening on thy brow,
He cannot choose but own thee, in His arms received e'en now.
But much I've sinned and little wept : will He not say, ' Begone ? '
I dare not meet His searching eye ; my penance is undone.

[1] A traveller from Ireland witnessed this scene on the Continent, and described it to the Author.

But thou and thy good Angel, who nerves mine arm to bear
And lift thee up so near Him, will strive for me in prayer."

Or chanced the Thorny Crown her first upseeking glance to win,
And the deep lines of agony traced by the whole world's sin ?
Oh, deeply in her bosom went the thought, " Who draw so nigh
Unto those awful Lips, and share the Lord's departing sigh,—
Who knoweth what mysterious pledge upon their souls is bound,
To copy in their own hearts' blood each keen and bitter Wound ?
If of the dying Jesus we the Kiss of Peace receive,
How but in daily dying thenceforward dare we live ?

" And was it meet, thou tender flower, on thy young life to lay
Such burden, pledging thee to vows thou never canst unsay ?
What if the martyrs' fire some day thy dainty limbs devour ?
What if beneath the scourge they writhe, or in dull famine cower ?
What if thou bear the cross within, all aching and decay ?—
And 'twas I that laid it on thee :—what if thou fall away ? "
Such is Love's deep misgiving, when stronger far than Faith,
She brings her earthly darlings to the Cross for life or death.

O, be Thou present in that hour, high Comforter, to lead
Her memory to th' eternal Law, by the great King decreed,

What time the highly favoured one who on His bosom lay,
And he who of the chosen twelve first trode the martyrs' way,
Taught by their mother, crav'd the boon next to Thy throne to be,
For her dreams were of the Glory, but the Cross she could not see.
O well for that fond mother, well for her belov'd, that they,
When th' hour His secret meaning told, did by their promise stay.

"Thy baptism and Thy cup be ours: for both our hearts are strong."
Learn it, ye babes, at matin prime, repeat it all day long.
Even as the mother's morning kiss is token of delight
Through all the merry hours of day, and at fall of dewy night
Her evening kiss shall to her babe the softest slumbers seal,
So Thy first greeting life imparts, Thy last shall cheer and heal.—
Then, maiden, trust thy nursling here; thou wilt not choose amiss
For his sweet soul; here let him dwell; here is the gate of bliss.

Three Saints of old their lips upon the Incarnate Saviour laid,
And each with death or agony for the high rapture paid.
His Mother's holy kisses of the coming sword gave sign,
And Simeon's hymn full closely did with his last breath entwine;
And Magdalen's first tearful touch prepared her but to greet
With homage of a broken heart his pierced and lifeless feet.—
Then courage, duteous maiden; the nails and bleeding brows,
The pale and dying lips, are the portion of the Spouse.

## 11

## SICKNESS IN THE CRADLE

*They brought young children to Christ, that He should touch them.* —St. Mark x. 13.

" A Christian child in pain !
O sad amazing thought !
A babe elect and born again,
With blood of Jesus bought,
That never yet knew dream of sin,
Nor throb of pride, nor will unclean ;
Yet faint with fever see him lie,
Or in strong grasp of sinners' agony ! "

O, mother fond and wild,
Stay the complaining word !
What wouldst thou have ? Thy suffering child
Is as his Saviour Lord.
Or ever eight brief days have flown,
He, the unstain'd, must make His moan,
Must taste the sacrificial knife,
Must to the Cross devote the tender life.

Behold, the Virgin blest
Calls on her Babe to wake
From His sweet slumber on her breast ;
How should her heart not ache ?
From her pure bosom, where all night
He softly slept, that Maiden bright
Resigns her Well-beloved at morn
To shed His blood ; for therefore was He born.

Pierc'd is her heart, yet still :
For why ? that Mother's love
Is one with His Almighty will,
Chang'd by the o'ershadowing Dove.
O freely then your treasures yield,
With the dread Cross so lately seal'd,
Yield to the chastenings of th' Unseen,
The Saviour's Presence-tokens, sweet as keen.

## 12

## ANTICIPATION AND RETROSPECTION

*And ye now therefore have sorrow ; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.*—St. John xvi. 22.

A FRAGMENT of a rainbow bright
Through the moist air I see,
All dark and damp on yonder height,
All clear and gay to me.

An hour ago the storm was here,
The gleam was far behind.
So will our joys and griefs appear
When earth has ceased to blind.

Grief will be joy, if on its edge
Fall soft that holiest ray :
Joy will be grief, if no faint pledge
Be there of heavenly day.

Christ's Passion eve fell dark and drear
Upon His faithful few,
But brighter, each returning year,
In memory gleam'd anew.

And loud the chant of hope and glee
O'er Adam's eldest born,
But, hapless mother, who like thee
Her travail pangs might mourn ?

## 13

## JUDAS'S INFANCY

*The Son of man goeth as it is written of Him : but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed ! it had been good for that man if he had not been born.*—St. Matthew xxvi. 24.

ALAS ! that e'er the pangs of birth,
The consecrated throes, whereby
Eden revives, should breed on earth
Untemper'd agony !

Yet sure as frail repenting Eve
For pardon knelt of yore, and now
Adoring kneels, there to receive,
Where all the world shall bow,

From fruit of her own favour'd womb,
The peace, the home, her wandering lost :—
Sure as to blessèd Mary come
The Saints' and Martyrs' host,

To own, with many a thankful strain,
The channel of undying bliss,
The bosom where the Lord hath lain,
The hand that held by His ;—

Sure as her form for evermore
The glory and the joy shall wear,
That rob'd her, bending to adore
The Babe her chaste womb bare ;—

So surely throes unblest have been,
And cradles where no kindly star
Look'd down—no Angel's eye serene,
To gleam through years afar.

Did not our Lord speak out His ban,
The Christ for His betrayer mourn ?
" Alas ! good were it for that man
If he had ne'er been born."

Nor may we doubt, his Mother mild
Upon that bosom pitying thought,
Where Judas lay, a harmless Child,
By gold as yet unbought.

But Time, as holy sages sing,
When earth and sin have waxèd old,
A direr progeny will bring,
The last foe of the fold.

Of mortal seed, of woman bred,
The Antichrist, they write, will be,
From a soft bosom duly fed,
Rock'd on a loving knee.

High grace at first to Judas came—
Who knows but he, the Man of Sin,
In the baptismal wave and flame
May his dread course begin?

O ye who wait with hearts too light
By Font or cradle, fear in time!
O let not all your dreams be bright,
Here in Earth's wayward clime!

From the foul dew, the blighting air,
Watch well your treasure newly won.
Heaven's child and yours, uncharm'd by prayer,
May prove Perdition's son.

## 14

## THE SAINTS' INFANCY

*And all that sat in the council, looking stedfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an Angel.*—Acts vi. 15.

WHERE is the brow to bear in mortals' sight
The Crown of pure angelic Light?
And where the favoured eye
Through the dim air the radiance to descry?
An infant on its mother smiling,
Wash'd from the world and sin's defiling,
And to Faith's arm restored, while yet
With the blest dew its cheeks are wet:—
There Christ hath sworn seraphic Light shall be.
There eyes, the Light to see.

He who vouchsafed to kindle that pure glow
Will feed it day and night, we know,
By duteous fear of sin
Fann'd into flame the virgin heart within,

Till once again at Angels' warning
Heaven-gates shall part as clouds of morning,
And the confirming Spirit pour
His glory where young hearts adore :
There is Heaven's Light ; there, if true Pastors be,
Are eyes, the Light to see.

And what if there some favoured one should kneel,
Whom in His time the Lord will seal,
High in the Mount to draw
Light uncorrupt from His pure fontal Law,
Then 'mid his brethren bear unknowing
The lustre keen within him glowing,
But veil it, when he feels their gaze,
As Moses veil'd the Sinai rays ?—
Blest, who so shines : and blest the thoughtful few,
Who see that brightness true.

Wouldst thou the tide of grace should higher flow,
The angelic ray more glorious show ?
Wait for His trial hour,
His willing Saints in His dread day of Power.
Ever as earth's wild war-cries heighten,
The Cross upon the brow will brighten,
Till on the very scorner's gaze
Break forth the Heaven-reflecting rays,
Strange awful charms the unwilling eye compel
On the Saints' Light to dwell.

Yes—strive, thou world, in thy rash tyrant-mood,
To slake that burning Cross in blood :—
It will but brighter burn,
As martyrs' eyes near and more near discern
Where on the Father's right hand beaming,
Light upon Light in glory streaming,
The Saviour, felt, not seen, in life,
Deigns to be seen in that last strife,
And Angels hail, approaching to the shore,
Rays like their own, and more.

Who knows but maiden mild or smiling boy,
Our own entrusted care and joy,
By His electing grace
May with His martyrs find their glorious place ?
O hope, for prayer too bold and thrilling,
O bliss, to aid its high fulfilling !
O woe and wrong, O tenfold shame,
To mar or damp the angelic flame !
To draw His soldiers backward from the Cross !
Woe and eternal loss ! 60

## 15

## THE CRADLE GUARDED

*Whose fan is in His hand, and He will throughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into the garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.*—St. Matthew iii. 12.

*As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of this world.*—St. Matthew xiii. 40.

The Lord, th' All-gracious, hides not all His Ire :
Through the dim chinks of this decaying earth
Gleams ever and anon th' unwasted fire,
Startling rude eyes, and shaming lawless mirth.

Even in the joy of Harvest, see, His Brand
Over the chaff is kindling ; sheaves for food
And tares for fire, He binds in equal band.
At vintage time His robes are rolled in blood.

His Angels and His Saints cry out, How long ?
His Little ones, full keenly are they bent 10
To right the fallen and redress the wrong,
Full eagerly to justice run unsent.

These are Thy tokens, all-redeeming Lord !
Where, but of Thee, learn'd we aright to name
The last dire prison ? Thine the dismal word.
Thine the undying worm, th' unquenched flame.

Therefore Thy dateous Spouse, our Mother dear,
Tuning her love-notes to the Father's voice,
Is fain to breathe grave warnings in our fear,
And say to Sin, Hell is thine hopeless choice!

The strain Love taught her, she in love repeats.—
Call it not hard, if in each holiest hour,
When with unwonted joy her King she greets,
With His own threatenings she woo Fence His bower.

Call it not stern, though to her Babes she show
The smoke aye glazing o'er th' abodeful ill;
Though guileless hearts, even in their vernal glow,
Hear now and then her thunders, awful still.

Might the calm smile, that on the infant's brow
So brightly beams, all its deep meaning tell,
Would it not say, "For Love's sweet sake allow
Fear's chastening Angel here with mine dwell?

Was not the purchase of my quiet bliss
A life-long anguish and a Cross of wo?
O! much I fear the mountain-path to miss,
If from my sight I lose the gulf below!

Such lesson learn we by the cradle's side,
Nor other teach dark hills and valley deep:
Where rude rocks fiercest frown, and storms chide,
'Tis but to guard the green mead's lowly sleep.—

There is a peak—the raven loves it well—
And all the mists of neighbouring ocean love,—
Which if you climb, what seem'd a pinnacle
Proves as a wide sea-beach where cormorants rove.

Rocks showered at random, as by giant hands,
Strew the rude terrace:—heedful Nature's eye,
And firm his step, who on the dark tide stands
Beneath the cloud, and downward dares espy.

"What seest thou there?" A thousand feet below
And further on, far as the mists that weep
Around me suffer, dimly trac'd in snow,
Pale forms I see, reclining on the steep,

Each in his drear ravine, where never ev'
Even from the cold north-east in June night fall,
They sleep in silence till th' appointed Day,
Nor heed the eagle's scream, the whirlwind's call.

The wastes of vapour, veering round, now hide
And now reveal the watchers dark and vast,
Which by each awful resting-place abide—
Grim towering crags:—who there is eye shall cast,

With aught of sin's sad burthen on his soul,
Feels he not like a powerless child taken,
Over a gulf where flaming billows roll
By a strong outstretch'd Arm as yet upborne?

O surely then to his heart's deep is brought
The prayer, the vow, there evermore to cling,
And sickening turn from the wild haunting thought,
"What if at once o'er the dread verge I spring?"

Retiring, sure he to a warning Voice
Will time his footsteps, on a true Arm lean:
What happy vale soe'er may crown his choice,
That awful gulf, those rocks will be its screen.

Lo, nestling at the mountain's further base
And guarded by its terrors, a soft glen:
Its waters run a golden gladsome race,
Its windings hide meet homes for pastoral men.

Lord, if in such calm bowers a rest Thou give,
We pray Thee, crown Thy gift with Fear; that we
May in the shadow of Thy judgements live
The wrath o'ertake us on our bended knee.

# III

# EARLY ENCOURAGEMENTS

## 1

## TRUSTWORTHINESS

*The child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem.*—St. Luke ii. 43.

THE cares, the loves of parents fond
Go deep, all loves, all cares beyond.
Fain would they read the good and ill
That nestles in our silent will,
And night and day
They wish and pray
That only good may there find way.

But deeper lurk all breasts within
The secrets both of grace and sin.
Each has his world of thought alone,
To one dread Watcher only known.
And far and wide
On every side
Our dreams dart on—no earthly guide.

Glad may they be and calm of heart,
Who, when their child so walks apart,
Seek him and find where Angels come
On Jesus' work, in Jesus' Home :—
Who, out of sight,
Know all is right,
One law for darkness and for light.

If in pure aims and deeds and prayers
His path mount high, and far from theirs,
If seeking him 'mid friends below
They find him not, what joy to know
    He hath but turn'd
    Where Jesus yearn'd
To be ;—where heavenly Love is learn'd !

Thou who didst teach thy Mother dear,
In three dim days of doubt and fear,
By timely training to foreknow
Thy Passion and its three days' woe,
    Prepare Thou still
    Our heart and will,—
Our friends' and ours,—for good and ill.

## 2

## SAMUEL'S PRAYER

*Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength.*—Psalm viii. 2 (Book of Common Prayer).

With joy the guardian Angel sees
A duteous child upon his knees,
And writes in his approving book
Each upward, earnest, holy look.

Light from his pure aërial dream
He springs to meet morn's orient beam,
And pours towards the kindling skies
His clear adoring melodies.

Some glorious Seraph, waiting by,
Receives the prayer to waft on high,
And wonders, as he soars, to read
More than we know, and all we need.

More than we know, and all we need,
Is in young children's prayer and creed.
They, for their Home, before Him fall,
He, for His Church, receives their call.

They cry with simple voice and clear,
" Bless Father, Mother, Brethren dear : "
He for the Priests of His dread Son
Accounts the blessing ask'd and won.

For holy Priests and Matrons mild,
For penitents and undefiled,
For dying Saints, for babes new-born,
He takes their offering, eve and morn.

He gives the frail and feeble tongue
A doom to speak on sin and wrong ;
Unconscious they stern lightnings aim,
When His ten Precepts they proclaim.

Thus in the Tabernacle shade
At morn and eve young Samuel pray'd,
Nor knew his prayer God's ark would win,
Forfeit by priest's and people's sin.

To Eli thus dread words he spake :—
Ye hearts profane, with penance ache ;—
A wondrous peal o'er Israel rung,
Heaven's thunder from a child's meek tongue.

## 3

## PRAYER AT HOME AND IN CHURCH

*These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus, and with His brethren.*—Acts i. 14.

WHERE are the homes of Paschal Mirth,
The bowers where heavenly Joy may rest her wings on earth,
And at her leisure gaze adoring
Where out of sight the golden clouds are soaring
Beneath the ascending Saviour's Feet ?
Where may rejoicing Love retreat
To frame a melody for His returning meet ?

Two homes we know of Love's resort,
One in the upper room, one in the Temple court;
In glorious Sion both, possessing
Alike her presence, whom the awful blessing
Lifted above all Adam's race:—
The royal Twelve are there in place;
Women and duteous friends, awaiting His high grace.

Two homes for us His Love hath found,
One by our quiet couch and one on holy ground.
There in due season meekly kneeling
Learn we our lesson ere His last revealing.
The Mother of our Lord is there,
And Saints are breathing hallow'd air,
Living and dead, to waft on high our feeble prayer.

And with His Mother and His Saints
He watches by, who loves the prayer that never faints.
Avaunt, ill thoughts and thoughts of folly!
Where christen'd infants sport, that floor is holy:
Holier the station where they bow,
Adoring Him with daily vow,
Till He with ampler grace their youthful hearts endow.

## 4

## SELF-EXAMINATION

*And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.*—Acts ix. 6.

"What wouldst Thou have me do, O Lord?"
Darkling he spoke and lowly laid,
With all his heart he spake the word,
The awful Voice mild answer made:
"Go, seek one out who thee may bring
Where healing, holy waters spring,
Then will I show thee speedily
What burthen thou must bear for Me."

" What wouldst Thou have me do, O Lord ? "
  Each morn and eve we seem to say,
And He gives back no doubtful word :
  " Remember, little child, all day,
Thine early vows, the hallow'd wave
Where Jesus first His blessing gave :
There stoop, there cleanse thee every hour :
Christ's Laver hath refreshing power."

" What wouldst Thou have me do, O Lord ? "
  Rise, little child, and onward go,
Where Saints are met with one accord
  The praises of high God to show.
In meekness learn their prayer and song,
Do as they do, and thou ere long
Shalt see the wonders they behold
In heavenly books and creeds of old.

" What wouldst Thou have me do, O Lord ? "
  So whispering, Saul with prostrate brow
The persecuted One adored,
  So breathed his earliest Christian vow.
Stern the reply :—to fast alone,
And in the darkness make his moan.
Thrice set and rose the weary day,
Ere with the Christians he might pray.

" What wouldst Thou have me do, O Lord ? "
  Think, little child ; thy conscience try,
Rebellious deed and idle word,
  And selfish thought and envious eye :—
Hast thou no mark of these ? and yet
Full in thy sight His Law was set.
O, if He joy'd the Cross to bear,
With patience take thy little share.

## 5

## CONFESSION

*And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden.*—Genesis iii. 8.

Didst thou not hear how soft the day-wind sighed,
How from afar that sweeping breath it drew,
Waved the light rustling branches far and wide,
Then died away, then rose and moaned anew?

Sure if aright our morning prayers were said,
We in those tones the Almighty's unseen walk
Shall hear, nor vainly shun the Presence dread
Which comes in mercy with our souls to talk.

"Where art thou, child of earth?" He seems to say;
"Why hide so deep from Love's all-seeing eye?"—
"I heard and feared, for I have sinned to-day."—
"What? know'st thou not the Almighty One was by?

"Think'st thou to lurk in yonder wavering boughs,
Where even these earthly sunbeams glide and steal?
Nay, speed thee forth while yet high grace allows,
Lay bare thy wounds to Him who waits to heal.

"They only rankle in th' unwholesome shade;
But sun and air have soothing power, and He
Yearns to forgive, when hearts are lowly laid.
Even now behold His robe prepared for thee.

"These fluttering leaves the more unveil thy shame.
Fall humbly down, and hide thine eyes in dust:
He will upraise thee, for His own great Name;
His penance garb will make and show thee just."

## 6

## TELL THY MOTHER

*Ye are not straitened in us, but ye are straitened in your own bowels.*—2 Corinthians vi. 12.

WEARY soul and burthened sore,
Labouring with thy secret load,
Fear not all thy grief to pour
In this heart, true Love's abode.

Think not all is hidden quite:
Mothers' ears are keen to hear,
Mothers' eyes are quick as light,
Glancing wide and watching near.

I with boding anguish read
Half your tale ere ye begin:
Bitter drops in heart I bleed,
Penance for your shame and sin.

Grudge not thou thine eyes to hide
On this breast that aches for thee:
Patient, kneeling, here abide
Till th' absolving Voice is free.

I from thy baptismal hour
Yearn for thee, hard heart and dry:
Seek my penitential bower,
In the dust beside me lie.

## 7

## ABSOLUTION

*Whose sins ye forgive, they are forgiven.*—St. John xx. 23.

LIVE ever in my heart, sweet awful hour,
When prostrate in my sin and shame I lay,
And heard the absolving accents fall with power,
As soft, as keen, as lambent lightnings play.

And sure with lightning glance they seem'd to thrill,
(O may the dream prove true !) and search and burn
Each foul dark corner of my lawless will.
What if the Spirit grieved did then return ?—

O fear, O joy to think !—and what if yet,
In some far moment of eternity,
The lore of evil I may quite forget,
And with the pure in heart my portion be ?

Live in my heart, dread blissful hope, to tame
The haughty brow, to curb the unchastened eye,
And shape to deeds of good each wavering aim :
O teach me some true penance ere I die !

## 8

## HOURS OF PRAYER

*Evening, and morning, and at noon-day will I pray.*—Psalm lv. 18 (Book of Common Prayer).

Down, slothful heart ! how dar'st thou say,
" Call not so oft to pray ? "
Behold, the Lord's own bounteous showers
Keep their appointed hours.
The forenoon saw the Spirit first
On orphan'd Saints in glory burst ;
At noontide hour Saint Peter saw
The sheet let down, heavenward all earth to draw ;
At eventide, when good Cornelius kneel'd
Upon his fasting day, an Angel shone revealed.

Untired is He in mercy's task,
Then tire not thou to ask.
He says not, " Yesterday I gave,
Wilt thou for ever crave ? "
He every moment waits to give,
Watch thou unwearied to receive.
Thine Hours of Prayer, upon the Cross
To Him were hours of woe and shame and loss ;
Scourging at morn ; at noon, pierced hands and feet ;
At eve, fierce pains of death, for thee He counted sweet.

The blue sky o'er the green earth bends,
All night the dew descends :
The green earth to the blue heaven's ray
Its bosom spreads all day.
Earth answers heaven : the holy race
Should answer His unfailing grace.
Then smile, low world, in spite or scorn,
We to our God will kneel ere prime of morn ;
The third, the sixth, the ninth—each Passion hour,—
We with high praise will keep, as He with gifts of power.

## 9

## REPEATING THE CREED

*Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world : and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.*—1 John v. 4.

Many the banners bright and fair,
Uplifted in the gleaming sky,
When Faith would show this lower air
The token of her victory.

The heaven-enlightened eye and mind,
By meek confession purified,
Gazes on high, nor fails to find
Which way the signs celestial guide.

One bodies forth a Virgin Form,
Holding aloft a Cross of might,
And watching, how through cloud and storm
Its head is lost in deepening light.

Another dreams, by night and day,
Of a calm Prophet's face, intent
To hear what God the Lord shall say,
Ere the dread tones be gone and spent.

An Eagle from the deep of space
Is hovering near, and hastes to bring
(Meetest the unearthly tale to trace,)
A plume of his mysterious wing.

A golden Chalice standing by,—
What mantles there is life or death;
A Dragon to the unpurged eye,
A Serpent from the Cross, to Faith.

O visions dread and bright, I feel
You are too high for me, I seek
A lowlier impress for my seal,
More of this earth, though pure and meek.

Give me a tender spotless child,
Rehearsing or at eve or morn
His chant of glory undefiled,
The Creed that with the Church was born.

Down be his earnest forehead cast,
His slender fingers joined for prayer,
With half a frown his eye sealed fast
Against the world's intruding glare.

Who, while his lips so gently move,
And all his look is purpose strong,
Can say what wonders, wrought above,
Upon his unstained fancy throng?

The world new-framed, the Christ new-born,
The Mother-Maid, the cross and grave,
The rising sun on Easter morn,
The fiery tongues sent down to save,—

The gathering Church, the Font of Life,
The saints and mourners kneeling round,
The Day to end the body's strife,
The Saviour in His people crowned,—

All in majestic march and even
To the veil'd eye by turns appear,
True to their time as stars in heaven,
No morning dream so still and clear.

And this is Faith, and thus she wins
Her victory, day by day rehearsed.
Seal but thine eye to pleasant sins,
Love's glorious world will on thee burst.

## 10

## LESSONS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS

*(For St. Luke's Day)*

*There is nothing hid from the heat thereof.*—Psalm xix. 6.

Mother of Christ's children dear,
Teacher true of loving Fear,
Kind Physician, wakeful Nurse,
Wont with many a potent verse
By our cradles watch to keep,
Singing new-born Saints to sleep;
Be thy tenderest breath to-day
Breathed on all we sing or say.
For to-day that Saint we own,
Who to Jesus' cradle-throne
Led us first, with shepherds mild,
With that Mother undefiled,
There to adore the wondrous Child.

Spouse of Christ, so pure and bright,
Skill'd, by His unearthly light,
In our coarse dim air to trace
Lines and hues from yon high place,
Gathering tones from earth and sky
For His perfect harmony:—
As to-day thou guid'st our thought
Where that holy Painter wrought,
Who with pen and pencil true
Christ's own awful Mother drew;
Be thy prayer untired and strong,
That when eager fancies throng,
Pure may be our dream and song.

Watcher of the eternal ways,
Trusted with the Saints' high praise,
Oft as o'er our childish trance
History bids her visions glance,—
Wonders wild in airy measures,
Records grave from Memory's treasures,—

Guide thou well the heart-winning line,
May our love and hate be thine.
He whose tongue of Jesus told
On His Cross and in His Fold,
Third of the mysterious Four,—
Learn we all His sacred lore,
Listening at the Kingdom's door.

## 11

## UNWEARIED LOVE

*Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.*—St. Matthew xviii. 22.

My child, the counsels high attend
Of thine Eternal Friend.
When longings pure, when holy prayers,
When self-denying thoughts and cares
Room in thine heart would win,
Stay not too long to count them o'er;
Rise in His Name; throw wide the door,
Let the good Angels in:

Nor listen, should the Tempter say,
"How wearying, day by day,
To say the prayer we said before,
The mountain path climb o'er and o'er,
No end to warfare find!"
Nor seek thou, limit to discern
In patient woe, in duty stern,
But learn thy Mother's mind.

She will not tire on thee to wait
In early hour or late:
To-morrow even as yesterday,
Still onward, onward in Love's way
To speed, her only dream.
So many love-deeds done, to cease
Her kindly toil, and rest in peace,
Small joy to her would seem.

And He, the Fountain of her Love,—
  His treasure-house above
Is open, day and night, with store
Of healing for our daily sore,
  With grace to mourners given,
O'er-powering, by the tide of tears,
All that from old abhorrèd years
  Remains of wasting leaven.

He pardoning wearies not. Ah, why
  Behold with evil eye
Thy brother asking grace for sin?
He doth but aid thee, more to win
  Of hope in thy last end.
In heart forgive—that pays Him all:
But grudging souls must die in thrall,
  No Saviour and no Friend.

# IV

# EARLY WARNINGS

## 1

## EFFECT OF EXAMPLE

*For I have five brethren ; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.*—St. Luke xvi. 28.

FIVE loving souls, each one as mine,
And each for evermore to be !
Each deed of each to thrill
For good or ill
Along thine awful line,
Eternity !

Who for such burthen may suffice ?
Who bear to think, how scornful tone,
Or word or glance too bold,
Or ill dream told,
May bar from Paradise
Our Master's own ?

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more :
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past ;
But they shall last,
In the dread judgement they
And we shall meet !

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear
Keep thou the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear!

## 2

## PRESUMPTION

*Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?*—2 Kings viii. 13.

Dear Child, to thee the tale is told
Of him who robb'd the poor man's fold.
Thou listenest, and with scorn and ire
Thy quivering brow is all on fire.
Thou think'st, O never sure on me
So foul a blot shall Angels see.
For joy thou hold'st thine eager breath
To hear him doom'd;—he dies the death.

But mark, young David was as thou,
A generous boy with open brow.
With heart as pure as mountain air
He caroll'd to his fleecy care:
With motion free as mountain cloud
He trode where mists the moorland shroud,
From bear and lion tore the prey,
Nor deem'd he e'er should rend as they.

Such was his dawn: but O! how grieve
Good Angels o'er his noon and eve!
He that with oil of joy began
In sackcloth ends, a fallen man.
Then wherefore trust youth's eager thought?
Wait till thine arm all day hath wrought:
Wait humbly till thy matin psalm
Due cadence find in evening calm.

## 3

## DANGER OF PRAISE

*And he confessed, and denied not; but confessed, I am not the Christ.*—St. John i. 20.

When mortals praise thee, hide thine eyes,
Nor in thy Master's wrong
Take to thyself His crown and prize;
Yet more in heart than tongue.

None holier than the Desert Priest
Beneath the Law's dim sky,
Yet in Heaven's kingdom with the least,
We read, he might not vie.

No member, yet, of Christ the Son,
No gospel Prophet he;
Only a voice from out the Throne
Of dread yet blest decree.

If he confessed, nor dared deny,
Woe to that Christian's heart,
Who in man's praise would walk on high,
And steal his Saviour's part!

And ah! to him what tenfold woe,
Who hides so well his sin,
Through earth he seems a saint to go,
Yet dies impure within!

Pray we our Lord, one pang to send
Of deep remorseful fear
For every smile of partial friend,—
Praise be our Penance here!

## 4

## ENVY

*If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted! and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him.*—Genesis iv. 7.

What is this cloud upon thy brow?
"The Lord accepts my brother's vow,
But turns no ear to mine.
High in the liquid heaven behold
His altar-flames in many an airy fold,
But where I kneel, the Almighty makes no sign."

Yes: welcome to the pure bright air,
And dear to Angels, is his prayer,
For the sweet fragrance' sake
Of loving deeds: bring thou the same,
Thine altar too shall feel the gracious flame:
Haste, ere the monster at thy door awake.

Beside thine hearth, thine home within,
Lies couched and still a deadly sin,
O chain it while 'tis time.
Learn on thy brother's joy to gaze
With thankful eye; and heaven's high counsel praise,
That crowned him with the forfeit of thy crime.

Thy forehead yet awhile must bear
His wrathful mark; but alms and prayer,
And penance true and stern,
May wear it out: thine evil eye
May melt in dews of holy charity,
Thy sullen tones to meek confessions turn.

## 5

## MISTRUST OF ELDERS

*Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.*—St. John xx. 29.

When holy books, when loving friends,
  When parents grave and kind
Tell of the peace the Almighty sends
  On the pure heart and mind,—

When they, on whom our souls should lean,
  The wondrous joy declare,
How to God's Altar they have been
  And found their Saviour there,—

Alas! too often, worldly wise,
  We scorn what they reveal,
We will not see with others' eyes,
  Ourselves would touch and feel.

Thus many a precious day, month, year,
  The blessing we delay:
It comes at last with saddened cheer,
  He justly dims His ray.

Seven days, we read, a Saint of old
  Dreamed on in doubt alone:
Seven days of hope and joy untold
  For evermore were gone.

And when at last the all-gracious Lord
  Vouchsafed the awful sign,
Made answer to his secret word
  And showed the Wounds divine,

Even with that light of love there came
  A soft yet warning cloud,
A shade of pity more than blame:—
  "Behold thy prayer allowed.

" My glorious Wounds I show to thee,
Even here in earth's dull light ;
But happier they, who wait to see,
Till heaven has purged their sight."

Alas, that man his breath should lose
In wayward, doubting race,
Nor his still home in shelter choose
Where Thou hast set his place !

## 6

## FINE CLOTHES

### (*For Palm Sunday*)

***And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way ; others cut down branches from the trees, and strawed them in the way.***—St. Matthew xxi. 8.

Look westward, pensive little one,
How the bright hues together run,
Around where late the waning sun
Sank in his evening cloud.
Or eastward turn thee, and admire
How linger yet the showers of fire,
Deep in each fold, high on each spire
Of yonder mountain proud.

Thou seest it not : an envious screen,
A fluttering leaflet, hangs between
Thee and that fair mysterious scene,
A veil too near thine eye.
One finger's breadth at hand will mar
A world of light in Heaven afar,
A mote eclipse a glorious star,
An eyelid hide the sky.

And while to clear the view we stay,
Lo ! the bright hour hath pass'd away ;
A twilight haze, all dim and grey,
Hath quench'd the living gleam.

Remember this, thou little child,
In hours of Prayer, when fancies wild
Betwixt thee and thy Saviour mild
Come floating on life's stream.

O shame, O grief, when earth's rude toys,
An opening door, a breath, a noise,
Drive from the heart th' eternal joys,
Displace the Lord of Love!
For half a prayer perchance on high
We soar, and heaven seems bright and nigh,
But ah! too soon frail heart and eye
Sink down and earthward rove.

The Sunday garment glittering gay
The Sunday heart will steal away.
Then haste thee, ere the fond glance stray,
Thy precious robes unfold,
And cast before thy Saviour's feet:
Him spare not with thy best to greet,
Nor dread the dust of Sion's street,
'Tis jewels all and gold.

His very shrines, this week of woe,
Will doff their rich attire, and show
As mourners; fear we then to go
In glad and festal guise.
Yea, when the funeral days are o'er,
And altars shine in gold once more,
I bid thee lavish all thy store
In fearless sacrifice.

The gorgeous hues by sinners worn,
Our pride and our good Angel's scorn,—
His pavement let them now adorn,
Or with His daylight blend.
His palace court hath order blest,
When from His Throne of earthly rest
In glory beams th' immortal Guest,
We to the dust descend.

## 7

## IRREVERENCE IN CHURCH

*The Lord is in His Holy Temple : let all the earth keep silence before Him.*—Habakkuk ii. 20.

O GRIEF for Angels to behold
Within Christ's awful home !
A child regenerate here of old,
And here for lowliest adoration come,
Forgetting love and fear,
And with bold eye and tone bringing the rude world here !

Where is the Cross upon thy brow,
Seal of His Love and Might,
Whose life-blood earn'd thee power, thy vow
To keep, and serve Him in His courts aright ?
Even in His week of grace,
Thou know'st, His ire brake out for His own holy place.

Thrice in those seven dread days, we read,
He to His Temple came,
If haply from the wrath decreed
He might redeem th' abode of His great Name ;
With silent warning Eye,
With scourge in Hand, with doom of thrilling Prophecy.

On Sunday eve with many a palm,
With many a chant divine,
It came, that Eye so keen and calm,
Like a still lamp, far searching aisle and shrine.
Happy the few, that hour,
Who with adoring hearts kneel'd to that gaze of power.

Nor they unblest, the morrow morn,
Who low before Him lay
In penitential guise forlorn,
And for His sounding scourge made duteous way :
Who at His word their store
Of earthly goods remov'd, nor ever brought them more.

But ah! no blessing left He then,
When the third evening fell,
And o'er the olive-shaded glen
Came wafted to His Mount His stern farewell.
"We meet not, till ye own
The Crucified and scorn'd before the Judgement Throne."

No blessing left the Lord of bliss,
Save on that widow poor,
Who only offer'd not amiss,
Whose praise for aye shall in His Book endure.
What if the place were doom'd?
Love will abide the fire: her gift is unconsum'd.

Thrice warn'd the dread departing word
The city of His choice;
And threefold are Thy Lessons, Lord,
Even now to reckless eye and heart and voice.
Why is there silence here?
Why hush the prattling babe? "An unseen Eye we fear."

What are these frowns, and penal ways
With rebel hand and tongue?
True tokens of the heart's amaze,
Where waits beside the door the sacred throng,
By sentence heard in Heaven,
Of sin-retaining power, out of the Presence driven:

Driven for a while: and O! if yet
The scornful brow they bend,
The saintly Thrones are duly set,
The doom prepar'd, that without hope or end
The Temple Roof will draw
Down on the irreverent head, there lingering without awe.

## 8

## DISRESPECT TO ELDERS

*And he went up from thence unto Beth-el : and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou bald head ; go up, thou bald head. And he turned back, and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them. And he went from thence to Mount Carmel.*—2 Kings ii. 23-5.

THE Powers of Ill have mysteries of their own,
Their sacramental signs and prayers,
Their choral chants in many a winning tone,
Their watchwords, seals, processions, known
Far off to friend and foe : their lights and perfum'd airs.

And even as men, where warring hosts abide,
By faint and silent tokens learn
At distance whom to trust, from whom to hide
So round us set on every side
Th' aërial sentinels our good and ill discern.

The lawless wish, the unaverted eye,
Are as a taint upon the breeze,
To lure foul spirits : haughty brows and high
Are signals to invite him nigh,
Whose onset ever Saints await on bended knees.

Him in some thievish corner of the street
Full often lurking low we trace,
When sullen lips our kindly glances meet,
And looks that pastoral eyes should greet,
As flowers the morn, fall coldly, as on empty space.

His poisonous whisper hath been there, be sure,
Where childhood's simple courtesies
Are scorned : so trains he up his school impure,

So may his nursery tasks inure
The hearts that by and by against the Church shall rise.

Open their eyes, good Lord, that they may know
Whose edicts they so dearly hold,
Making Thy rites a revel and a show,
Where the rude world may come and go,
To sit at ease, and judge the Saints and Seers of old.

The stubborn knees with holy trembling smite,
Which bow not at Thine awful Name.
Pour from Thine Altar Thine own glorious Light
Winning the world-enamour'd sight
To turn and see which way the healing radiance came.

O may our fallen land, though late, unlearn
Her reckless unbelieving heart,
And in the Gifts, sweet as from Aaron's urn,
And in the pure white Robe, discern
Signs lingering, faint and few, ere the last Saint depart.

O grant us Thy good Angel, evermore
To wait, with unseen scourge in hand,
On the Church path, and by the low school door.
Write in young hearts Thy reverend lore,
Nor be our christen'd babes as Beth-el's lawless band.

Perhaps among the wailing matrons there
Was one who to her child had taught
The ways of scorn, breathing the poison'd air
Into that bosom fresh and fair
Which from her own drew life.—Alas! too well it wrought.

Now self-accusing by the drear wood-side
She ranges where th' avengers came,
In dreams of penance wandering wild and wide.
But He, the Healer and the Guide,
To Carmel top is gone, far from our woe and shame.

Now from his lips the judgement word hath pass'd,
The lightning from his awful brow:
Low on his knees in some bleak cavern cast,
His prayers go up o'er ocean vast
For those whom he hath doom'd: he is their Patron now.

And our Elisha—fails He on the Mount
To plead, His holy ones to pray
For rebels and profane?—O who may count
The drops from that eternal Fount
Of heavenly Intercession, welling night and day?

Ye fragrant showers, O were it not for you,
How could we breathe the parchèd air
Of the world's freedom, feverish and untrue,
Withering each soft and kindly hue
Even in young hearts? but ye spring-weather cherish there.

Your influence from afar we own and bless,
When, school-hours past, o'er village green,
Or homely garden, bright in its May dress,
Come greetings from a throng and press
Of little strangers, prompt as fairies round their queen.

Ever, as up and down our glances go,
In that fair round we may discern
A beaming smile and an obeisance low;—
So forest bluebells in a row
Stoop to the first May wind, sweeping o'er each in turn.

And here and there, perchance, one graver found
A comrade's roving eye may school
To courtesy forgot:—so in each round
Of duty, here on earth's dull ground,
Angels with us rehearse their own majestic Rule.

9

## HOME SICKNESS

(*For St. Mark's Day*)

*If any man come to Me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple.*—St. Luke xiv. 26.

A HOLY home, young Saint, was thine,
Child of a priestly line,
Bred where the vernal midnight air
Was vocal with the prayer
Of Christians fresh from Paschal meat,
With supplication strong and sweet,
With fast and vigil, in meek strife
Winning their Pastor's life.

A holy home, a mother bold,
Who to the scattered fold
Threw wide her door at dead of night,
Nor feared the tyrant's might;—
The sister true of him who poured
His treasure at Thy feet, O Lord:
The Son of Comfort named was he
By those who hearts could see.

A holy home, a refuge-bower
For Saints in evil hour,
Where child, and slave, and household maid,
Of their own joy afraid,
As parent's voice familiar own
The pastoral Apostolic tone.
'Tis heard, and each the race would win
To tell the news within.

A holy household! yet beware!
Even here may lurk a snare.
These home delights, so keen and pure,
May not for ay endure.
Ere long, perchance, a sterner sound
Will summon: where wilt thou be found?
Even holy homes may hearts beguile,
And mar God's work a while.

## 10

## ILL TEMPER

*Jesus was casting out a Devil, and it was dumb. And it came to pass, when the Devil was cast out, the dumb spake.*—St. Luke xi. 14.

Not often bends the face of heaven and earth
A dull and joyless brow
On hearts that own meek love and quiet mirth:
But such their aspect now.
Slowly and late through leaden skies
The scanty lights of morning rise,
And hour by weary hour
The hard stern outlines loom around
Of hill by many a frost embrowned,
Pine top, and leafless forest bower.

And days have been, wild days of stormy wing,
O'er-powering breath and thought,
When the dark clouds plied each its heavy sling,
And air and ocean wrought
As erst o'er Noe, hiding all
The bright hues of this earthly ball.
The traveller on his way
Was like a pinnace on the deep,
Whirling around as rude waves sweep,
The sport of every gust and spray.

So, happy childhood, thine enchanted clime
Two evil spirits mar,
This wild, that sullen: o'er the unlovely prime
Looks out no lingering star,
No softly-brightening trail of morn:
Their day, in gloom or tempest born,
Lowers on till noon and night:—
Because the new-born soul made haste
Love's christening gift to scorn or waste,
Fretting or fierce, in Angel's sight.

Yet burns the sun on high beyond the cloud :
Each in his southern cave
The warm winds linger, but to be allowed
One breathing o'er the wave,
One flight across the unquiet sky ;—
Swift as a vane may turn on high
The smile of heaven comes on.
So waits the Lord behind the veil,
His light on frenzied cheek or pale
To shed when the dark hour is gone.

O ye who feel the dumb deaf spirit's breath
About your heart and home,
As in foul cavern spreading damps of death,
Where only Love should come ;
Who mark, how wane the lamps of prayer
Where sullen thoughts are in the air ;—
Haste, to the Healer bring
The moody silent one : perchance
He at the mighty word and glance
With Saints will hear, with Angels sing.

But if the frenzy fire blaze out, and cast
The sparks of Stygian glow,
Wild evil words, such showers as rode the blast
In Sodom's overthrow ;
If tossing limb and glaring eye
Declare the o'ermastering agony ;
On Tabor's crown behold
The pure calm glory : Jesus there
Hath spent the summer night in prayer :
There be your tale of anguish told.

Faint not, if prayer of man find tardy grace
Though saintly knees be bowed,
But wait untired beneath the mountain's base ;
Soon will the healing Cloud
T'ward thee descend,—the voice of Love
Through the glad air will gently move :—
" Believe, and all may be : "—
The voice of Power command afar
The rushings of that ireful war,
And heart and tongue for prayer be free.

Nay, doubt it not: He gave His signs of yore,
When Angels at the porch
Met thee, and led along the sacred floor,
And from their unseen torch
Shrank muttering to his penal fire
The Demon Shade, companion dire
Of all in evil born.—
Within thee, if thou wilt, be sure
That happy hour's strong spells endure,
The seal of heaven, not all outworn.

# V

# CHILDREN'S TROUBLES

## 1

## THE CROSS LAID ON INFANTS

*And as they led Him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus.*—St. Luke xxiii. 26.

"WELL may I brook the lash of scorn or woe
On mine own head to fall:
An evil mark is on me: well I know
I have deserved it all.
But these my tender sheep,
What have they sown, such ill to reap?
Why should a new-born babe the watch of sorrow keep?"

Stay thee, sad heart, or ere thou breathe thy plaint,
And still thee, murmuring tongue.
And mark Who climbs the hill, so meek, so faint,
Whose brows with anguish wrung
On the rough way droop blood:
How rushing round Him like a flood,
They drag Him, fallen beneath the accursed and galling wood.

Nor Him alone. They seize upon his way,
Early that fearful morn,
One hastening Zion-ward, and on him lay
Part of the pain and scorn,
Part of the Cross: who knows
Which in his secret heart he chose,
The persecutor's peace, or the meek Saviour's woes?

Bowed he with grudging mind the yoke to bear,
Or was the bitter sweet
For Jesus' sake? Lo, in the silent air
On unseen pinions fleet
The hosts of scorn and love:
With the sad train they onward move:—
Owns he the raven's wing, or the soft gliding Dove?

O surely when the healing Rood he felt,
The sacrificial fire
Of Love redeeming did his spirit melt,
And with true heart's desire
He set where Jesus trode
His steps along the mountain road,
Still learning more and more of His sweet awful load.

Thou leanest o'er thine infant's couch of pain:
It breaks thine heart, to see
The wan glazed eye, the wasted arm, that fain
Would reach and cling to thee.
Yet is there quiet rest
Prepared upon the Saviour's breast
For babes unconscious borne on Calvary to be blest.

Nor to the darlings of thine aching heart,
Nor to thine own weak soul,
Grudge thou the good Cyrenian's patient part,
The Cross that maketh whole
Met unawares, and laid
Upon the unresisting head,
The tottering feet upon the way of sorrow led.

What if at times the playful hand, though weak,
From the safe bosom part
The nursing Father's awful crown to seek,
And find it thorns, and start
With grieved and wondering call?
Who but would joy, one drop should fall
Out of his own dull veins, for Him who spared us all?

## 2

## TEARS RESTRAINED

*Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men.*—Ezekiel xxiv. 17.

" Tears are of Nature's best, they say ;
An April dry makes cheerless May :
Eyes that with answering glow
Meet eager joy, I love not well
That they should gaze immoveable
On sights of fear and woe."

" Nay, soft and wavering shows the heart
Whence the life-drops so lightly start,
And harsher by and by
Will prove, I ween, the withering hour
Of selfish care, for each brief shower
That hurries down our sky."

Such talk when Angels watching near
From earthly guardians overhear,
Haply in heart they say,
" These are half-truths. Who deeply scan
The mystery of the tears of man,
To nurse them or allay,

" Demands, they know, a mightier skill :
He who may the task fulfil,
Who hath the springs in hand
Of ocean, saying to this wave,
' Retire ' :—to that, ' unbridled rave
High on the thirsty sand.'

" He in His wisdom hath decreed
That shingle light, or frail sea-weed,
Should here the proud waves stay,
There, giant rocks aside be hurled.
So in the heart's lone awful world
His waters know their way.

" His Power the inward storm unchains
At will, His Power and Love refrains.
Ask ye, by what high law ?
Go not to sage or seer, but trace
His impress on some bright young face,
Half passion and half awe.

" Whom He hath blessed and called His own,
He tries them early, look and tone,
Bent brow and throbbing heart ;
Tries them with pain, dread seal of Love.
Oft when their ready patience strove
With keen o'ermastering smart,

" And mortals deemed it gentle blood,
Faith might discern the healing Rood
Invisibly applied :
And when her veil soft Pity drew
Over each glad and vernal hue,
And babes for others sighed,

" A tear, we knew, from Lazarus' grave,
Had lent high virtue to the wave
In their baptismal hour :
Or one of those He deigned to weep
O'er Salem, in the olived steep,
A world-embalming shower.

" Thou art stern courage, Heavenly Child,
Thou to Thy babes art mourning mild ;
Even as Thy Saints of old
From weeping now forbore, now prayed
Their eyes might endless showers be made
Over Thy fallen fold.

" One law is theirs, and Thine : to stay
Self-loving moans—allow no way
For grief that only grieves.
But drops that cherish prayer, or speed
The pure resolve, or duteous deed,—
He gave them, He receives."

## 3

## LONELINESS

*And He said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself: handle Me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have.*—St. Luke xxiv. 38, 39.

ALONE, apart from mother dear
And father's gracious eye,
From all the nursery's joyous cheer,
Nor babe nor playmate by!

A place where others are at home,
But all is strange to me!
And now the twilight hour is come,
And the clear shadows flee.

Scarce dare I lay me down and sleep,
Lest in half-waking dream
Dimly all ways to dance and creep
The forms around me seem.

Help me with reading, help to pray,
That I with spirit free
Mine evening hymn may sing or say
Upon my bended knee.

But look your lore be true and wise,
The lamp ye light burn clear,
No flash to pass o'er strainèd eyes,
Leaving all dark and drear.—

O kindly and in happy hour
Ye bring the Volume blest:
There all is Truth, all Love, all Power:
Now sweet will be my rest.

Now at thy pleasure roam, wild heart,
In dreams o'er sea and land:
I bid thee at no shadows start:
The Upholder is at hand.

The lurid hues, the deep sea-gleams,
That blend in hour of storm,
Till every hurrying night-wind seems
To waft a phantom form,

Are but His signs, Who lonely paced
The midnight waters drear.
A spirit o'er the heaving waste
He seemed—they cried for fear.

Hark! in the gale how softly thrills
The voice that wakes the dead!
Happy, whose ear such music fills
By night upon his bed.

"'Tis I," He saith: "be not afraid!"
Whether in ocean vast,
Or where across the moonlight glade
Strange woodland shapes are cast,

Or flickering shadows come and go
In weary hours of gloom,
While midnight lamps burn dim and low,
Round some mysterious room,

One only spell hath power to soothe
When thoughts and dreams appal.
Name thou His Name, Who is the Truth,
And He will hear thy call;

As when new-risen on Easter-night
Amid His own He stood,
Fear with His sudden shade, calm might
Came with His Flesh and Blood;

Him name in Faith, and softly make
The sign to Angels known.
So never need thy young heart ache
In silence and alone.

## 4

## SHYNESS

*Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God.*—Exodus iii. 6.

Tear not away the veil, dear friend,
Nor from its shelter rudely rend
The heaven-protected flower:
It waits for sun and shower
To woo it kindly forth in its own time,
And when they come, untaught will know its hour of prime.

Blame not the eye that from thee turns,
The cheek that in a moment burns
With tingling fire so bright,
Feeling thine eager sight,—
The lowly drooping brow, the stammering tongue,
The giddy wavering thought, scarce knowing right and wrong.

What if herein weak Nature own
Her trembling underneath His Throne,
Whose eye can ne'er depart
From our frail evil heart?
Who knows how near His look of awful love
The gaze of aged men may to the young heart prove?

The springs of silent awe, that dwell
Deepest in heart, will highest swell,
When in His destined hour
He calls them out in power.
Hide thou thy face, and fear to look on God,
Else never hope to grasp the wonder-working rod.

With quivering hands that closely fold
Over his downcast eyes, behold
The Shepherd on the Mount
Adores the Living Fount
Of pure unwasting fire: no glance he steals,
But in his heart's deep joy the Dread Eye gazing feels,—

Feels it, and gladlier far would die
Than let it go. There will he lie
Till the Dread Voice return,
And he the lore may learn
Of his appointed task—bold deeds to dare,
High mysteries to impart, deep penances to bear.

Ere long to the same holy place
He will return, and face to face
Upon the glory gaze,
Then onward bear the rays
To Israel: priest and people from his glance
Will shrink, as he from God's in that deep Horeb trance.

Then tear we not the veil away
Nor ruthless tell in open day
The tender spirit's dream.
O let the deepening stream
Might from the mountain-springs in silence draw.
O mar we not His work, who trains His saints in awe!

## 5

## STAMMERING

*He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.*—St. Mark vii. 37.

When heart and head are both o'erflowing,
When eager words within are glowing,
And all at once for utterance crowd and throng,
How hard to find no tongue!
The little babe upon the breast
Wails out his wail and is at rest:
These may but look and long.

Perhaps some deed of sacred story,
Or lesson deep of God's high glory,
For many a toilsome hour rehears'd or read,
In holy Church is said.
He knows it all—none half so well,—
And longs in turn his tale to tell,
But all his words are fled.

Perhaps on high the chant is ringing,
The youthful choir the free notes flinging,
To soar at will the mazy roof around:
But his to earth are bound.
In every chord his heart beats high,
But vainly would his frail lips try
The tones his soul hath found.

O gaze not so in wistful sadness:
Ere long a morn of power and gladness
Shall break the heavy dream; the unchained voice
Shall in free air rejoice:
Thoughts with their words and tones shall meet,
The unfaltering tongue harmonious greet
The heart's eternal choice.

Even now the call that wakes the dying
Steals on thine ear with gentle sighing:
The breath, the dew of heaven hath touched thy tongue:
Far to the winds are flung
The bonds unseen, ill spirits' work:
Satan no more may round thee lurk,
Thine Ephphatha is sung.

## 6

## FEAR OF WILD BEASTS

(*For Quinquagesima*)

***No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there.***—Isaiah xxxv. 9.

Oft have I hid mine eyes,
When lightning thrill'd across the midnight skies:
When tempests howl'd o'er land or main
Oft have I thought upon the deluge rain.
But now I read, that never more
Will Heaven's dread windows so give out their awful store.
The rainbow-sign is given,—
His word endures in Heaven.

Oft have I shrank for fear,
When forms that seem'd of giant mould drew near,
And deeply in my childish heart
I thrill'd at every rush, and bound, and start:
But now I hear th' Eternal Law
That binds them in His chain of deep mysterious awe:
I fear no monster birth,—
His word endures on earth.

Even as the bright calm bow
Is safety's pledge when waters wild o'erflow,
As horned herds will turn and fly
If but a child survey them with bold eye,
So in the storms we may not see
Thy Saviour's rainbow crown, O Faith, thine own may be:
So, if His Cross He raise,
Hell powers at distance gaze.

There may we calmly dwell,
Nor sounding tempest dread, nor lion fell.
But, little children, muse and mark:
His blessing waits on inmates of His ark,
On such as in His awful shade
Abide, and keep the seal His Holy Spirit made.
Else will the flood awake,
His chain the Lion break.

## 7

## SEPARATION

*For she said, If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole.*—St. Mark v. 28.

She did but touch with finger weak
The border of His sacred vest,
Nor did He turn, nor glance, nor speak,
Yet found she health and rest.

Well may the word sink deep in me,
For I, full many a fearful hour,
Fast clinging, mother dear, to thee,
Have felt Love's guardian power.

When looks were strange on every side,
When gazing round I only saw
Far-reaching ways, unknown and wide,
I could but nearer draw:

I could but nearer draw, and hold
Thy garment's border as I might.
This while I felt, my heart was bold,
My step was free and light.

Thou haply on thy path the while
Didst seem unheeding me to fare,
Scarce now and then, by bend or smile,
Owning a playmate there.

What matter? well I knew my place,
Deep in my mother's inmost heart:
I fear'd but, in my childish race,
I from her robe might part.

O Lord, the Fount of Mother's Love
And Infant's Faith, I hear thee mourn:
"Thee, tender as a callow dove,
Long have I nurs'd and borne:

"Have nurs'd and borne thee up on high,
Ere Mother's love to thee was known:
And now I set thee down, to try
If thou canst walk alone.

"Nay, not alone—but I would prove
Thy duteous heart. O grudge no more
Thy Lord His joy, when healing Love
His very robe flows o'er."

## 8

## BEREAVEMENT

*The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before.*—Job xlii. 10.

I MARK'D when vernal meads were bright,
And many a primrose smil'd,
I mark'd her, blithe as morning light,
A dimpled three years' child.

A basket on one tender arm
Contain'd her precious store
Of spring-flowers in their freshest charm,
Told proudly o'er and o'er.

The other wound with earnest hold
About her blooming guide,
A maid who scarce twelve years had told:
So walk'd they side by side.

One a bright bud, and one might seem
A sister flower half blown.
Full joyous on their loving dream
The sky of April shone.

The summer months swept by: again
That loving pair I met.
On russet heath, and bowery lane,
Th' autumnal sun had set:

And chill and damp that Sunday eve
Breath'd on the mourners' road
That bright-eyed little one to leave
Safe in the Saints' abode.

Behind, the guardian sister came,
Her bright brow dim and pale—
O cheer thee, maiden! in His Name,
Who still'd Jairus' wail!

Thou mourn'st to miss the fingers soft
That held by thine so fast,
The fond appealing eye, full oft
Tow'rd thee for refuge cast.

Sweet toils, sweet cares, for ever gone!
No more from stranger's face
Or startling sound, the timid one
Shall hide in thine embrace.

Thy first glad earthly task is o'er,
And dreary seems thy way.
But what if nearer than before
She watch thee even to-day?

What if henceforth by Heaven's decree
She leave thee not alone,
But in her turn prove guide to thee
In ways to Angels known ?

O yield thee to her whisperings sweet :
Away with thoughts of gloom !
In love the loving spirits greet,
Who wait to bless her tomb.

In loving hope with her unseen
Walk as in hallow'd air.
When foes are strong and trials keen,
Think, " What if she be there ? "

## 9

## ORPHANHOOD

*Behold thy Mother.*—St. John xix. 27.

Oft have I watch'd thy trances light,
And longed for once to be
A partner in thy dream's delight,
And smile in sleep with thee ;
To sport again, one little hour,
With the pure gales, that fan thy nursery bower,
And as of old undoubting upward spring,
Feeling the breath of heaven beneath my joyous wing.

But rather now with thee, dear child,
Fain would I lie awake,
For with no feverish care and wild
May thy clear bosom ache ;
Thy woes go deep, but deeper far
The soothing power of yonder kindly star :
Thy first soft slumber on thy mother's breast
Was never half so sweet as now thy calm unrest.

Thy heart is sad to think upon
Thy mother far away,
Wondering perchance, now she is gone,
Who best for thee may pray.
In many a waking dream of love
Thou seest her yet upon her knees above:
The vows she breathed beside thee yesternight,
She breathes above thee now, winged with intenser might.

Both vespers soft and matins clear
For thee she duly pays,
Now as of old, and there as here;
Nor yet alone she prays.
The vision—(whoso chides, may blame
The instinctive reachings of the Altar flame)
Shows thee above, in yon ethereal air,
A holier Mother, rapt in more prevailing prayer.

'Tis she to whom thy heart took flight
Of old in joyous hour,
When first a precious sister spright
Came to thy nursery bower,
And thou with earnest tone didst say,
"Mother, let Mary be her name, I pray,
For dearly do I love to think upon
That gracious Mother-Maid, nursing her Holy One."

Then in delight, as now in woe,
Thou to that home didst turn,
Where God, an Infant, dwelt below:
The thoughts that ache and burn
Nightly within thy bosom, find
A home in Nazareth to their own sweet mind.
More than all music are the soothings dear
Which meet thee at that door, and whisper, Christ is here.

## 10

## FIRE

*The Angel of the Lord . . . made the midst of the furnace as it had been a moist whistling wind.*—Song of the Three Holy Children, 27.

SWEET maiden, for so calm a life
Too bitter seemed thine end;
But thou hadst won thee, ere that strife,
A more than earthly friend.

We miss thee in thy place at school,
And on thine homeward way,
Where violets by the reedy pool
Peep out so shyly gay:

Where thou, a true and gentle guide,
Wouldst lead thy little band,
With all an elder sister's pride,
And rule with eye and hand.

And if *we* miss, O who may speak
What thoughts are hovering round
The pallet where thy fresh young cheek
Its evening slumber found?

How many a tearful longing look
In silence seeks thee yet,
Where in its own familiar nook
Thy fireside chair is set?

And oft when little voices dim
Are feeling for the note
In chanted prayer, or psalm, or hymn,
And wavering wildly float,

Comes gushing o'er a sudden thought
Of her who led the strain,
How oft such music home she brought—
But ne'er shall bring again.

O say not so! the springtide air
  Is fraught with whisperings sweet;
Who knows but heavenly carols there
  With ours may duly meet?

Who knows how near, each holy hour,
  The pure and child-like dead
May linger, where in shrine or bower
  The mourner's prayer is said?

And He who will'd thy tender frame
  (O stern yet sweet decree!)
Should wear the Martyr's robe of flame,
  He hath prepared for thee

A garland in that region bright
  Where infant spirits reign,
Ting'd faintly with such golden light
  As crowns His Martyr train.

Nay, doubt it not: His tokens sure
  Were round her death-bed shewn:
The wasting pain might not endure,
  'Twas calm ere life had flown,

Even as we read of Saints of yore:
  Her heart and voice were free
To crave one quiet slumber more
  Upon her Mother's knee.

## 11

## PUNISHMENT

*They shall accept of the punishment of their iniquity.*—Leviticus xxvi. 41.

The scourge in hand of God or Man
  Full deeply tries the secret soul.
Yon dark-eyed maid, her bearing scan;
The tear that from beneath her quivering eyelids stole,

The shade, that hangs e'en now
Upon her wistful brow,—
It comes not all of shame or pain,
But she with pitying heart full fain
Would twice the penance burthen bear,
Might she the chastening arm, so lov'd and loving, spare.

So have I mark'd some faithful hound,
Recall'd by look and voice severe,
Come conscious of his broken bound,
And lowly cast him down as in remorseful fear,
One of the teachers true
Commission'd to imbue
Our dull hard hearts with heavenly skill,
With heavenly love our proud cold will.
How seems he penance to implore,
Patient in woe decreed, and humbly seeking more!

He who of old at Caiaphas' door
Denied th' eternal Holy One,—
In words denied, but own'd in store
Of penitential tears—why made he restless moan,
When the forgiving Eye
Had beam'd on him so nigh,
And thrice, for his denials three,
The Lord had said, My Shepherd be?
Yet were his waking thoughts self-blame,
And ever with cock-crowing tearful memory came.

For should the soul that loves indeed
Stoop o'er the edge of deadly sin,
And e'er so lightly taste its meed,—
Though wonder-working grace might heal the wound within,
Yet may the scar and stain
To the last fire remain,
And Love will mourn them: loyal Love
Will for the Holy Friend above
Lament in reverent sympathy,
Feeling upon her heart the griev'd and gracious Eye.

Alas for sullen souls, that turn
Keen wholesome airs to poison blight!
Touch'd with Heaven's rod, in ire they burn,
Or in dim anguish writhe: beside them in its might
The saving Cross we rear,
They neither love nor fear;
Each from his own unblessèd tree
The five dread Wounds unmov'd they see—
O hard of heart!—and scornful say,
"Saviour, if such Thou be, come chase our pangs away."

Th' impenitent would still abate
His pain, the mourner still enhance.—
O Lord, I know my sin is great,
I would not hide away from Thee in heartless trance;
When penal lightnings glare,
O give me grace, to bare
My sinful bosom to the blast;—
Nor, when the judgement hour is past,
Bask on in warmth of worldly ease,
But hold to the wrong'd Cross on worn and aching knees.

## 12

## PENANCE

*If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged.*—1 Corinthians xi. 31.

Thou, who with eye too sad and wan
Dost on the memory gaze
Of evil days,
Open thy casement, moody man,
Look out into the midnight air,
And taste the gushing fragrance there,
Drink of the balm the soft winds bear
From dewy nook and flowery maze:
They rise and fall, they come and go,
With touch ethereal whispering low
Of grace to penitential woe,
And of the soothing hand that Love on Conscience lays

How welcome, in the sweet still hour,
Falls on the weary heart,
Listening apart,
Each rustling note from breeze and bower;
The mimic rain mid poplar leaves,
The mist drops from th' o'erloaded eaves,
Sighs that the herd half-dreaming heaves,
Or owlet chanting his dim part;
Or trickling of imprison'd rill
Heard faintly down some pastoral hill,
His pledge, who rules the froward will
With more than kingly power, with more than wizard art.

But never mourner's ear so keen
Watch'd for the soothing sounds
That walk their rounds
Upon the moonlight air serene,
As the bright sentinels on high
Stoop to receive each contrite sigh,
When the hot world hath hurried by,
And souls have time to feel their wounds.
Nor ever tenderest bosom beat
So truly to the noiseless feet
Of shadows that from light clouds fleet,
Where ocean gently rocks within his summer bounds,

As Saints around the Glory-Throne
To each faint sigh respond,
And yearning fond,
Of Penitents that inly moan.
O surely Love adoring there
Is quicken'd to intenser prayer,
When youthful hearts are fain to wear—
Unbidden wear—their penance-bond:
When stripling grave and maiden meek
Forgo the bright hours of the week,
Nor at the board their place will seek:—
"Have we not sinn'd? and sin must be by pain aton'd."

Thrice happy, in Repentance' school
So early taught and tried!
At Jesus' side,
And by His dread Fore-runner's rule,
Train'd from the womb! nor they unblest,
Who underneath the world's bright vest
With sackcloth tame their aching breast,
The sharp-edged cross in jewels hide:—
Who day by day and year by year
Survey the Past with deepening fear,
Yet hourly with more hopeful ear
To the dim Future turn, th' absolving Voice abide.

Not as lost Esau mourn'd, they mourn;
No loud and bitter cry
They cast on high:
But on through silent air is borne
The fragrance of their tearful love
To the Redeemer's feast above.
Fresher than steam of dewy grove,
When April showers are twinkling nigh,
To aged husbandman at eve,
Is the sweet breath the Heavens receive
When bosoms with confession heave,
When lowly Magdalen hath won her Saviour's eye.

## 13

## LANGUOR[1]

*Joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.*—St. Luke xv. 7.

COME, and with us by summer seas
The revel hold of Mirth and Ease.
Together now, and now apart,
Three happy sprites, we glide and dart

[1] For the leading idea in these lines the Author is indebted to a friend, the writer of the stanzas on p. 224, entitled "The First Smile."

O'er rock and sand, as free and bright
As waves that leap in morning light ;—
Or mark in playful pensiveness
How fast the evening clouds undress
O'er gleaming waters far away,
And by the tir'd Sun gently lay
Their robes of glory, to be worn
More gorgeous with returning morn.
There, and where'er our fancies roam,
Our trusting hearts are still at home,
For at our side we feel
Our father's smile, our mother's glance.
Say, can this earth a loving trance
Of deeper bliss reveal ?

Yes : from the shore with us return,
And thou a deeper bliss shalt learn.
Just as the mounting sun hath drawn
Warm fragrance from the thymy lawn,
Come to our cottage home, and see
If aught of sprightly, fresh, and free,
With the calm sweetness may compare
Of the pale form half slumbering there,
Our little sister, late as gay
As sea-lark drench'd in ocean spray,
Now from her couch of languor freed
One hour upon soft air to feed.
O gently tread, and mildly gaze,
Ill may she brook our bolder ways ;
The babe who cannot speak
Tempers, to her, his strong caress ;
Lightly the small soft fingers press
The wan and wearied cheek.

And if in festive hour, beside
The laughing waves and tuneful tide,
Parental eyes for joy grow dim,
What notes may trace the heart's deep hymn,
In silence mingling with the breath
Of child by prayer recall'd from death,
Or with the pulse's healthier chime
In praise melodious keeping time ?

O, when its flower seems fain to die,
The full heart grudges smile or sigh
To aught beside, though fair and dear.
Like a bruis'd leaf, at touch of Fear
Its hidden fragrance Love gives out.
Therefore, this one dear couch about
  We linger hour by hour:
The love that each to each we bear
All treasures of endearing care,
  Into her lap we pour.

Type of that holiest Family,
When smitten souls, at point to die,
Come darkling home, prepar'd to wait
In doubt and dimness by the gate.
Then far along the mournful way
Paternal Love speeds out, to say
The words of welcome; Angels bear
The robe, sweet pledge of pardoning care;
And as he daily seeks aright
His lowly station in their sight,
They watch th' all-ruling Eye, for leave
Some flower of Paradise to give,
Bid amaranth odours round him float,
Or breathe into his ear one note
  Of that high loving strain,
Which rings from all the harps of Heaven,
When from the Shrine the word is given,
  "The dead soul lives again."

O, if the Powers and Thrones above
Hover with crowns of joy and love,
Ungrudg'd, unsparing, over brows
That mourn in dust their broken vows,
Rather than where the Saints are seen
Each reigning in his place serene:—
If in Love's earthly home and bower
The mournful or the dangerous hour
Unblam'd each prayer and longing guides
To the one couch where Pain abides:—
He who is Love, and owns Love's Name,
Is in His ocean springs the same

As in each little murmuring brook
That cheers soft mead or wayside nook :
  Brighter the joy, be sure,
Before Him, where one sinner weeps,
Than where, in Heaven's unchanging deeps,
  A thousand orbs endure.

# VI

# CHILDREN'S SPORTS

## 1

## GARDENING

*He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.*—St. Luke xvi. 10.

SEEST thou yon woodland child,
How amid flowerets wild,
Wilder himself, he plies his pleasure-task?
That ring of fragrant ground,
With its low woodbine bound,
He claims: no more, as yet, his little heart need ask.

There learns he flower and weed
To sort with careful heed:
He waits not for the weary noontide hour.
There with the soft night air
Comes his refreshing care:
Each tiny leaf looks up, and thanks him for the shower.

Thus faithful found awhile,
He wins the joyous smile
Of friend or parent: glad and bright is he,
When for his garland gay
He hears the kind voice say,
"Well hast thou wrought, dear boy: the garden thine shall be."

And when long years are flown,
And the proud word, Mine Own,
Familiar sounds, what joy in field or bower
To view by Memory's aid
Again that garden glade,
And muse on all the lore there learned in each bright hour!

Is not a life well spent
A child's play-garden, lent
For Heaven's high trust to train young heart and limb?
When in yon field on high
Our hard-won powers we try,
Will no mild tones of earth blend with the adoring hymn?

O fragrant, sure, will prove
The breath of patient Love,
Even from these fading sweets by Memory cast,
As deepening evermore
To Him our song we pour,
Who lent us Earth, that He might give us Heaven at last.

## 2

## MAY GARLANDS

*The sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth.*—James i. 11.

Come, ye little revellers gay,
Learners in the school of May,
Bring me here the richest crown
Wreathed this morn on breezy down,
Or in nook of copsewood green,
Or by river's rushy screen,
Or in sunny meadow wide,
Gemmed with cowslips in their pride;

Or perchance, high prized o'er all,
From beneath the southern wall,
From the choicest garden bed,
'Mid bright smiles of infants bred,
Each a lily of his own
Offering, or a rose half-blown.

Bring me now a crown as gay,
Wreathed and woven yesterday.
Where are now those forms so fair ?—
Withered, drooping, wan and bare,
Feeling nought of earth or sky,
Shower or dew, behold they lie,
Vernal airs no more to know :—
They are gone—and ye must go,
Go where all that ever bloomed,
In its hour must lie entombed.—
They are gone ; their light is o'er :—
Ye must go ; but ye once more
Hope in joy to be new-born,
Lovelier than May's gleaming morn.

Hearken, children of the May,
Now in your glad hour and gay,
Ye whom all good Angels greet
With their treasures blithe and sweet :—
None of all the wreaths ye prize
But was nursed by weeping skies.
Keen March winds, soft April showers,
Braced the roots, embalmed the flowers.
So, if e'er that second spring
Her green robe o'er you shall fling,
Stern self-mastery, tearful prayer,
Must the way of bliss prepare.
How should else Earth's flowerets prove
Meet for those pure crowns above ?

## 3

## SUNDAY NOSEGAYS

*He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.*—Luke xiv. 11.

Ye children that on Jesus wait,
Gathering around His temple gate
To learn His word and will,
For glory hungered and athirst,—
Which of you all would fain be first?
Come here and take your fill.

Come, still and pure as drops of dew,
Come to the feast prepared for you,
Your prayer in silence breathe;—
Seek the last room, the scorn'd of all:
If that be filled, adoring fall
The Holy Board beneath.

Not to the quick untrembling gaze,
The heart that bounds at human praise,
Loves He to say, Go higher.
But most He turns His face away,
When envy's sidelong eyes betray
The foul unhallowed fire.

Say, little maids that love the spring,
Of all the fragrant gems ye bring
For bower or bridal wreath,
Is aught so fair as violets shy,
Betraying where they lowly lie
By the soft airs they breathe?

Oft as with mild caressing hand
Ye cull and bind in tender band
Those bashful flowers so sweet,
With many a Sunday smile,—to rest
Upon some loved and honoured breast,
A welcome gift and meet,—

Ye to the Heaven-taught soul present
A token and a sacrament,
How to the highest room
Earth's lowliest flowers our Lord receives;
Close to His heart a place He gives,
Where they shall ever bloom.

## 4

## DRESSING UP

*Put on the whole armour of God.*—Ephesians vi. 11.

GREAT is the joy when leave is won,
On sun-bright holiday,
To deck some passive little one
In fancy-garments gay:

Whether it be a bright-haired boy
With brow so bold and high,
Or maiden elf with aspect coy,
Grave lip and laughing eye.

What flashes of quick thought are there,
What deep delight and pride!
Till the whole house the wonder share,
From room to room they glide.

You smile, their eager ways to see:
But mark their choice, when they
To choose their sportive garb are free,
The moral of their play.

In semblance proud of warrior's mail
The stripling shall appear,
The maiden meek in robe and veil
Shall mimic bridal gear.

All thoughtless they, to thoughtful eyes
Love-tokens high present:—
The Bride descending from the skies,
The mail in Baptism lent.

Yes: fearless may he lift the brow,
Who bears, unstained and bright,
By touch of Angels sealed e'en now,
His Saviour's Cross of might.

Radiant may be her glance of mirth,
Who wears her chrisom-vest
Pure as when first at her new birth
It wrapt her tender breast.

O, if so fair the first dim ray
In Jesus' morn of grace,
How will it glow, His perfect Day,
On our triumphant race!

If but His banner's hovering shade
May scare the infernal band,
How strong, who to the end arrayed
In His full armour stand!

Then haste, young warrior, year by year,
And day by day, and hour
By hour, His armoury to draw near,
And don His robes of Power.

Thy girdle, Truth—to hate a lie:—
Then, purpose high of soul
In Righteousness to live and die,
Thy breastplate, firm and whole.

Then, heavenly Calmness, lest thou fall
Where scandals line the way;
Faith in the Unseen, thy shield o'er all,
Each fiery dart to stay.

Hope in His gift, thine helmet sure;
Trust in His living Word
Thy weapon keen, to chase the impure,
His Spirit's awful sword.

This is thine armour, bathed in heaven:
Keep thou by prayer and fast
Thy Saviour's seal, so early given:—
All shall be thine at last.

## 5

## PEBBLES ON THE SHORE

*Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.*—Isaiah lv. 1.

Not undelightful prove
The rounds of restless love,
When high and low she searches, mine and mart,
And turns and tosses o'er
Some crowned merchant's store,
And scarce fit token finds of the full yearning heart.

Yet in Heaven's searching beam
As bright may haply seem
A child's unpurchased offering, stone or shell,
Found by some joyous crew
Glittering with ocean dew,
Where feathery lines of spray the waves' last boundary tell.

Behold them, how they dance
Beneath the breezy glance
Of April morn, or fresh October noon;—
How on the twinkling sand,
In many a fairy band,
They leave their foot-prints light, to turn and count them soon.

What if some nursing friend
His sportive counsel lend
To sort the treasure, wreathe the chaplet gay,
Coral or crimson weed?—
Then is it joy indeed,
When he to mind recalls some comrade far away.

Oh then how bright arise
To fancy's quick young eyes
The smiles that o'er the kindling brow will spread,

When on the nursery floor
They range their bounteous store,
Precious to them as pearls from India's ocean-bed!

What though unseen, unbought
By money, toil, or thought,
Those simple offerings—come they not of Love?
Love gives, and Love will take.
Such are the vows we make
To the dread Bethlehem Babe, nor He will them reprove.

What is a royal crown,
Or first-born babe, cast down
Before His Cradle, to one heavenly smile?
We may not buy nor earn,
But He toward us will turn
Of His own Love: but we must kneel in Love the while.

Thus learn we Bounty's lore
Along the unbounded shore:—
And even beneath the mists which man hath made,
Where Mammon walks the street,
We light on memories sweet
Of a dread Bargain sealed, a countless Ransom paid.

We hear the frequent cry,
"Approach, ye poor, and buy,
Buy of the best for nought:"—and dreams arise
Of yon supernal Home,
And Angel voices—"Come,
Come to the Living Wells, buy without gold or price.

"Come to the true Vine's shade,
There in contrition laid
Drink of the drops He in your cup shall press.
Come to the quiet fold,
And while the lambs are told,
Taste the pure treasure of the pastoral wilderness."

The homeless and forlorn
In cities,—think they scorn
Freely to quaff the fountain's unbought store?
Freely to learn the song
It warbles all night long
In murmurings such as soothed their cradle dreams of yore? 66

## 6

## BATHING

*Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water.*—St. Matthew xiv. 28.

THE May winds gently lift the willow leaves;
Around the rushy point comes weltering slow
The brimming stream; alternate sinks and heaves
The lily-bud, where small waves ebb and flow.
Willowherb and meadowsweet!
Ye the soft gales, that visit there,
From your waving censers greet
With store of freshest balmiest air.

Come bathe—the steaming noontide hour invites;
Even in your face the sparkling waters smile.— 10
Yet on the brink they linger, timid wights,
Pondering and measuring; on their gaze the while
Eddying pool and shady creek
Darker and deeper seem to grow:
On and onward still, they seek
Where sport may less adventurous show.

At length the boldest springs: but ere he cleave
The flashing waters, eye and thought grow dim;
Too rash it seems, the firm green earth to leave:
Heaven is beneath him: shall he sink or swim?
Far in boundless depth he sees 21
The rushing clouds obey the gale,
Trembling hands and tottering knees,
All in that dizzy moment fail.

Oh mark him well, ye candidates of Heaven,
Called long ago to float in Jesus' ark
Ye know not where :—His signal now is given,
The Lord draws near upon the waters dark :
To your eager prayer the Voice
Makes awful answer : " Come to Me :
Once for all now seal your choice,
With Christ to tread the boisterous sea."

And dare we come ? since he, the trusted Saint,
Who with one only shared the Lord's high love,
Shrank from the tossing gale, and scarce with faint
And feeble cry toward the Saviour strove.
Yes : we answer the dread call,
Not fearless, but in duteous awe :
He will stay the frail heart's fall,
His arm will onward, upward draw.

O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt ?
Spare not for Him to walk the midnight wave,
On the dim shore at morn to seek Him out,[1]
Work 'neath His Eye, and near Him make thy grave.
So backslidings past no more
Shall in the Heavens remembered be,
Faith the Three Denials sore
O'erpaying with Confessions Three.

Strange power of mighty Love ! if Heaven allow
Choice, on the restless waters rather found,
Meeting her Lord, with cross and bleeding brow,
Than calmly waiting on the guarded ground !
Yearning ever to spring forth
And feel the cold waves for His sake ;—
All her giving of no worth,
Yet, till she give, her heart will ache.

[1] St. John xxi.

## 7

## ENACTING HOLY RITES

*Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.*—St. Matthew xi. 25.

They talk of wells in caverns deep,
Whose waters run a wondrous race
Far underground, and issuing keep
Our floating tokens, bright or base.
So in the child's light play we read
The portion to the man decreed;
His future self he hastes to prove
In art, in toil, in warfare, or in love.

Those waves emerging far away,
True to their fount, the likeness bear
Of fancies nurtur'd many a day,
How in the end their course they wear
Into the light of Manhood free:
The hidden soul breaks out, and we
In careless mien, in careworn face,
The long-forgotten Infant wondering trace.

Oh, many a joyous mother's brow
Is sadden'd o'er when sports are rife,
And watching by, she seems e'en now
The tale to read of coming strife.
Through lawless camp, o'er ocean wild,
Her prophet eye pursues her child,
Scans mournfully her Poet's strain,
Fears, for her Merchant, loss alike and gain.

But if a holier task engage
His busy dream, if clad in white
She see him turn some hallow'd page,
Dimly enact some awful rite,—
Then high beyond the loftiest Heaven
The flight that to her hopes is given,
And darker than the gloomiest deep
The fears that in her boding bosom creep.

She sees in heart an empty Throne,
And falling, falling far away,
Him whom the Lord had placed thereon:
She hears the dread Proclaimer say,
"Cast ye the lot, in trembling cast;[1]
The traitor to his place hath past."—
Strive ye with Prayer and Fast to guide
The dangerous Glory where it shall abide:

Guide it towards some serious brow,
In love and patience lowly bent,
Some youthful Athanase,[2] e'en now
Upon his future task intent;
His Creed rehearsing to the roar
Of billows on the lonely shore,
Or with a child's deep earnestness
Showing his mates how Saints baptize and bless.

She hears: one glance,—how brief and keen!—
As with a lightning touch reveals
Her Saint upon his path serene;
With all her heart his vow she seals,

[1] Acts i.

[2] "Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, on a certain day being in his own house, cast his eyes towards the sea, and seeing afar off boys playing on the shore, and enacting a Bishop and the customs of the Church, as long as he saw nothing too adventurous in their play, was pleased with what he saw, and amused himself with their doings. But when they touched even upon the Mysteries, he was troubled, and summoning the Clergy, made them observe the boys: whom having caused to be brought before him, he interrogated about their play, and the kind of things said and done therein; . . . and they informed him that Athanasius was their Bishop and director, and that he had baptized some of the lads who were unchristened. Of these Alexander made careful inquiry, what had been asked of them, or done to them, by him who was Priest in their name, and what they answered, and were taught to say. And finding that all the order of the Church had been accurately observed in their case, he deemed, on consulting with the Priests about him, that there was no need to rebaptize such as had once for all received the grace of God in simplicity. Only he performed for them the other ceremonies, which the Priests alone may lawfully minister in the Sacraments. Moreover, Athanasius and the other boys, who in their sport were Priests and Deacons, he commended to their respective kinsmen, calling God to witness; to be nurtured for the Church, and trained to that which they had enacted."—*Sozomen, Eccl. Hist.* i. 17.

With all her heart the prayer prolongs,
That round him still the Watchers' songs
Echoing may purge the hallow'd air,
And from his soul the dreams of Judas scare.

Ever in hope and agony
She prays :—in hope when most he fears,
In trembling when his hopes mount high.
Far, far away she feels, not hears
A deep chord thrill, an answering note
Go forth in Heaven, and earthward float.
Her Guardian Angel wafts it nigh,
But more it breathes than Angel sympathy.

Yea, gloom was on the Source of Light,[1]
A trouble at Joy's very heart,
When with the Traitor in His sight
His secret sad He told apart.
And when He spake of treasures seal'd
To proud wise men, to babes reveal'd,[2]
From His celestial aspect fell
A lightning as in Heaven, a bliss ineffable.

These are Thy signs, Thou Shepherd good,
To Daring and to Meekness given ;
To babes of mild, self-chastening mood,
Whispering their part in chants of Heaven.
" Else," warning Love cries out, " beware
Of Chancel screen and Altar stair."
Love interceding kneels in fear,
Lest to the Pure th' unholy draw too near.

[1] St. John xiii. 21. [2] St. Matt. xi. 25.

# VII

# LESSONS OF NATURE

## 1

## VERNAL MIRTH

*Behold the fig tree, and all the trees ; when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand.* —St. Luke xxi. 29, 30.

What is the joy the young lambs know,
When vernal breezes blow ?
Why carol out so blithe and free
The little birds from every leafless tree ?

Why bound so high the boys at play
On grass so green and gay ?
From nursing arms, his proper throne,
Why rings so clear yon infant's joyous tone ?

The life that in them deeply dwells
Of genial spring-tide tells :
Of their own selves they see and know
To what glad tune the summer brooks shall flow.

Be thou through life a little child ;
By manhood undefiled ;
So shall no Angel grudge thy dreams
Of fragrance pure and ever brightening beams.

## 2

## THE BIRD'S NEST

*As an eagle stirreth up her nest . . . so the Lord alone did lead him.*—Deuteronomy xxxii. 11.

Behold the treasure of the nest,
The wingèd mother's hope and pride:
See how they court her downy breast,
How soft they slumber, side by side.

Strong is the life that nestles there,
But into motion and delight
It may not burst, till soft as air
It feel Love's brooding, timely might.

Even such a blissful nest I deem
The cradle of the Lord's new-born,
Where deeply lurks the living beam
Lit in the glad baptismal morn.

But into keen enduring flame
It may not burst, till heavenly Love
Have o'er it spread, in Christ's dear Name,
The pinions of His brooding Dove.—

Now steal once more across the lawn,
Stoop gently through the cypress bough,
And mark which way life's feeble dawn
Works in their little hearts, and how.

Still close and closer, as you pry,
They nestle 'neath their mother's plume,
Or with a faint forlorn half-cry,
Shivering bewail her empty room.

Or haply, as the branches wave,
The little round of tender bills
Is raised, the due repast to crave
Of her who all their memory fills.

Hast thou no wisdom here to lear
  Thou nestling of the Holy Dove,
How hearts that with the true life burn
  Live by the pulse of filial love?

When sorrow comes to thy calm nest,
  Early or late, as come it will,
Think of yon brood, yon downy breast,
  And hide thee deep in Jesus' will.

By morning and by evening moan,
  As doves beneath the cedar spray,
Make thou thy fearful longings known
  To Him who is not far away.

Him Cherub-borne in royal state,
  The food of His Elect to be,
With eager lip do thou await,
  And veilèd brow, and trembling knee.

So underneath the warm bright wing,
  The hidden grace of thy new birth
Shall gather might to soar and sing,
  Where'er He bids, in heaven or earth.

## 3

## THE MOTHER BIRD WITH HER YOUNG

*How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!*—St. Matthew xxiii. 37.

The Lord who lends His creatures all
  A tongue to preach His will—
To Salem came His mournful call,
His last sad word to Sion's wall,
  From the green Eastern hill.

The little children waiting by
  Wondered to see Him weep.
The louder swelled their duteous cry,
As He in lowliest majesty
  Rode down the shady steep.

Thy little heart, so wild and weak,
Perhaps is musing now,
"Had I the joy to hear Him speak,
To see that Eye, so heavenly meek,
Sure I should keep my vow."

Nay, in that hour He thought on thee,
And left a token sure,
Ever in times of vernal glee
Around thee in thy walks to be,
And keep thee kind and pure.

Look how the Hen invites her brood
Beneath her wing to lie,
Look how she calls them to their food,
How eyes, in eager, dauntless mood,
The wheeling hawk on high.

So would thy Lord His pinions spread
Around thee, night and day,
So lead thee, where is heavenly Bread,
So, by the Cross whereon He bled,
The spoiler scare away.

But be thou gathered :—one and all
Those simple nestlings see,
How hurrying at their mother's call,
To their one home, whate'er befall,
In faith entire they flee.

## 4

## NOONTIDE

*They looked stedfastly toward Heaven as He went up.*—Acts i. 10.

THE shepherd boy lies on the hill
At noon with upward eye;
Deep on his gaze and deeper still
Ascends the clear blue sky.

You pass him by, and deem perchance
He lies but half awake,
And picture in what airy trance
His soul may sport or ache.

Full wakeful he, both eye and heart,
For he a cloud hath seen
Into that waste of air depart,
As bark in ocean green.

'Tis gone, and he is musing left ;—
What if in such array
Our Saviour through the aërial cleft
Rose on Ascension Day ?

That hour, a glorious cloud, we know,
Hid Him from human sight,
While pastoral eyes were strained below
To trace Him through the light.

Oh if but once such awful thought,
In sleep or waking dream,
At night or noontide, came unsought,
Like haunting sound of stream,

Surely thou durst not let it go ;
Oft as thine eye shall turn
Where overhead the clear deeps glow,
Thine heart must inly burn,

Wondering what mortal first shall view
The dread returning sign,
When the strong portals, raised anew,
Disclose the march divine.

Blest shall he be, that sinner's child,
If upward in that tide
His eye be turned, nor wandering wild,
Nor closed in inward pride :

Blest, if the glory o'er him break
Through chancel roof, or where
Some mourner's bed good Angels make,
And Pain is soothed by Prayer.

## 5

## THE GLEANERS

*They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest.*—Isaiah ix. 3.

The Church is one wide Harvest Field,
Where Time and Death are gathering in
Rich blessings by the Almighty Owner sealed
For spirits meet His pardoning word to win.

We are as children: here and there
A few fallen ears, the sheaves among,
We glean, where best the bounteous Hand may spare,
So learning for His perfect store to long.

Come, little ones, come early out,
Come joyous, come with steady heart,
Roam not to seek wild flowers the field about,
Nor yet at dreams of fancied vipers start.

The sun of Autumn climbs full fast;
He will have quaffed each drop of dew,
Ere half the fragrant, heathy lane be passed;
The lingerers, they will find scant ears and few.

Come, quit your toys, and haste away.
But mark: ye may not leave behind
Your store of smiles, your gladsome talk and gay,
Your pure thoughts, fashioned to your Master's mind.

Blithe be your course, yet bear in heart
The lame and old, and help them on;
Full handfuls drop, where they may take a part,
As high will swell your heap when day is done.

Yon slumbering infant in the shade,—
Grudge not one hour on him to wait
While others glean. The work with singing aid,
With ready mirth all sharper tones abate.

Sing softly in your heart all day
Sweet carols to the Harvest's Lord,
So shall ye chase those evil powers away
That walk at noon—rude gaze and wanton word.

But see the tall elm shadows reach
Athwart the field, the rooks fly home,
The light streams gorgeous up the o'er-arching beech,
With the calm hour soft weary fancies come.

In heaven the low red harvest moon,
The glow-worm on the dewy ground,
Will light us home with our glad burdens soon;
Grave be our evening prayers, our slumbers sound.

## 6

## AUTUMN BUDS

*The children crying in the Temple . . . Hosanna to the Son of David.*—St. Matthew xxi. 15.

How fast these autumn leaves decay!—
But nearer view the naked spray,
And many a bud thine eye will meet
Prepared with ready smile to greet
The showers and gleams of spring.

Such buds of hope are Advent hours:
Ere the Old Year its leaves and flowers
Have shed, the New in promise lives;
Christmas afar glad token gives,
Soft carols faintly ring.

So when our Lord in meekness rode
Where few save wintry hearts abode,
Each leaf on Judah's sacred tree
Was withered, wan, and foul to see,
Touched by the frost-wind's wing.

Yet lurk'd there tender gems beneath,
Ere long to bloom in glorious wreath.
While Priest and Scribe looked on and frowned,
His little ones came chanting round
Hosanna to their King.

## 7

## THE OAK

*What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?*—St. Matthew xi. 7.

Come take a woodland walk with me,
And mark the rugged old Oak Tree,
How steadily his arm he flings
Where from the bank the fresh rill springs,
And points the waters' silent way
Down the wild maze of reed and spray.
Two furlongs on they glide unseen,
Known only by the livelier green.

There stands he, in each time and tide,
The new-born streamlet's guard and guide.
To him spring shower and summer sun,
Brown autumn, winter's sleet, are one.
But firmest in the bleakest hour
He holds his root in faith and power,
The splinter'd bark, his girdle stern,
His robe, grey moss and mountain fern.

Mark'st thou in him no token true
Of heaven's own Priests, both old and new,
In penitential garb austere
Fix'd in the wild, from year to year
The lessons of stern love to teach,
To penitents and children preach,
Bold words and eager glances stay,
And gently level Jesus' way?

## 8

## THE PALM

**Palma virens semper manet conservatione et diuturnitate, non immutatione foliorum.—*St. Ambrose, Hexaemeron*, iii. 71.**

Why of all the woodland treasure,
Holy Palm, art thou preferred,
When the voice of praise is heard,
When we tread our thankful measure?
Why before our Saviour borne?
Why by glorious Spirits worn?

Is it for thy verdure, brightest
In the zone of colours bright?
Or that with aërial height
Thou the genial clime requitest,
Like courageous mountain maid,
Nor of sun nor air afraid?

Is it that in antique story
Conquerors own'd thee for their meed?
Nay, thine honours are decreed
For thy green unchanging glory,
Wearing thy first leafy crown,
Till thy vigorous life die down.

Pines may tower, and laurels flourish—
Deathless green is only thine;
Type of hearts which airs divine
Cheer, and high communions nourish,
Hearts on whose pure virgin wreath
Sin indulg'd might never breathe.

## 9

## THE WATERFALL

*Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual House.* — 1 Peter ii. 5.

*I will make thy seed as the dust of the Earth.*—Genesis xiii. 16.

"WHAT is the Church, and what am I?
A world, to one poor sandy grain,
A waste of sea and sky
To one frail drop of rain.

"What boots one feeble infant tone
To the full choir denied or given,
Where millions round the Throne
Are chanting, morn and even?"

Nay, the kind Watchers hearkening there
Distinguish in the deep of song
Each little wave, each air
Upon the faltering tongue.

Each half note in the great Amen,
Even by the utterer's self unheard,
They store: O fail not then
To bring thy lowly word:

Spare not to swell the bold acclaim:
So in the future battle-shout,
When at the Saviour's Name
The Church shall call thee out,

No doubtful sound thy trump shall pour.
Remember, when in earlier days
Thou toil'dst upon the floor
Palace or tower to raise,

No mimic stone but found a place,
And glorious to the builder shone
The pile: then how should Grace
One living gem disown,

One pearly mote, one diamond small,
One sparkle of th' unearthly light ?—
Go where the waters fall
Sheer from the mountain's height ;

Mark how, a thousand streams in one,
One in a thousand, on they fare,
Now flashing to the sun,
Now still as beast in lair.

Now round the rock, now mounting o'er,
In lawless dance they win their way,
Still seeming more and more
To swell as we survey.

They win their way, and find their rest
Together in their ocean home.
From East and weary West,
From North and South they come.

They rush and roar, they whirl and leap,
Not wilder drives the wintry storm :
Yet a strong law they keep,
Strange powers their course inform.

Even so the mighty sky-born Stream :—
Its living waters from above
All marr'd and broken seem,
No union and no love.

Yet in dim caves they haply blend,
In dreams of mortals unespied :
One is their awful End,
One their unfailing Guide.

We that with eye too daring seek
To scan their course, all giddy turn :—
Not so the floweret meek,
Harebell or nodding fern :

They from the rocky wall's steep side
Lean without fear, and drink the spray;
The torrent's foaming pride
But keeps them green and gay.

And Christ hath lowly hearts, that rest
Amid fallen Salem's rush and strife:
The pure, peace-loving breast
Even here can find her life.

What though in harsh and angry note
The broken flood chafe high? they muse
On mists that lightly float,
On heaven-descending dews,

On virgin snows, the feeders pure
Of the bright river's mountain springs:—
And still their prayers endure,
And Hope sweet answer brings.

If of the Living Cloud they be
Baptismal drops, and onward press
Toward the Living Sea
By deeds of holiness,

Then to the Living Waters still
(O joy with trembling!) they pertain,
Joined by some hidden rill,
Low in Earth's darkest vein.

Scorn not one drop: of drops the shower
Is made, of showers the waterfall:
Of children's souls the Power
Doomed to be Queen o'er all.

## 10

## THE STARRY HEAVENS

*So shall thy seed be.*—Genesis xv. 5.

"More and more Stars! and ever as I gaze
Brighter and brighter seen!
Whence come they, Father? trace me out their ways
Far in the deep serene."
My child, these eyes of mine but faintly show
One step on earth below:
And even our wisest may but dream, they say,
Of what is done on high, by yon empyreal ray.

Thou know'st at deepening twilight, how afar
On heath or mountain down
The shepherds kindle many an earthly star,
How from the low damp town
We through the mist the lines of torchlight trace
In dwellings proud or base:
But whom they light, what deeds and words are there,
We know but this alone—'tis well if all be prayer.

Whether on lonely shades the pale sad ray
From a sick chamber fall,
Or amid thousands more beam glad and gay
From mirthful bower or hall,
If pure the joy, and patient be the woe,
Heaven's breath is there, we know:
And surely of yon lamps on high we deem
As of pure worlds, whereon the floods of mercy stream.

Yea, in each keen heart-thrilling glance of theirs
Of other stars we read,
Stars out of sight, souls for whom Love prepares
A portion and a meed
In the supernal Heavens for evermore,
When sun and moon are o'er;
Fixed in the deep of grace and song, as these
In the blue skies, and o'er the far-resounding seas.

More and more Stars, here in our outward Heaven,
More and more Saints above!
But to the wistful gaze the sight is given,
The vision to meek love,—
Love taught of old to treasure and embalm
Whate'er in morning calm
Or evening soft steals from the gracious skies,
The dry ground freshening with the dews of Paradise.

All humble holy gleams I bid thee seek,
Dim lingering here below;
So shall the Almighty give a tongue to speak,
A heart to read and know
Of Saints at Home, robed and in glory crowned.
Dews on the lowly ground
May as we downward gaze true token yield,
Yea, even in glaring morn, of midnight Heaven's pure field.

Stars to the childish eye may gathered seem
Into strange shapes and wild,
Lion or Eagle, Bear or Harp—such dream
As heathen hearts beguiled:—
Or as a flock untended, roaming wide
Heaven's waste from side to side:
But of a central glory sages sing
Whence all may be discerned in clear harmonious ring.

Such are Saints' ways—the forms so manifold
Our mystic Mother wears,
O far unlike our dreamings, young and old!—
But Faith still onward fares,
Love-guided, heaven-attracted, till she reach
The orb whence all and each
By golden threads of order and high grace
Are pendant evermore, all beauteous, all in place.

More and more Stars! behold yon hazy arch,
Spanning the vault on high,
By planets traversed in majestic march,
Seeming to earth's dull eye

A breath of gleaming air : but take thou wing
Of Faith, and upward spring :—
Into a thousand stars the misty light
Will part ; each star a world with its own day and night.

Not otherwise of yonder Saintly host
Upon the glorious shore
Deem thou. He marks them all ; not one is lost ;
By name He counts them o'er.
Full many a soul, to man's dim praise unknown,
May on its glory-throne
As brightly shine, and prove as strong in prayer,
As theirs, whose separate beams shoot keenest through this air.

My child, even now I see thy tender breath
Full quickly come and go
At sound of praise. O may the touch of Faith
Those chords so fine and low
Early control, and tune thy heart too high
For aught beneath the sky.
So may that little spark of glory swell
To a full orb, and soar with loftiest Saints to dwell.

# VIII

# LESSONS OF GRACE

## 1

## ISAAC ON MORIAH

*Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship.*—Genesis xxii. 5.

Dread was the mystery on Moriah's hill:
Low on the ridge the cloud of morning lay:
From each dark fold, along each gliding rill,
Strange whispers from the mountain met our way.

But we must wait below, and upward gaze,
While toward the mount the father and the son
Pursue their course, soon in that awful haze
To vanish, till the appointed deed be done.

So when the Lord for some parental heart
Prepares a martyr's crown, He calls on high
Father and child, in His still shrine apart
To learn His lore of healing agony.

We may but stay without, and wondering pray;
Unknown to us that deep of love and woe,
The knife in Abraham's hand upraised to slay,
Meek Isaac bound and waiting for the blow.

Weak as the echo of some distant knell,
Borne now and then on breathing winds of eve,
Comes to our ear the sound:—"I see full well
The fire and wood; but who the Lamb will give?"

Fitful and faint, should Angel bless our dream,
The memory now would fleet and now abide.
Such to our hearts the stern sweet form may seem
Of him who said, "The Almighty will provide."

Not even to dwellers on the mystic height,
Not to the Saints, is full enlightening given:
The Cross, they hold by, towers beyond their sight,
On the hill peak opens a deeper heaven.

Yea, though in one were gathered all the woes
That mourners e'er on household altars laid,
Widows' and orphans' tears, untimely throes,
Fears, that the memory of loved souls o'ershade,

What were it all, to match one drop of Thine,
One bitter drop, poured on Thy mountain here
In Thine own hour? O joy! that Blood is mine:—
For us it flowed, even as for Saint and seer.

Well may we mourn our dull cold heart, and eye
That up the mount of glorious sacrifice
Sees such a little way: yet kneel we nigh:
Turn not away: let prayer in gloom arise.

He who beside His own the Cross allows
Of penitential grief;—who to each Saint
Calls from His height of woe:—His bleeding brows
Will meekly droop to hear our breathing faint.

## 2

## SONG OF THE MANNA-GATHERERS

*This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat.*—Exodus xvi. 15.

Comrades, haste! the tent's tall shading
Lies along the level sand
Far and faint: the stars are fading
O'er the gleaming western strand.
Airs of morning
Freshen the bleak burning land.

Haste, or ere the third hour glowing
With its eager thirst prevail
O'er the moist pearls, now bestrowing
Thymy slope and rushy vale,—
Dews celestial,
Left when earthly dews exhale.

Ere the bright good hour be wasted,
Glean, not ravening, nor in sloth:
To your tent bring all untasted;—
To thy Father, nothing loth,
Bring thy treasure:
Trust thy God, and keep thy troth.

Trust Him: care not for the morrow:
Should thine omer overflow,
And some poorer seek to borrow,
Be thy gift nor scant nor slow.
Wouldst thou store it?
Ope thine hand, and let it go.

Trust His daily work of wonder,
Wrought in all His people's sight:
Think on yon high place of thunder,
Think upon the unearthly light
Brought from Sinai,
When the prophet's face grew bright.

Think, the Glory yet is nigh thee,
  Power unfelt arrests thine arm,
Love aye watching, to deny thee
  Stores abounding to thy harm.
    Rich and needy,
  All are levelled by Love's charm.

Sing we thus our songs of labour
  At our harvest in the wild,
For our God and for our neighbour,
  Till six times the morn have smiled,
    And our vessels
  Are with twofold treasure piled.

For that one, that heavenly morrow,
  We may care and toil to-day :
Other thrift is loss and sorrow,
  Savings are but thrown away.
    Hoarded manna !—
  Moths and worms shall on it prey.

While the faithless and unstable
  Mars with work the season blest,
We around Thy heaven-sent table
  Praise Thee, Lord, with all our best.
    Signs prophetic
  Fill our week, both toil and rest.

Comrades, what our sires have told us—
  Watch and wait, for it will come :
Smiling vales shall soon enfold us
  In a new and vernal Home :
    Earth will feed us
  From her own benignant womb.

We beside the wondrous river
  In the appointed hour shall stand,
Following, as from Egypt ever,
  Thy bright Cloud and outstretched Hand :
    In Thy shadow
  We shall rest, on Abraham's land.

Not by manna showers at morning
  Shall our board be then supplied,
But a strange pale gold, adorning
  Many a tufted mountain's side,
    Yearly feed us,
  Year by year our murmurings chide.

There, no prophet's touch awaiting,
  From each cool deep cavern start
Rills, that since their first creating
  Ne'er have ceased to sing their part.
    Oft we hear them
  In our dreams, with thirsty heart.

Oh, when travel-toils are over,
  When above our tranquil nest
All our guardian Angels hover,
  Will our hearts be quite at rest ?
    Nay, fair Canaan
  Is not heavenly Mercy's best.

Know ye not, our glorious Leader
  Salem may but see, and die ?
Israel's guide and nurse and feeder
  Israel's hope from far must eye,
    Then departing
  Find a worthier throne on high.

Dimly shall fond Fancy trace him,
  Dim though sweet her dreams shall prove,
Wondering what high Powers embrace him,
  Where in light he walks above,
    Where in silence
  Sleeping, hallows heath or grove.

Deeps of blessing are before us :
  Only, while the desert sky
And the sheltering cloud hang o'er us,
  Morn by morn, obediently,
    Glean we Manna,
  And the song of Moses try.

## 3

## THE GIBEONITES

*I will follow upon mine enemies, and overtake them: neither will I turn again till I have destroyed them.*—Psalm xviii. 37 (Book of Common Prayer).

"BEHOLD me, Lord, a worthless Gibeonite,
Unmeet to bear one burthen in Thy sight,
To hew Thy servants' wood, or water draw,
Yet trusted with Thine own eternal Law.
The deadlier sure the guilt, the doom more drear,
Should Canaan powers prevail—and they are near.
The world of Sense, five mighty Monarchs, hard
Upon me lies, and I thy robe have marr'd.
Chariot and horse they come, a fearful fray:—
I cannot stand alone this evil day."—
"Go, shamed and scared, seek Joshua in thy need,
Him and all Israel: they for thee shall plead.
Their voice hath power to stay the sun, and win
The frail fallen mourner time to hate his sin.
But when their prayer hath laid the Tempter low,
Be sure thou crush him: deal out blow on blow:
Set thy stern foot upon his neck, and hide
His corse, unpitying, in the dark cave's side;
Nor venture but in thought to move the stones
That guard his place, lest even in those dry bones
Some quickening fiend the bold bad life renew,
And thou in sevenfold guilt thy heart's backsliding rue."

## 4

## DAVID'S CHILDHOOD

*I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the Wicked One.*—1 John ii. 13.

CHRISTIAN child, whoe'er thou be,
Purer oil than David knew,
Mingling with baptismal dew,
Heaven hath dropped on thee.

Strength is given thee, watch to keep
O'er the lamb He bought so dear,
Thine own soul to watch in fear :—
Sleep no faithless sleep.

When the Lion and the Bear,
Childish Pride and childish Wrath,
Lay athwart thy morning path,
Thou didst win by prayer.

Now a mightier foe is nigh ;
Holy hands for a new strife
Thee have stored with ampler life :
Set thine heart on high.

Not with sword and shield and lance,
But with charm-words from our Book,
Gems from our baptismal Brook,
Meet his stern advance.

He through every gate of sense,
Eye and ear, taste, touch, and smell,
Fain would hurl the shafts of hell :
Seek thou strong defence.

Guard in time those portals five
With the smooth stones from the Fount,
With the Law from God's own Mount :
So thy war shall thrive.

Keep thy staff, the Cross, in hand :
Thou shalt see the giant foe
By the word of Faith laid low,
O'er him conquering stand.

Mark and use the trial-hour :
When his whispers nearest sound,
Be thou then most faithful found,
Then tread down his power.

Stripling though thou be, and frail,
Thy right arm shall wield his sword,
Wield, and take his head abhorred,—
Christ in thee prevail.

## 5

## ELIJAH AT SAREPTA

*Make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son.*—1 Kings xvii. 13.

Lo, cast at random on the wild sea sand
A child low wailing lies:
Around, with eye forlorn and feeble hand,
Scarce heeding its faint cries,
The widowed mother in the wilderness
Gathers dry boughs, their last sad meal to dress.

But who is this that comes with mantle rude
And vigil-wasted air,
Who to the famished cries, "Come give me food,
I with thy child would share?"
She bounteous gives: but hard he seems of heart,
Who of such scanty store would crave a part.

Haply the child his little hand holds forth,
That all his own may be.—
Nay, simple one, thy mother's faith is worth
Healing and life to thee.
That handful given, for years ensures thee bread:
That drop of oil shall raise thee from the dead.

For in yon haggard form He begs unseen,
To Whom for life we kneel:
One little cake He asks with lowly mien,
Who blesses every meal.
Lavish for Him, ye poor, your children's store,
So shall your cruse for many a day run o'er.

And thou, dear child, though hungering, give glad way
To Jesus in His need:
So thy blest mother at the awful day
Thy name in Heaven may read;
So by His touch for ever mayst thou live,
Who asks our alms, and lends a heart to give.

## 6

## NAAMAN'S SERVANT

*Who hath despised the day of small things?*—Zechariah iv. 10.

"WHO for the like of me will care?"
So whispers many a mournful heart,
When in the weary languid air
For grief or scorn we pine apart.

So haply mused yon little maid
From Israel's breezy mountains borne,
No more to rest in Sabbath shade
Watching the free and wavy corn.

A captive now, and sold and bought,
In the proud Syrian's hall she waits,
Forgotten—such her moody thought—
Even as the worm beneath the gates.

But One who ne'er forgets is here:
He hath a word for thee to speak:
Oh serve Him yet in duteous fear,
And to thy Gentile lord be meek.

So shall the healing Name be known
By thee on many a heathen shore,
And Naaman on his chariot throne
Wait humbly by Elisha's door;

By thee desponding lepers know
The sacred waters' sevenfold might.
Then wherefore sink in listless woe?
Christ's poor and needy, claim your right!

Your heavenly right, to do and bear
All for His sake; nor yield one sigh
To pining Doubt; nor ask, "What care
In the wide world for such as I?"

## 7

## HEZEKIAH'S DISPLAY

*There is nothing among my treasures that I have not shewed them.*—2 Kings xx. 15.

When Heaven in mercy gives thy prayers return,
And Angels bring thee treasures from on high,
Shut fast the door, nor let the world discern,
And offer thee fond praise when God is nigh.

In friendly guise, perchance with friendly heart,
From Babel, see, they haste with words of love:
But if thou lightly all thy wealth impart,
Their race will come again, and all remove.

Ill thoughts, the children of that King of Pride,
O'er richest halls will swarm, and holiest bowers,
Profaning first, then spoiling far and wide:— 11
Voluptuous Sloth make free with Sharon's flowers.

Close thou the garden-gate, and keep the key,
There chiefly, where the tender seedlings fold
Their dainty leaves—a treasure even to thee
Unknown, till airs celestial make them bold.

When sun and shower give token, freely then
The fragrance will steal out, the flower unclose:
But busy hands, and an admiring ken,
Have blighted ere its hour full many a rose. 20

Then rest thee, bright one, in thy tranquil nook,
Fond eyes to cherish thee, true arms to keep,
Nor wistful for the world's gay sunshine look;—
In its own time the light will o'er thee sweep.

Think of the babes of Judah's royal line:—
Display but touched them with her parching glare
Once, and for ages four they bare the sign,
The fifth beheld them chained in Babel's lair.

## 8

## ST. JOSEPH

*He called His Name Jesus.*—St. Matthew i. 25.

THE glorious Sun at morn
Draws round him a soft screen,
Clear haze, of light and moisture born;
So are the bright forms seen,

His royal cradle round
Standing in meet array,
Clouds of all hues, not wholly drowned
In dazzling floods of day.

Thou temperest, Lord, the rays
Which in Thy manger burn,
Till Faith in that deep glory-blaze
Dim shapes of earth discern:

The spotless Mother, first
Of creatures: His mild eye,—
O favoured!—who her travail nursed,
And Thy dread infancy.

Him o'er Thee lowly bent,
Or meekly waiting nigh,
Or on some homely task intent,
Yet conscious who is by,

Or on the journey wild,
With duteous staff in hand,
Guiding the Mother and the Child
Across the sea of sand,

Thy Church in memory views;
Nor can her babes aright
On Bethlehem or on Nazareth muse,
But he is still in sight.

O balm to lonely hearts,
Who childless or bereft,
Yet round the cradle find their parts,
Their place and portion left

In bowers of home delight :—
Yet may they draw full near,
And in the treasure claim their right,
Their share of smile and tear,

Of thrilling joys and cares.—
" Father in God : "—who knows
How near it brings us, unawares,
To true parental throes ?

Mightier perchance may prove
The lore the Font imparts
To strangers, than all yearning love
In heathen Mothers' hearts.

Whom Jesus Father owned,[1]
Though childless to our eyes,
Doubt not, his soul was higher toned
To parents' sympathies

Than sires on earth may know :—
And when His Octave came,
He o'er the Lord did first below
Speak the Most Holy Name.

Wherefore in chorus kind
Of household jubilee,
Name thou his name with willing mind,
Who spake Christ's Name o'er thee.

And when at holy tide,
Along the Church-way borne
Thou seest how babes in triumph ride
On arms by rude toil worn ;—

[1] St. Luke ii. 48, 49.

Or mark'st, how well agree,
Both leading and both led,
Grey Poverty and childish Glee ;—
Leave not His lore unread :

Then of Saint Joseph think,
And of his dread Nurse-Child.
Let eyes, that day, from evil shrink,
And hearts be undefiled. 68

## 9

## THE BOY WITH THE FIVE LOAVES

*If thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little.*
—Tobit iv. 8 (as quoted in the Book of Common Prayer).

What time the Saviour spread His feast
For thousands on the mountain's side,
One of the last and least
The abundant store supplied.

Haply, the wonders to behold,
A boy 'mid other boys he came,
A lamb of Jesus' fold,
Though now unknown by name.

Or for his sweet obedient ways
The Apostles brought him near, to share 10
Their Lord's laborious days,
His frugal basket bear.

Or might it be his duteous heart,
That led him sacrifice to bring
For his own simple part,
To the world's hidden King ?

Well may I guess how glow'd his cheek,
How he look'd down, half pride, half fear :
Far off he saw one speak
Of him in Jesus' ear. 20

"There is a lad—five loaves hath he,
And fishes twain :—but what are they,
Where hungry thousands be ? "—
Nay, Christ will find a way.

In order, on the fresh green hill,
The mighty Shepherd ranks His Sheep
By tens and fifties, still
As clouds when breezes sleep.

Oh who can tell the trembling joy,
Who paint the grave endearing look,
When from that favoured boy
The wondrous pledge He took ?—

Keep thou, dear child, thine early word ;
Bring Him thy best : who knows but He
For His eternal board
May take some gift of thee ?

Thou prayest without the veil as yet ;
But kneel in faith : an arm benign
Such prayer will duly set
Within the holiest shrine.

And Prayer has might to spread and grow.
Thy childish darts, right-aim'd on high,
May catch Heaven's fire, and glow
Far in the eternal sky :

Even as He made that stripling's store
Type of the Feast by Him decreed,
Where Angels might adore,
And souls for ever feed.

## 10

## THE MOURNERS FOLLOWING THE CROSS

*Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.* —St. Luke xxiii. 28.

THERE is no grief that ever wasted man,
But finds its hour here in Thine awful week:
And since all Mother's love from Thee began,
Sure none, like Thee, of Mother's woe can speak.
Thine ear prophetic, Lord, while angels wreak
The vengeance on Thine heritage defil'd,
While temples crash, and towers in ashes reek,
And with each gust some kingdom strews the wild,
Loses no lowly moan, no sigh of sobbing child.

Even so might seamen's wives at midnight drear
Lie listening to the blast, and tell aright
The tale of all the waves, that far and near
Break on the reef, yet miss no wailing slight
Of nestling babe, for wonder or delight
Uttering faint cries in sleep.—O restless care!
Oh all foreseeing pity!—be our flight
In winter, soothing spells will He prepare,
And for His lambs allay the bleak heart-killing air.

Or if the holy Day the few brief hours
Of flight abridge, for nursing-mother frail,
For tender babe, Thou send'st Thine unseen powers
To help or hide:—hide in the lowly vale,
Help o'er the weary mountain.—Ne'er may fail
The prayer of helpless Faith;—but she must pray,
Her forceful knocking must Heaven's door assail:
For so of old He taught: "Pray that your way
Be not in winter wild, nor on the Sabbath Day."

The season He bids choose, who in strong hand
Winter and summer holds, and day and night,
Binding His sovereign will in Love's soft band;—
As parents teach their little ones to write

With gently-guiding finger, and delight
The wish and prayer to mould, then grant the boon :—
Such is Thy silent grace, framing aright
Our lowly orisons in time and tune
To Litanies on high, controlling sun and moon.

And as the heart maternal evermore
Must rise in prayer, so the maternal feet
Must feel their dim way on the lonely shore,
Ere o'er the path the unpitying surges beat.
At early dawn, the fresh spring dews to greet,
I bid thee haste, else vainly wilt thou crave
An hour in winter. Fast the week-days fleet,
Slow speeds the work : the lingerers who shall save ?
Thy task ere Sunday end, thy life before the grave.

Who may the horror but in dream abide,
Breathless to knock, and by the portal wait
Where Saints have past behind their glorious Guide,
Then feel, not hear, the sad drear word, " Too late " ?
Woe, in that hour, to souls that seek the gate
Alone ! but deeper anguish, direr gloom,
If to thy bosom clinging, child or mate,
Pupil or friend, the heaven-prepared room,
Tardy through thee, should miss, and share the hopeless doom !

## 11

## ST. ANDREW AND HIS CROSS

*Where I am, there shall also My servant be.*—St John xii. 26.

O Holy Cross, on thee to hang
At Jesus' side, and feel thee sweet,
And taste aright each healing pang,
What Saint, what Virgin Martyr e'er was meet ?

Two only of His own found grace
The very death He died to die.
Joyful they rush'd to thine embrace,
While Angel choirs, half envying, waited by.

Joyful they speed :—but how is this ?
  Why doubt they yet, in Jesus' power
To grasp their crown of hard-won bliss ?
Well have ye fought ; why faint in Victory's hour ?

Two brothers' hearts were they, the first
  Who shone as stars in Jesus' Hand,
For thee in Prayer and Fasting nurs'd,
And bearing thee, dread Cross ! from land to land.

And now in wondrous sympathy,
  When thou art nearer fain to draw,
These who had yearn'd so long for thee
Shrink from thy touch, and hide their eyes for awe.

He who denied—he dares not scale
  With forward step thy holy stair.
Best for his giddy heart and frail
In humblest penance to hang downward there.

And he, that saintly Elder meek,
  Wont of old time to find and bring
Brother or friend with Christ to speak,
As worthier to behold the heart-searching King :—

Ah little brook'd his lowly heart,
  Such glorious crown should him reward.
He sought the way with duteous art
To change his Cross, yet suffer with his Lord.

He sought and found : and now where'er
  Saint Andrew's holy Cross we see,
In royal banner blazon'd fair,
Or in dread Cipher, Holiest Name, of thee,

A martyr'd form we may discern,
  There bound, there preaching : Image meet
Of one uplifted high, to turn
And draw to Him all hearts in bondage sweet.

And as we gaze may He impart
  The grace to bear what He shall send,
Yet stay the rash self-pleasing heart,
Too forward with His Cross our penal woe to blend.

# IX

# HOLY PLACES AND THINGS

## 1

## PREPARING FOR SUNDAY SERVICES

*As they went to tell His Disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, "All hail."*—St. Matthew xxviii. 9.

Behold, athwart our woodland nest,
And down our misty vale,
From his own bright and quiet rest
The Sunday sun looks out, and seems to say, "All hail."

True token of that brighter Day,
Which hailed, this matin hour,
The holy women on their way.
They sought His Church in love, He met them in His power.

And dare we the transporting word
To our own hearts apply?
Trembling we dare; for He had heard
Our lowly breathed vows, ere flamed yon morning sky.

We have been by His Cross and grave;
His Angel bade us speed
Where they resort, whom He will save,
And hear and say as one, "The Lord is risen indeed."

Then speed we on our willing way,
And He our way will bless.
In fear and love thy heart array :
Straight be thy churchway path, unsoiled thy Sabbath dress.

## 2

## WALK TO CHURCH

*The path of the Just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.*—Proverbs iv. 18.

Now the holy hour is nigh,
Seek we out the holy ground ;
Overhead the breezy sky,
Rustling woodlands all around :
Fragrant streams from oak-leaves sere,
Peat and moss and whortles green,
Dews that yet are glistening clear
Through their brown or briery screen.

Hie we through the autumnal wood,
Pausing where the echoes dwell,
Boys, or men of boyish mood,
Trying how afar they swell.
Haply down some opening glade
Now the old grey tower we see,
Underneath whose solemn shade
Jesus risen hath sworn to be.

He hath sworn, for there will meet
Two or three in His great name,
Waiting till their incense sweet
Feel His heaven-descended flame.
Day by day that old grey tower
Tells its tale, and week by week
In their tranquil hoary bower
To the unlearned its shadows speak.

## 3

## THE LICH-GATE

*Keep thy foot when thou goest to the House of God.*—Ecclesiastes v. i.

THIS is the portal of the dead.—
Nay, shrink not so, my fair-eyed boy,
But on the threshold grating tread
With wary softness : tame the joy,
The wildfire keen, that all the way
Even from our porch at home hath danced with thee so gay.

This is the holy resting-place,
Where coffins and where mourners wait,
Till the stoled priest hath time to pace
His path toward this eastern gate,
Like one who bears a hidden seal
Of pardon from a king, where rebels trembling kneel.

Brief is the pause, but thoughts and dreams
By thousands on that moment crowd,
Of clouds departing, opening gleams,
A waning lamp, a brightening shroud :
Such visions fill the longing eyes
As haply haunt the space 'twixt earth and Paradise.

Such visions in the churchyard air
Are gleaming, fluttering all around.
O scare them not away : beware
Of bolder cry and ruder bound.
Thick as the bees that love to play
Under the lime-tree leaves the livelong summer day.

And tunable as their soft song,
And fragrant as the honey'd flowers
They haunt and cherish, is the throng
Of thoughts in these our hallowed bowers.
On every gale that stirs the yew
They float, and twinkle in each drop of morning dew.

Oh then revere each old grey stone,
And gently tread the mounds between.
So when thy blithesome days are done,
And thou, as I, shalt wearied lean
Upon the wicket low, and tell
Thy tale of playmates called before thee here to dwell;—

When thou shalt mark, how swarms the street
With boys at play, the turf with graves,
All in one little hour to meet
And hear the doom that slays or saves;—
Fresh may the memory prove and dear,
How thou hast come and gone, since first we brought thee here.

Then shall the wings, so strong in need,
Which met thee at the Font that hour,
And homeward joy'd with thee to speed,
O'ershade thee still in love and power,
And with the churchyard shadows blend,
Which thy last entering here shall in sweet peace attend.

## 4

## OBEISANCE AT ENTERING CHURCH

*They shall see His Face; and His Name shall be in their foreheads.*—Revelation xxii. 4.

Come hear with duteous mind
Thy Mother's whisper'd word.
"Wouldst thou upon His threshold find
Thy dread and loving Lord?
Renew in silence on thy brow
The pledge of thy first saving vow."

Safe in thy forehead keep
The mark by Jesus set.
Before thee is a mighty deep,
A baptism waits thee yet:
As Lazarus rising, such thou art,
Thy soul and flesh again to part.

But when thy Lord and thou,—
Thou from the grave, and He
From Heaven,—shall meet, upon thy brow
A glorious Cross shall be,
A Light that needs no watching o'er,
Even as He rose, and died no more.

## 5

## THE EMPTY CHURCH

*The blind and the lame came to Him in the temple.*—St. Matthew xxi. 14.

WHY should we grudge the hour and house of prayer
To Christ's own blind and lame,
Who come to meet Him there?
Better, be sure, His altar-flame
Should glow in one dim wavering spark,
Than quite lie down, and leave His temple drear and dark.

"But in our Psalm their choral answers fail."—
Nay, but the heart may speak,
And to the holy tale
Respond aright in silence meek.
And well we know, bright angel throngs
Are by, to swell those whisperings into warbled songs.

What if the world our two or three despise?
They in His name are here,
To Whom in suppliant guise
Of old the blind and lame drew near.
Beside His royal courts they wait
And ask His healing Hand: we dare not close the gate.

6

## CHURCH DECORATIONS

*I will not offer burnt-offerings without cost.*—1 Chronicles xxi. 24.

"Why deck the high cathedral roof
With foliage rich and rare,
With crowns and flowerets far aloof,
To none but Angels fair?

"Why for the lofty Altar hide
Thy gems and gold in store?
Why spread the burnished pall so wide
Upon the chancel floor?"

Nay, rather ask, why duteous boy
And mother-loving maid
Scarce in their filial gifts find joy,
If nought of theirs be paid:

Why hearts, that true love-tokens need
For brother or for friend,
Count not the cost with careful heed,
But haste their all to spend.

Ask why of old the favoured king
Enquired the Temple's price,
Not bearing to his Lord to bring
An unbought sacrifice.

Yea, lowly fall, and of thy Lord
In silence ask and dread,
Why praised He Mary's ointment, poured
Upon His Sacred Head.

## 7

## CHURCH WINDOWS

*The Lord my God shall come, and all the Saints with Thee. And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark.*—Zechariah xiv. 5, 6.

Oft have I heard our elders say,
How sad the autumnal hour,
How rude the touch of stern decay,
How fast the bright hues melt away
In mountain, sky, and bower!

Yet is it dear delight to me
The rustling leaves to tread,
To heap and toss them wild and free,
Their fragrance breathe, and o'er them see
Soft evening lustre shed.

And some will say, 'tis drear and cold
In holy Church to kneel
With one or two, Christ's little fold,
With blind and lame, with poor and old,
There met for Him to heal.

Nay, look again: the Saints are there:
Christ's ever-glowing Light
Through heavenly features grave and fair
Is gleaming; all the lonely air
Is thronged with shadows bright.

The Saints are there:—the Living Dead,
The Mourners glad and strong;
The sacred floor their quiet bed,
Their beams from every window shed,
Their voice in every song.

And haply where I kneel, some day,
From yonder gorgeous pane
The glory of some Saint will play:—
Not lightly may it pass away,
But in my heart remain!

## 8

## RELICS AND MEMORIALS

*As the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land.*—Isaiah xxxii. 2.

THE Twelve holy men are gathered in prayer,
The Psalm mounts on high, the Spirit descends:
A keen silent thrilling is round them in air,
A Power from the Highest with thought and word blends.

They pass by the way, to sight poor and mean.
How glorious the train that streams to and fro!
The blind, dumb, halt, withered, by hundreds are seen,
The prisoners of Satan lie chained where they go.

O lay them but where the shadow may fall
Of Christ's awful Saint, to prayer as he speeds:
The mighty love-token all fiends shall appal,
A gale breathe from Eden, assuaging all needs.

Or bring where they lie Paul's girdle or vest:
One touch and one word:—the pain fleets away,
The dark hour of frenzy is charmed into rest:—
The hem of Christ's garment all creatures obey.

Christ is in His Saints: from Godhead made Man
The virtue goes out, the whole world to bless.
O'er lands parched and weary that shadow began
To spread from Saint Peter, and ne'er shall grow less.

See Acts iv. and v.

## 9

## CARVED ANGELS

*Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, That in Heaven their angels do always behold the Face of My Father.*—St. Matthew xviii. 10.

GREATEST art Thou in least, O Lord,
And even Thy least are great in Thee:

A mote in air, a random word,
Shall save a soul if Thou decree :—
Much more their presence sweet,
Whom with an oath Thou didst into Thy Kingdom greet.

A little child's soft sleeping face
The murderer's knife ere now hath staid :
The adulterous eye, so foul and base,
Is of a little child afraid.
They cannot choose but fear,
Since in that sign they feel God and good Angels near.

For by the Truth's sure oath we know,
There is no christened babe but owns
A Watcher mightier than his foe,
One of the everlasting Thrones,
Who in high Heaven His face
Beholding ever, best His likeness here may trace.

As in each tiny drop of dew,
Glistening at prime of morn, they mark
Of Heaven's great Sun an image true,
Hear their own chantings in the Lark,
So, sleeping or awake,
They love to tend their babes for holy Bethlehem's sake.

And so this whole fallen world of ours,
To us all care, and sin, and spite,
Is even as Eden's stainless bowers
To the pure spirits out of sight,—
To Angels from above,
And souls of infants, sealed by new-creating Love.

Heaven in the depth and height is seen ;
On high among the stars, and low
In deep clear waters : all between
Is earth, and tastes of earth : even so
The Almighty One draws near
To strongest seraphs there, to weakest infants here.

And both are robed in white, and both
On evil look unharmed, and wear
A ray so pure, ill Powers are loth
To linger in the keen bright air.
As Angels wait in joy
On Saints, so on the old the duteous-hearted boy.

God's Angels keep the eternal round
Of praise on high, and never tire.
His Lambs are in His Temple found
Early, with all their hearts' desire.
They boast not to be free,
They grudge not to their Lord meek ear and bended knee.

O well and wisely wrought of old,
Nor without guide, be sure, who first
Did cherub forms as infants mould,
And lift them where the full deep burst
Of awful harmony
Might need them most to waft it onward to the sky:—

Where best they may in watch and ward
Around the enthronèd Saviour stand,
May quell, with sad and stern regard,
Unruly eye and wayward hand,
May deal the blessed dole
Of saving knowledge round from many a holy scroll.

What if in other lines than ours
They write, in other accents speak?
There are whom watchful Love empowers
To read such riddles;—duteous seek,
And thou shalt quickly find.
The Mother best may tell the eager babe's deep mind.

Haply some shield their arms embrace,
Rich with the Lord's own blazonry.
The Cross of His redeeming grace,
Or His dread Wounds, we there descry.
His standard-bearers they:
Learn we to face them on the dread Procession Day.

And O! if aught of pride or lust
Have soiled thee in the world, take heed:
Entering, shake off the mire and dust.
Angelic eyes are keen, to read
By the least lightest sign,
When we foul idle thoughts breathe in the air divine.

And how, but by their whisperings soft,
Feel virgin hearts when sin is near,
Sin even in dreams unknown? Full oft
Such instinct we may mark in fear,
Nor our own ill endure
In presence of Christ's babes, and of their Guardians pure.

## 10

## CHURCH RITES

*Christ is all, and in all.*—Colossians iii. 11.

The wedding guests are met,
The urns are duly set,
Even as the Lord had taught His own of old.
Filled are they to the height
With water pure and bright:—
Now pour them out—'tis done, and purest wine behold.

The bridegroom kneels beside
His bashful loving bride:
Earth on that hour seems showering all her best.
But more than Earth e'er knew
He wins, if hearts be true:—
An Angel friend, to share his everlasting rest.

A babe in deep repose
Where holy water flows
Is bathed, while o'er him holiest words are said.
A child of wrath he came—
Now hath he Jesus' Name:
A glory like a Saint's surrounds his favoured head.

A mortal youth I saw
Nigh to God's Altar draw
And lowly kneel, while o'er him pastoral hands
Were spread with many a prayer,
And when he rose up there
He could undo or bind the dread celestial bands.

When Bread and Wine he takes,
And of Christ's Passion makes
Memorial high before the Mercy Throne,
Faith speaks, and we are sure
That offering good and pure
Is more than Angels' bread to all whom Christ will own.

Mid mourners I have stood,
And with sad eye pursued
The coffin sinking in the grave's dark shade:
The immortal life, we know,
Dwells there with hidden glow,
Brightly to burn one day when sun and stars shall fade.

What is this silent might,
Making our darkness light,
New wine our waters, heavenly Blood our wine?
Christ, with His Mother dear,
And all His Saints, is here,
And where they dwell is Heaven, and what they touch, divine.

The change of water into wine was believed by the ancients to typify that change which St. Paul in particular so earnestly dwells on: "*Old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new.*" And St. John: "*He that sitteth on the Throne saith, Behold, I make all things new.*" Accordingly St. Cyprian applies this first miracle to the admission of the Gentiles into the Church. (Ep. 63, ed. Fell.) And St. Augustine, to the evangelical interpretation of the Old Testament. (In Joan. Tract. 8.) And St. Cyril of Alexandria (in loc.) to the Spirit superseding the letter. This then being the "*beginning of miracles*," a kind of pattern of the rest, showed how Christ's glory was to be revealed in the effects of His Sacramental Touch; whether immediately, as when He touched the leper and healed him: or through the hem of His garment: or by Saints, His living members, according to His Promise, "*The works that I do shall ye do also; and greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto My Father.*" Thus, according to the Scriptures, the Sacramental Touch of the Church is the Touch of Christ: and her system

## 11

## WHITE APPAREL

### I. The Chrisom

*These are they which have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.*—Revelation vii. 14.

All gorgeous hues are in the pure white beam,
All Christian graces in one drop of Love
That sparkles from the bright baptismal stream
Over the fair young brow, where gently move
Christ's dawning rays. Therefore the veil ye wove,
Good Angels, under Bethlehem's healing star,
Whose virtue this our new-born joy shall prove,
Is spotless white: and from its folds afar,
Even as from banner waved in Angels' war,
The dark Powers flee. But thou, heaven honoured child,
Let no earth-stain thy robe of glory mar: 11
Wrap it around thy bosom undefiled;
Yet spread it daily in the clear Heaven's sight,
To be new-bathed in its own native Light.

## 11

## WHITE APPAREL

### II. The Sunday Dress

*Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments.*—Revelation xvi. 15.

So keep thou, by calm prayer and searching thought,
Thy Chrisom pure, that still as weeks roll by,
And Heaven rekindles, gladdening earth and sky,
The glow that from the grave our Champion brought,

is "*deifica disciplina*," a rule which, in some sense, makes men gods, and the human, divine; and all this depends on the verity of the Incarnation, therefore His Mother is especially instrumental in it; besides being, as nearest to Him, the most glorious instance of it. "*The Mother of Jesus is there, and both Jesus and His Disciples are called*—" (He as the Bridegroom and Author of the whole mystery, they as ministers, servants, and instruments)—to this mysterious "*marriage*," or Communion of Saints.

Pledge of high victory by His dread Wounds wrought,
Thou mayst put on the garb of Purity,
And from thy prayer look up with open eye,
Him owning, who from shame and sinful blot
Hath kept thee safe, nor suffered base desire
Thy soul to haunt, unhallowing the good hour.
Then on thy way to church rejoicing fare,
Yet heedful, gathering up from earthly mire
The glittering folds : for even in Sunday air
Foul spirits love to lurk with tainting power.

## 11

## WHITE APPAREL

### III. Confirmation

*Ye shall be as the wings of a Dove, that is covered with silver.*—Psalm lxviii. 13.

Speed on, ye happy Sunday hours, O speed
The moment when a richer gift shall crown
A riper faith :—when Childhood, casting down
Her innocent vesture, the pure Chrisom weed,
Shall claim the sevenfold radiance, erst decreed
Where true hearts kneel 'neath Apostolic hands.
White are his mantle folds, who ready stands
Before the shrine, to bless and intercede :
And duteous maidens, skilful in Love's law,
Unbidden use in stainless white to come :
As doves, that to the bright clouds upward draw,
Plume the soft lily breast, the more to win
Of splendour from the Light's far cloudless home.
O deep, that hour, the bliss or curse within !

## 11

## WHITE APPAREL

### IV. Priests in White

*When they enter in at the gates of the inner court, they shall be clothed with linen garments.*—Ezekiel xliv. 17.

And even the very walls of the dread place,
And the tall windows with their breathing lights,

Speak to the adoring heart, and say, No base
Or week-day garb may him beseem, who writes
God's message here in hearts of men,—invites
To the bright nuptial feast of joy and grace.
But Angels waiting on our awful rites
Should in our frail and mortal Angel trace
Some hue of their own robes, what time they raise
The censer, heaped with prayer, before the throne:
And Innocents, in wonder moved to gaze
On the new glory, mantling forms well-known,
Should ask and learn the clue to Angels' ways:—
"The vision is for the pure heart alone."

## 11

## WHITE APPAREL

### V. Choristers in White

*The Levites which were the singers, . . . with their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen.*—2 Chronicles v. 12.

Within a reverend Minster I have stood,
As one to whom, for many a godless deed,
The Choir was clos'd:—fit penance and due meed
Sad conscience own'd it:—one by one I view'd
With wistful eye the entering multitude.
At last with joyous step, but sober heed
Of holy things, like fawns in forest mead,
Timid yet happy, the white-robed brood
Of Choristers swept by:—then musings came,
"What happier dawn of being than to meet
Matins and vespers here with punctual feet?
What happier close, than here in peace to lay,
Wearing the white robe still, th' exhausted frame,
And so, through life, Heaven's garb and speech assay?"

## 11

## WHITE APPAREL

### VI. Bridal White

*And unto her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white.*—Revelation xix. 8.

Once more unto Thine Altar, Lord, once more,
In vesture of Thy Saints: for Joy and Love
Have vow'd, to-day, their best on earth to prove,
And Pureness, guardian sole of their rich store
Of blessing and delight. Arm we the more
Both heart and limb with brightness from above:
So may we scare the noisome beasts that rove
There busiest, where Earth's rapture most runs o'er.
Well are they warn'd, who in that dangerous bliss
May on some Innocent look down, array'd
In bridal white, flower of the nuptial band,
Unconscious, yet o'erjoy'd: nor far amiss
Deem they perchance, who in that smiling maid
Heaven's youngest Angel see, with wreath in hand.

## 11

## WHITE APPAREL

### VII. Penitents in White

*Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him.*—St. Luke xv. 22.

But what if chrisom robes be sin-defil'd,
If nuptial white of broken vows bear trace,
If he who daily in the holy Place
Wears the bright alb, in heart be gross and wild,
So that the stones, whereon the shrine is pil'd,
Seem to cry out, "Who hath requir'd this grace
Of thee, the consecrated floor to pace,
Thrice pledg'd and thrice forsworn?" O Saviour mild,

Hast Thou, for these, a white robe yet in store?
Yea: the Church path is by the fount of tears,
And a grave Angel stands beside the door,
Laden with vests for contrite pilgrims meet.
Him trust with all; sad memories and dim fears:
Then kneel in white before the Mercy-seat.

## 11

## WHITE APPAREL

### VIII. White upon the Altar

*He bought fine linen, and took Him down, and wrapped Him in the linen.*—St. Mark xv. 46.

O Lord, give gracious humbleness of heart,
And chaste and grave imaginings, in awe
Veiled evermore, that as we nearer draw
To Thy tremendous Altar, or impart
Unto Thy little ones the skill and art
Of holy things, and the mysterious law
Whereby Faith sees whate'er Apostles saw,
No ill may glance or eye or mind athwart.
So unreproved may we to babes declare
The secret of the Altar's snow-white pall,
And of the linen garment, bright and fair,
Spread o'er the glorious Sacrifice when all
Have tasted. 'Tis as Jesus' winding sheet,
And theirs, who die clasping His sacred Feet.

## 11

## WHITE APPAREL

### IX. The Winding Sheet

*Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon.*—2 Corinthians v. 4.

Pure is the glory of the Chrisom vest;
Joyous the Sunday-robe; all hope and might
The heavenly gleam, when dovelike wings alight
On the twice-sealed brow; benignly rest

The smiles of Angels on the mitred crest
And flowing skirt of Priests, whose stainless white
The heart belies not; or on striplings bright,
Glancing like spirits through the region blest;
Or on glad bridal train, around the shrine
Gathered with starlike and unchanging gleam;
But most where dimly robes of penance shine.
Yet all is vain, if the last glory fail,
If with the cold pale shroud the Font's pure beam
Blend not, and o'er all hues of death prevail.

## 12

## REDBREAST IN CHURCH

*The creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.*—Romans viii. 21.

WHAT is this sudden thrill
Of notes so sweet and keen?
The organ's waves of sound are still
Within the awful screen.
In prayer are bowed both head and knee,
And yet unbidden rings and free
A chant from one unseen.

A wingèd chorister
From his arched nook on high
Makes in the calm a gladsome stir,
His proper melody:
A Redbreast blithe, his evening hymn
Trying amid the shadows dim,
Attracts both ear and eye.

Nor time nor tune are there,
Yet sounds the unruly joy
Meet for the hour, nor spoils the prayer
Even of the gazing boy.
It seems to say, Not man alone
Lives in the shade of Jesus' Throne,
And shares the Saints' employ.

The Angels out of sight
Worship with us, we know;
And who can say what pure warm light
The unreasoning tribes below
May by their kindly wafting feel?
What gleams to guide, what balms to heal
From Christ on earth may flow?

Bird, beast, and insect hail
Warm sun and fragrant shower.
The sheep in Bethlehem's thymy dale,
In Blessed Mary's bower
The ox and ass—to them was given
To see our Lord: the Light of Heaven
Fell on them in that hour.

And since our Lord she bare
In triumph to His place,
One patient beast hath seemed to wear
The mark of His high grace,
His tokens to dumb creatures, freed
From slavery and unholy deed,
From cruel tasks and base:—

Freed by the mighty Cross,
And pure.—O mark it, all
Who bear that sign! O fear and loss,
Should ye again enthrall
To woe and wrong His creatures, sealed
For blessing, aid to earn and yield,
As ere our father's fall!

## 13

## DISUSE OF EXCOMMUNICATION

*Having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience, when your obedience is fulfilled.*—2 Corinthians x. 6.

O WONDROUS warfare of the Spouse of God,
Trampled to earth, yet wielding bolts so keen,
She dares not hurl them in her wrath abroad,
Only their ireful lustre glares half-seen.

For if she once unlock her quivered store,
Once speak the words that in her bosom dwell,
Earth could not bear the sound; the anguish sore
Might drive her haughtiest to the scourge and cell.

For she hath power to shut the Heaven on high,
Oft as in hallowed air her dread notes thrill,
That no shower fall: and she may smite and try
Earth with all plagues, as often as she will.

Only her potent arm now for a space
Lies withered: quenched and dull her arrowy fires,
Like smouldering brands in daylight, till her race
Wake, as of old, to heaven-born high desires.

But would one Church Christ's awful lore obey,
Like Saints of old,—one household, one true heart,
Such sacrifice might open the dread way
For the Old Signs, for Paul's or Moses' art.

Darkness and mist, at one stern word of thine,
Might even on scorners' outward eyes descend;
Fire might break out of each insulted shrine,
Thy locusts spoil them, and thy lions rend.

Haunt us, dire thought! where'er we walk in sin
That mighty secret Power is all our foe:
But they who bear unharm'd Heaven's seal within
May through the penal fires rejoicing go.

So when the storm is rife among the hills,
Roused on his heathery bed the mountain boy
To every flash that through the dim air thrills
Keeps time with eager hands, and screams for joy.

Note from the *Life* of Sir Walter Scott, i. 83. "There is a story of his having been forgotten one day among the knolls when a thunderstorm came on, and his aunt, suddenly recollecting his situation, and running out to bring him home, is said to have found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at the lightning, and crying out, 'Bonny, bonny,' at every flash."

## 14

## DISUSE OF INFANT COMMUNION

*There shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water : follow him.*—St. Mark xiv. 13.

O Lord, behold these babes are Thine,
Thy treasured nurslings pure and sweet :
We have sought counsel at Thy shrine :
" Where may they sit with Thee, and eat ? "
Thou saidst, " The Water-Bearer meet
Within the chosen City's round,
Trace Him along the hallowed street,
And where He guides, be duteous found.

" Where glorious Sion rests on high
Amid the hills that on her wait,
Him faithful following, ye shall spy
A wicket in a lowly gate :
There early knock, there linger late,
There in Christ's Name the room require,
Where the Great Lord in royal state
Shall eat the Bread of His desire.

" Then to the spacious upper room
The Host will bid you onward fare,
Round many a nook of deepest gloom,
Up many a broken wearying stair.
The handmaid Penance hath been there,
And swept and garnished all the place.
Haste, and with loyal hands prepare
For Me and Mine the Feast of Grace."

Thou spak'st, and we Thine infants bore,
And bathed them in the Living Well
That gushes out beside the door,
Where Thou, O Lord, delight'st to dwell :
Then lowly on our knees we fell,
And prayed, that through the world's hot day
Dews from that hour, a balmy spell,
Might gently freshen all their way.

Now, trembling still as they advance
  Up the far shadowing awful nave,
Full oft we bid them backward glance
  Where gleaming from its heavenly cave,—
  The Saviour's side,—the healing wave
Falls in the fount of their new birth.
  The ears that hear its murmuring, crave
No tinsel melodies of earth.

When to the Chancel arch they come,
  "Pause here," we say, "and search with fear
If yet the pledge of your high doom
  Upon the sealèd brow appear.
  If worn and faint, by many a tear
Renew the lines, then humbly kneel
  Till He invite—till sure and near
The gliding of soft wings ye feel.

"Then to the inner shrine make haste,
  Fall prostrate with anointed brows,
Adore, and of the Adorèd taste.
  Such bliss the Love untold allows."
  Of old, we read, the intrusted Spouse
Her infants to the Anointing led
  Straight from the Laver and the vows:—
Yea, Christ was then the children's bread.

But now some mournful instinct chills
  Our Mother's joy, and mars our spring:
She, as of old, to the bright hills
  Her eaglets' speed at once would wing:
  Now far and wide earth's vapours fling
Their tainting dews; and she perchance
  Shrinks from the fall such flight may bring,
Fears the debasing, downward glance.

Then in low place with lowly heart
  Wait we, dear babe, both thou and I,
Bide we our time, and take such part
  In the Bride's awful minstrelsy,

As she whose laws are sealed on high
Ordains : and if long lingering tire,
Yet may we hope, Faith's virgin sigh
The purer mounts, to meet Heaven's fire.

## 15

## THE OFFERTORY

*God loveth a cheerful giver.*—2 Corinthians ix. 7.

Christ before thy door is waiting,
Rouse thee, slave of earthly gold.
Lo, He comes, thy pomp abating,
Hungry, thirsty, homeless, cold :—
Hungry, by Whom Saints are fed
With the Eternal Living Bread ;
Thirsty, from Whose pierced side
Healing waters spring and glide ;
Cold and bare He comes, Who never
May put off His robe of light ;
Homeless, Who must dwell for ever
In the Father's Bosom bright.

In kind ambush alway lying
He besets thy bed and path,
Fain would see thee hourly buying
Prayers against the time of wrath,
Prayers of thankful mourners here,
Prayers that in Love's might appear
With the offerings of the Blest,
At the shrine of perfect rest.
See, His undecaying treasure
Lies like dew upon the grass,
To be won and stored at pleasure :—
But its hour will quickly pass.

Christ before His Altar standing,
Priest of Priests, in His own Day,
Calls on thee, some fruit demanding
Of the week's heaven-guarded way

See His Arm stretch'd out to bless :
Whoso nearest to Him press,
Open-handed, eagle-eyed,
They may best that Arm abide,
When, the last dread lightnings wielding,
He shall lift it, and decree,
" Go, ye churls of soul unyielding,
Where nor gift nor prayer shall be."

Jesus in His babes abiding
Shames our cold ungentle ways,
Silently the young heart guiding
To unconscious love and praise.
See out-reached the fingers small,
Ever, at each playful call,
Ready to dispense around
Joys and treasures newly found.
Fearless they of waste or spoiling
Nought enjoy but what they share ;
Grudging thought and care and moiling
Live not in their pure glad air.

Strange the law of Love's combining !—
As with wild winds moaning round
Tones from lute or harp entwining
Make one thread of solemn sound ;—
As calm eve's autumnal glow
Answers to the woods below ;—
As in landscape leaf or stone,
Cloud or flower, at random thrown,
Helps the sadness or the glory ;—
So the gift of playful child
May recall thy natal story,
Church of Salem undefiled !

How the new-born Saints, assembling
Daily 'neath the shower of fire,
To their Lord in hope and trembling
Brought the choice of earth's desire.
Never incense-cloud so sweet
As before the Apostles' feet

Rose, majestic Seer, from thee,
Type of royal hearts and free,
Son of holiest consolation,
When thou turn'dst thy land to gold,
And thy gold to strong salvation,
Leaving all, by Christ to hold :—

Type of Priest and Monarch, casting
All their crowns before the Throne,
And the treasure everlasting
Heaping in the world unknown.
Now in gems their relics lie,
And their names in blazonry,
And their forms from storied panes
Gleam athwart their own lov'd fanes,
Each his several radiance flinging
On the sacred Altar floor,
Whether great ones much are bringing,
Or their mite the mean and poor.

Bring thine all, thy choicest treasure,
Heap it high and hide it deep :
Thou shalt win o'erflowing measure,
Thou shalt climb where skies are steep.
For as Heaven's true only light
Quickens all those forms so bright,
So where Bounty never faints,
There the Lord is with His Saints,
Mercy's sweet contagion spreading
Far and wide from heart to heart,
From His Wounds atonement shedding
On the blessed widow's part.

## 16

## CHURCH BELLS

*Let the hills hear thy voice.*—Micah vi. 1.

" WAKE me to-night, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The Christmas Bells, so soft and clear,

To high and low glad tidings tell,
How God the Father loved us well,
How God the Eternal Son
Came to undo what we had done,
How God the Paraclete,
Who in the chaste womb framed the Babe so sweet,
In power and glory came, the birth to aid and greet.

"Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long
May bear the song
About with me in the world's throng;
That treasured joys of Christmas tide
May with mine hour of gloom abide;
The Christmas carol ring
Deep in my heart, when I would sing;
Each of the twelve good days
Its earnest yield of duteous love and praise,
Ensuring happy months, and hallowing common ways.

"Wake me again, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The peal of the departing year.
O well I love, the step of Time
Should move to that familiar chime:
Fair fall the tones that steep
The Old Year in the dews of sleep,
The New guide softly in
With hopes to sweet sad memories akin!
Long may that soothing cadence ear, heart, conscience win."

In the dark winter, ere the snow
Had lost its glow,
This melody we learned; and lo!
We hear it now in every breeze
That stirs on high the summer trees.
We pause and look around—
Where may the lone church-tower be found,
That speaks our tongue so well?
The dim peal in the torrent seems to dwell,
It greets us from afar in Ocean's measured swell.

Perhaps we sit at home, and dream
On some high theme,
And forms, that in low embers gleam,
Come to our twilight Fancy's aid:
Then, wavering as that light and shade,
The breeze will sigh and wail,
And up and down its plaintive scale
Range fitfully, and bear
Meet burden to the lowly whispered air,
And ever the sweet bells, that charmed Life's morn, are there.

The pine-logs on the hearth sometimes
Mimic the chimes,
The while on high the white wreath climbs,
Which seething waters upward fling,
In prison wont to dance and sing,
All to the same low tune.
But most it loves in bowers of June
At will to come and go,
Where like a minster roof the arched boughs show
And court the pensive ear of loiterer far below.

Be mine at Vesper hour to stray
Full oft that way,
And when the dreamy sounds decay,
As with the sun the gale dies down,
Then far away, from tower or town,
A true peal let me hear,
In manifold melodious cheer,
Through all the lonely grove
Wafting a fair good-night from His high love,
Who strews our world with signs from His own world above.

So never with regretful eye
Need we descry
Dark mountains in the evening sky,
Nor on those ears with envy think,
Which nightly from the cataract shrink
In heart-ennobling fear,
And in the rushing whirlwind hear

(When from his Highland cave
He sweeps unchained over the wintry wave)
Ever the same deep chords, such as home fancies crave.

Ever the same, yet ever new,
Changed and yet true,
Like the pure heaven's unfailing blue,
Which varies on from hour to hour,
Yet of the same high Love and Power
Tells alway :—such may seem
Through life, or waking or in dream,
The echoing Bells that gave
Our childhood welcome to the healing wave :
Such the remembered Word, so mighty then to save.

## 17

## CONTINUAL SERVICES

(*For the Sunday before Advent*)

*Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.*—St. John vi. 12.

O ENDLESS round of Nature's wheel,
How doth thine untired course reveal
The universal spring
Of Power and Motion ! Not in keen
And sudden startings, far between,[1]
But smooth as sea-bird's wing,
Gliding unwearied, now in Air
And now in Ocean,
As though Life's only call and care
Were graceful motion.

Such are your changes, Space and Time,
Dying away in softest chime,
With gentlest intervals
Aye lessening on the ear, and felt
As when into each other melt
The hues where evening falls.

[1] " Continuo, non vero per saltum."—*Newton*

Thus moon to moon gives silent place,
And bright stars waning
Gradual retire, while morn's still pace
On night is gaining.

Thus or for increase or decay
The seasons wind their viewless way,
Nor but by word of man
Or measure rude by man imposed,
Is known when day or year hath closed,
Summer or Winter's span.
And ever onward as we go,
The wide earth rounding,
The horizon moves in gentle flow,
Not in harsh bounding.

For why ? the unseen Preserver's law
Is nigh, to master and o'erawe
The creatures in their race,
Else starting each its own wild way.
So Nature, saved from disarray,
Is free to wait on Grace :
And still, as Earth and Time steal on
To their dread ending,
New fragments may of both be won
For holy spending.

Thus high may soar the instructed soul,
Watching young fingers idly roll
The mimic earth, or trace
In picture bright of blue and gold
The orbs that round the sky's deep fold
Each other circling chase.
When plainest strikes the inward ear
What Heaven hath spoken,
Then most for our own chant we fear,
So harsh and broken.

His spheres, recede they or advance,
Before Him in mysterious dance
Keep tune and time ; nor e'er

Fails from this lower world a wreath
Of incense, such as sweet flowers breathe,
And vernal breezes bear.
Only man's frail sin-wearied heart
Bears, half in sadness,
A wavering, intermitted part
In that high gladness.—

Yes: so it was ere Jesus came.
Alternate then His altar-flame
Blazed up and died away;
And Silence took her turn with Song,
And Solitude with the fair throng
That owned the festal day.
For in earth's daily circuit then
One only border
Reflected to the Seraph's ken
Heaven's light and order.

But now to the revolving sphere
We point, and say, No desert here,
No waste so dark and lone,
But to the hour of sacrifice
Comes daily in its turn, and lies
In light beneath the Throne.
Each point of time, from morn to eve,
From eve to morning,
The shrine doth from the Spouse receive
Praise and adorning.

While on our couch we listless dream,
Or drink perforce of care's dull stream,
Yet somewhere in that hour
The holy words are uttered, Earth
Is partner made in Angels' mirth,
The unspeakable, pure shower
Of blessings to the unbloody rite
Even now is winging
Its awful way, The Infinite
To meek hearts bringing.

'Tis said, of yore some child of pride
Would vaunt him how his empire wide
The bright sun never left.
So in the Name of our dread King
Of incense and pure offering
We never are bereft.
'Tis morning here, 'tis evening there,
And prayer must vary;
But evermore through silent air,
Nor dull nor weary,

From earth, the censer at His feet,
Mounts to the Lord the savour sweet
Of that which once for all
He gave upon the Cross, and we
Give daily, earth's release to be
From daily woe and thrall.
Thus to Heaven's Bride, so chaste and fair,
A voice is granted,
To try unblam'd each solemn air
In high Heaven chanted.

Then mourn we not with drooping heart,
Though half the globe may seem to part
Our prayers from home and friends.
Our matins meet their evensong,
And the dread Offering, all day long,
All prayer, all duty blends.
The Eucharist of God's dear Son,
Like Him undying,
Is mighty, worlds and hearts in one
For ever tying.

Wherefore in solemn cheer we pass
(Now that the Church hath turned her glass)
From year to dawning year.
All years to Him are one: and thou,
In virtue of thy first dread vow
Signing thyself in fear,
Make haste, dear child, and onward press
To high Communion:—
Thy fragments He will glean, and bless
With perfect union.

# X

# HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS

## 1

### CHRISTMAS EVE: VESPERS

*If it bear fruit, well: if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down.*—St. Luke xiii. 9.

THE duteous sun hath ceased to keep
The vigil of His wondrous birth,
Who in few hours, while sinners sleep,
Shall dawn on thankless earth.

The sun is set, the stars begin
Their stations in His watch on high,
As once around that Bethlehem inn;
The vesper hour is nigh.

A little maid with eager gaze
Comes hurrying to the House of Prayer,
Shaping in heart a wild green maze
Of woodland branches there.

One look,—a cloud comes o'er her dream:
No burnished leaves, so fresh and clear,
No berries with their ripe red gleam:—
"There is no Christmas here."

What if that little maiden's Lord,
The awful Child on Mary's knee,
Even now take up the accusing word:—
"No Christmas here I see.

" Where are the fruits I yearly seek,
As holy seasons pass away,
Eyes turned from ill, lips pure and meek,
A heart that strives to pray ?

" Where are the glad and artless smiles,
Like clustering hollies, seen afar
At eve along the o'ershaded aisles,
With the first twilight star ? "

Spare, gracious Saviour, me and mine :
Our tardy vows in mercy hear,
While on our watch the cold skies shine
Of the departing year.

Ere we again that glimmering view,
Cleansed be our hearts and lowly laid ;
The unfruitful plant do Thou renew,
And all beneath its shade.

By winter frosts and summer heats,
By prunings sharp and waterings mild,
Keen airs of Lent, and Easter sweets,
Tame Thou the sour and wild.

And dare we ask for one year more ?
Yea, there is hope : One waits on high
To tell our contrite yearnings o'er,
And each adoring sigh.

If He in Heaven repeat our vow,
We copying here His pure dread Will,
O dream of joy !—the withered bough
May blush with fruitage still.

## 2

## CHRISTMAS EVE: COMPLINE

*Rejoice in the Lord alway.*—Philippians iv. 4.

REJOICE in God alway,
With stars in Heaven rejoice,
Ere dawn of Christ's own day
Lift up each little voice.
Look up with pure glad eye,
And count those lamps on high.
Nay, who may count them? on our gaze
They from their deeps come out in ever widening maze.

Each in his stand aloof
Prepares his keenest beam,
Upon that hovel roof,
In at that door, to stream,
Where meekly waits her time
The whole earth's Flower and Prime:—
Where in few hours the Eternal One
Will make a clear new day, rising before the sun.

Rejoice in God alway,
With each green leaf rejoice,
Of berries on each spray
The brightest be your choice.
From bower and mountain lone
The autumnal hues are gone,
Yet gay shall be our Christmas wreath,
The glistening beads above, the burnished leaves beneath.

Such garland grave and fair
His Church to-day adorns.
And—mark it well—even there
He wears His crown of thorns.
Should aught profane draw near,
Full many a guardian spear
Is set around, of power to go
Deep in the reckless hand, and stay the grasping Foe.

Rejoice in God alway,
With Powers rejoice on high,
Who now with glad array
Are gathering in the sky,
His cradle to attend,
And there all lowly bend.
But half so low as He hath bowed
Did never highest Angel stoop from brightest cloud.

Rejoice in God alway,
All creatures, bird and beast,
Rejoice, again I say,
His mightiest and His least;
From ox and ass that wait
Here on His poor estate,
To the four living Powers, decreed
A thousand ways at once His awful car to speed.

Rejoice in God alway:
With Saints in Paradise
Your midnight service say,
For vigil glad arise.
Even they in their calm bowers
Too tardy find the hours
Till He reveal the wondrous Birth:
How must we look and long, chained here to sin and earth!

Ye babes, to JESUS dear,
Rejoice in Him alway.
Ye whom He bade draw near,
O'er whom He loved to pray,
Wake and lift up the head
Each in his quiet bed.
Listen: His voice the night-wind brings:
He in your cradles lies, He in our carols sings.

## 3

## CHRISTMAS DAY

*(While waiting on an Infant at home.)*

*Behold I and the children which God hath given me.*—Hebrews ii. 13.

THOU, who didst choose thine awful room
Within the undefilèd womb,—
The bridal chamber, where our God
For spousals high made brief abode,
High spousals, evermore to bind
The Godhead with our fallen kind :—
Now while the o'er-arching clouds among
Echoes the Angels' matin song,
While, heart and hand,
In every land
The Saints their sacrifice prepare
The Cradle to adore of Heaven's dread Heir,
Behold where in the silent shade
Thy slumbering little ones till matin prime are laid.

Soon will a thousand bells ring out,
A thousand roofs the choral shout
Prolong, where Kings with Shepherds meet
His manger with their gifts to greet.
What shall we do, mine infant dear,
Who may not those glad anthems hear ?
How shall we serve Him, thou and I,
Far from that glorious company ?
Thou smil'st in sleep :
Who knows how deep
The dream of joy that smile denotes ?
Mild as the summer lightning, see, it floats,
As if, the new-born Spirit o'er,
Came voices low from where departed babes adore.

Such is thy silent Liturgy,
But what is ours who wait on thee ?
We offer thee to Him, this hour,
Who in like slumber veil'd His power :

Thy cradle with its hopes and fears,
Thy May-day smiles and April tears,
Whate'er thou hast, whate'er thou art,
Howe'er thy mother's dreaming heart
Shapes thy bright doom
In years to come ;—
All with that offering would we blend,
Which Saints on earth to Angel hands commend
To bear on high, this favoured day,
And on the sovereign Babe's unquenchèd altar lay.

Mysterious are these smiles of thine ;
But of that Face, the Godhead's shrine,
Those holy lips, that awful brow,
Nor Angel then nor Prophet now
Might truly deem ; none trace aright
Those hoverings of supernal light.
No more to sight, in earth or heaven,
Shall the Eternal Child be given,
But, Infant dear,
Unveiled and clear,
Thou shalt behold Him as He died,
Thine eye shall gaze upon the Crucified :
In mercy may He meet thy gaze,
And all the joy fulfil of all His bright glad days !

## 4

## THE EPIPHANY

*They saw the young Child with Mary His Mother, . . . and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts.*— **St. Matthew ii. 11.**

How gaily seems the sun to rise
On christening days and days of birth,
Whether he smile in summer skies,
Or faintly warm the wintry earth !
Bright are the dreams he drives away,
And bright the promise of that day.
All charms, all gifts of Love are there,
Love breathes in all the fragrant air.

Oh haste we then to-day to greet
  Him who is born our glorious King:
Of gold and myrrh and incense sweet
  Your treasures to His cradle bring.
The Virgin Mother waiting by
Your offering scans with earnest eye,
Angels and Saints with jealous heed
Watch if you bring your best indeed.

And He, the Holiest, Humblest One,
  Making as though He could not see,—
Yet is His Eye all hearts upon.
  O may He find some good in me!
A poor, weak, wayward soul is mine,
Yet own I, Lord, Thy saving sign.
Thou seest me daily, how before
Thy gracious footsteps I adore.

Fain would I there my stores unfold,
  And of the gifts Thy Love hath given
One heart restore of virgin gold,
  One prayer, like incense, seeking Heaven,
One drop of penitential Love,
Fragrant and dear to God above,
Yet bitter in the mouth as gall,
Fain would I bring Thee: 'tis mine all.

O blessed, who with eyes so pure
  Have watched Thy cradle day by day,
Thy look may in their hearts endure,
  Brightening their dim and weary way!
Blest, whom sweet thoughts of Christmas tide
Through all the year may guard and guide,
As on those sages journeying smiled
In dreams the Mother and the Child.

## 5

## THE PURIFICATION

*The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.*—Song of Solomon ii. 12.

WHAT buds, what fragrant flowers are here!
Not yet are Christmas garlands sere,
The stern bleak months that lead the year
Are frowning still,
Yet forth they come, no stay, no fear,
And bloom at will.

Each nodding violet spray beneath
What troops of tender nurslings breathe,
Close set as gems in bridal wreath!
April's last day
No richer gift did e'er bequeath
To brightening May.

The snowdrops round the cottage door
Are twinkling gay by tens and more,
The merry children on the floor
As gay within:
The birds tell out their vernal lore
With joyous din.

As they prevent the matin prime,
So, might it seem, sweet nature's chime
Rings out, to greet the holy time.
Heaven's softest airs
Wait on the Maid who now shall climb
The Temple stairs.

Pure from her undefilèd throes,
Her virgin matron arms inclose
The only Gift the wide earth knows
Not all unmeet
For the dread place where now she goes,
His mercy-seat.

See the Redeemer on His way
Himself to be redeemed to-day:
In humblest meekness see her lay
Before the shrine
Such offerings as poor matrons pay,
Want's lowly sign.

But soon the untimely vernal gleam
Must fade away like morning dream,
And ill winds blow, and cold mists stream
On flower and leaf:
So with the glad prophetic theme
Come tones of grief.

"The sword shall pierce thy very soul."
As on some gay glad hour might toll
The funeral knell, or thunders roll
O'er summer night,
So did that word thy joy control,
Thou Virgin bright!

Then, poor and orphan'd though I prove,
Yet would I praise Thee, Lord, and love,
And learn of Mary's spotless Dove,
With moanings meek,
And soft wing gliding high above,
Thy Face to seek.

## 6

## LENT

*Sanctify a fast . . . gather the children, and those that suck the breasts.*—Joel iii. 15, 16.

'Tis said, the immortal Powers on high
Might envy Saints on earth, for they can die;
They for their Lord may suffer loss;
Those but adore, these taste, the healing Cross.
So while in all beside, dear babe, we pine
For hope as pure as thine,
One gift we have, one token more than thou,
With choice of heart beneath the Saviour's yoke to bow.

No deep of joy to thee is lost
From Christmas, Easter, or bright Pentecost:
No memory-cloud in air, to dim
The unfolding heavens, or mar the Seraphs' hymn.
The gladsome days are thine: to us are sent
The wan soft gleams of Lent,
The kindly waters from the heavens above,
From earth to be exhal'd in dews of tearful love.

Our portion in Christ's awful year,
Not thine, is Lent: and yet He calls thee near.
Come, spotless one, He seems to say,
Come with thy pure white robe, and kneel to-day
Beside the fallen and defil'd, and learn
How keen the fires must burn
Of the dread Spirit, purging contrite hearts
With penitential pains, Truth in the inward parts.

Oft have we mark'd thy wistful eye
Fix'd upon ours when evil news came nigh,
As who should say, "My dreams are bright,
Why should the cloud of woe on thee alight?"
Then sweeter grew thy smile, thy soft caress
Would closer seem to press,
And for the woe, to thee yet unreveal'd,
Pure balm of kindly hope thou didst unknowing yield.

So be it now: the secret dark
Of wasting sin here in God's awful ark
In mercy may He keep from thee,
Yet be thou near, our penance-hour to see,
Our penance-hour to see, and deeply thrill
At sense of unknown ill.
Thou look'st an Angel: be thy presence found
Like a bright Angel's here, guarding the holy ground.

Oh much we need a loving spell,
To scare away the Powers unclean and fell,
Whom we too oft have tempted nigh,
To bind our burden, dim our upward eye.
Thou from the Font art fresh and undefiled:
O surely, happy child,
More than angelic power is where thou art,
More than angelic love, to melt the cold dry heart.

## 7

## EASTER EVE

*It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.*—Lamentations iii. 26.

The Primroses with kindly gleam
Are looking out from bower and brake:
As bright and quiet all things seem
As if no heart on earth could ache.

Yet He, the Sun who yester even
Set in that wild tempestuous gloom,
When graves flew wide, and rocks were riven,
Still lingers in the dreary tomb.

Nor blame our peace: for He will rise,
His veil for evermore withdrawn.
O never yet shone vernal skies
So pure, as shall to-morrow dawn.

'Tis in that faith the flowers of Earth
Their very best make speed to wear,
And e'en the funeral mound gives birth
To wild thyme fresh and violets fair.

Stoop, little child, nor fear to kiss
The green buds on this bed of death.
Thou hast thy first baptismal bliss,
Like new-born babe's, thy fragrant breath.

Thy fragrant breath with this sweet air
From brier and turf may duly blend:
But keep it pure with Fast and Prayer,
Come early near, and lowly bend.

## 8

## EASTER-DAY

*I found Him whom my soul loveth : I held Him, and would not let Him go.*—Song of Solomon iii. 4.

'Twas at the matin hour, early before the dawn,
The prison-doors flew open, the bolts of death were drawn.
'Twas at the matin hour, when prayers of Saints are strong,
Where, two short days ago, He bore the spitting, wounds, and wrong,
From realms unseen, an unseen way th' Almighty Saviour came,
And following on His silent steps an Angel arm'd in flame.
The stone is roll'd away, the keepers fainting fall ;
Satan's and Pilate's watchmen—the Day has scar'd them all.

The Angel came full early, but Christ had gone before,
The Breath of Life, the Living Soul, had breath'd itself once more
Into the sacred Body that slumber'd in the tomb,
As still and lowly, as erewhile in th' undefilèd womb.
And surely not in folds so bright the spotless winding sheet
Inwrapt Him, nor such fragrance pour'd the myrrh and aloes sweet,
As when in that chaste Bosom, His awful bed, He lay,
And Mary's prayer around Him rose, like incense, night and day.

And even as when her hour was come, He left His Mother mild
A royal Virgin evermore, heavenly and undefil'd,
So left the glorious Body the rock it slumber'd on,
And spirit-like in silence past, nor touch'd the sealèd stone.

The Angel came full early, but Christ had gone before,
Not for Himself, but for His Saints, is burst the prison door,
That penitents who bring Him tears and perfume of good deeds
May for His glory school their eyes, watching His funeral weeds.

They who have sinn'd, though much they love,—they who have thrice denied,—
'Tis meet that they awhile beneath the garb of glory hide
A shred of Jesus' grave-clothes, such robes as hermits weave ;—
But Virgin Love needs only to behold, rejoice, believe.
Dearest, be thine such portion : yet even so, in still
And humble guise draw nigh : such is thy Saviour's will.
Stoop lowly o'er His traces dim, and of His Angels learn
Where face to face He will be met, and for that greeting yearn.

Thou know'st He died not for Himself, nor for Himself arose :
Millions of souls were in His Heart, and thee for one He chose.
Upon the palms of His pierc'd Hands engraven was thy name,
He for thy cleansing had prepar'd His water and His flame.
Sure thou with Him art risen : and now with Him thou must go forth,
And He will lend thy sick soul health, thy strivings, might and worth.
Early with Him thou forth must fare, and ready make the way
For the descending Paraclete, the third hour of the day.

He veil'd His awful footsteps, our all-subduing Lord,
Until the Blessed Magdalene beheld Him and ador'd.
But through the veil the Spouse may see, for her heart is as His own,
That to His Mother or by sight or touch He made Him known.
And even as from His manger bed He gave her His first smile,
So now, while Seraphs wait, He talks apart with her awhile;
That thou of all the forms, which to thee His image wear,
Might'st own thy parents first, with thy prime of loving care.

And when that first spring-flower of love is gather'd, be thou seen
Full soon with mourning Peter, and bereavèd Magdalene,
And meet with looks of soothing cheer the women on their way
To find the Lord, nor from beside his musing comrades stray.
To Emmaus see thou lose not the narrow path, for there
With open face He tarries, to give thee Angels' fare.
Where all His Saints assemble, make haste ere twilight cease,
His Easter blessing to receive, and so lie down in peace.

## 9

## WHITSUN EVE

*O my Dove, that art in the clefts of the Rock, . . . let me hear thy voice.*—Song of Solomon ii. 14.

WELL fare the sage, whose dreams of old
Would every cradle fain enfold
In evening clouds of softest sound,
Slow settling ear and heart around,

Then with the breeze at morning prime
Would mingle some heart-thrilling chime,
Some Dorian movement, bold or grave,
Such as in inmost soul they crave,
Who, when the battles of the Lord are fought,
Shrink from their own frail hearts, else fearing nought.

Such strains have I desired erewhile,
When haply with half-pitying smile,
One of the attendant Spirits kind,
Who float unseen on wave or wind,
Might to another say, " Behold
The dimly eyed and narrow-souled !
He longs for music in the morn,
Nor heeds the lark's unwearied horn.
He finds at eve no soothing lullaby,
Though west winds stir, and whispering pines are nigh."

O heavenly Wisdom, strong and sweet,
How dost thou tune thy lyre, to meet
The wakening or half-dreaming cares
Of souls whom Love for Joy prepares !
How do wild Nature's chords, by thee
Combined in varying melody,
Make tunes for holy times ! e'en now,
From underneath the fragrant bough,
In notes of hopeful warning the fair Dove
Gives token of the approaching morn of love.

Soft are her tones ; for He draws nigh,
Who moveth all things quietly :
Yet grave and deep ; for to His sight
Heaven's secrets are undazzling light :
Content ; for He on healing wings
The promise of the Father brings :
And Comfort is His name ; yet so
That in His promptings here below
A wistful uncomplaining sadness still
Must deeply blend with Joy's adoring thrill.

As yet we but our vigil hold,
Not yet the Whitsun flowers unfold
Their full bright splendours. In the sky
The third hour's sun must ride full high,
Ere to the holy glorious room
The fires of New-Creation come,
Ere on weak hearts, though willing, fall
The rushing mighty wind, in all
The power of its dread harmony, and win,
Ne'er to die down, true echoes from within.

O loving Spirit, gently lay
Thine arm on ours when we would stray!
Prepare us with Thy warnings sweet,
Us and our little ones, to greet
Thy visitations dread and dear!
Grant us, when holy times are near,
In twilight or of morn or eve,
Thy dove-like whisperings to receive,
And own them kindlier for the plaintive mood,
That breathes of contrite Love, mild Hope,
Joy subdued.

## 10

## WHITSUNDAY

*The Promise is unto you, and to your children.*—Acts ii. 39.

One the descending Flame,
But many were the tongues of fire;
From one bright Heaven they came,
But here and there in many a spire,
In many a living line they sped
To rest on each anointed head,
There, as yon stars in clearest deep of night,
The glory-crowns shone out in many-coloured light.

One the dread rushing Wind,
But many were the tones of praise,
Love guiding each to find
His way in Music's awful maze.

Many the tongues, the theme was one,
The glory of th' Incarnate Son,
How He was born, how died, how reigns in Heaven,
And how His Spirit now to His new-born is given.

Joined in that choral cry
Were all estates, all tribes of earth :
Only sweet Infancy
Seemed silent in the adoring mirth.
Mothers and maidens there behold
The Maiden Mother : young and old
On Apostolic thrones with joy discern
Both fresh and faded forms, skill'd for all hearts to yearn.

Widows from Galilee,
Levites are there, and elders sage
Of high and low degree ;
But nought we read of that sweet age
Which in His strong embrace He took,
And sealed it safe, by word and look,
From Earth's foul dews, and withering airs of Hell ;
The Pentecostal chant no infant warblings swell.

Nay, but she worships here,
Whom still the Church in memory sees
(O thought to mothers dear)
Before her Babe on bended knees,
Or rapt, with fond adoring eye,
In her sweet nursing ministry.—
How in Christ's Anthem fails the children's part,
While Mary bears Him throned in her maternal heart ?

Hear too that Shepherd's voice,
Whom o'er His lambs the Saviour set
By words of awful choice,
When on the shore His Saints He met.
Blest Peter shows the key of Heaven,
And speaks the grace to infants given :
" Yours is the Promise, and your babes', and all,
Whom from all lands afar the Lord our God shall call."

## 11

## OCTAVES OF FESTIVALS

*Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound.*—Psalm lxxxix. 15.

Even as the close of some grave melody,
Hovering and lingering in the moon's still ray,
Breathes o'er and o'er, reviving ere they die,
The notes that are the soul of the sweet lay,
And hearts that own the music, loitering near,
Drink the loved cadence with enchanted ear;

So the bright holy days, as one by one
They pass, a glorious week behind them draw.
Nor will their echo cease till they outrun
Their Octave: such is heavenly Music's law.
Nor will Faith's ear grow weary of the strain,
But long for the glad note to sound again.

Whether the tones were pastoral, warbled low
On Christmas Eve, but ere the bright sun rise,
From thousand Seraphs in harmonious flow
O'erspreading earth new-born and gladdened skies:
Or in high triumph from beside the tomb
The sudden anthem pierced the Paschal gloom:

Or cloudlike soared the long-drawn melody,
Still upward gliding where the Lord had gone:
Or in all tongues the Pentecostal cry
Rose from all lands in perfect unison:—
For each and all, seven happy nights and days,
The Church untiring holds her note of praise.

For each and all, the eighth mysterious morn
Doth of the first tell o'er the perfect tale.
Lo, from Heaven's deep again the lays are borne
That seem'd for ever past behind the veil.
(For Thy dread Hours, Thou awful Trinity,
Are but the Whitsun airs, new set on high).

'Tis only our dull hearts that tire so soon
Of Christ's repeated call; while they in Heaven,
Unwearied basking in the eternal noon,
Still sound the note, by the first Seraph given,
What time the Morning Stars around their King
Began for evermore to shine and sing.

And you, ye gentle babes, true image here
Of such as walk in white before the Throne,
Ye weary not of Love, how oft soe'er
Her yearnings she repeat in unchanged tone.
To tale familiar, to remembered strain,
To frolic ten times tried, ye cry, Again.

How have I seen you, when the unpleasing time
Came for some kindly guest to pass away,
Cling round his skirts! how marked the playful chime
Of earnest voices, pledged to make him stay!
O deeply sink, and with a tearful spell,
The memories of such welcome and farewell.

Nor wants in elder love the like soft charm.
The Mother tires not of one little voice,
Even as she fain all day with patient arm
Would bear one burthen. O frail heart, rejoice!
Love trains thee now by repetition sweet
The unwasting and unvarying bliss to greet.

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

## ODE FOR THE ENCAENIA AT OXFORD

*Written for the Installation of his Grace Arthur, Duke of Wellington, Chancellor of the University, June* 11, 1834.

I

If, when across the autumnal heaven,
The rude winds draw their restless shroud,
One glorious star to sight be given,
Now dim, now clear, an isle in deeps of cloud;
Watchmen on their lonely tower,
Shepherds by their mountain hold,
Wistful gazing hour by hour,
Trace it through the tempest's fold;
Even such, in records dark of care and crime
Each in high Heaven's appointed time,
Bright names of Heroes glow, that gem the days of old.

II

When ours are days of old,
Whom will our children's children name
The Star of our dark time, the man high-soul'd,
At whose undying orb the true and bold
May light their lamps with pure heroic flame?
Go ask of every gale that blows,
Of every wave that curls the main;—
Where at burning noon repose
Tigers by some Indian fane;
Where hoary cliffs of Lusitane,
Like aged men, stand waiting on the shore,
And watch the setting sun, and hear th' Atlantic roar.

III

Then onward, where th' Iberian mountain gale
O'er many a deep monastic vale,
O'er many a golden river loves to fling
His gatherings from the thymy lap of spring,
Ask wide waters proudly spann'd,
Towers upheav'd by War's strong hand,
Oaks upon their mountains rent,
Where th' avenging whirlwind went;
Torrents of Navarre that boil
Choking with abandon'd spoil.—
Ask of the shades endear'd of yore
By tread of holy feet,
Monarch, or maiden vow'd, or calm-eyed priest,
Ask them by whom releas'd,
They breathe their hermit hymns, awful and sweet,
In saintly stillness, as before;
But chiefly pause where Heroes' bones are laid
By Learning's haunted home in Salamanca's glade.

IV

There, on the cloister'd youth of Spain,
The trumpet call'd, nor call'd in vain;—
Not Aaron's clarion, tun'd and blest on high,
The dread Ark moving nigh,
Thrill'd in a nobler cause, or pour'd a keener strain.
'Mid other cloisters now, and dearer shrines,
The memory rings of that victorious blast,
And years and glories past,
Charm'd to new life, advance in brightening lines.
Restorer of the rightful thrones!
Thee, cottage hearth, thee, palace tower,
Thee, busy mart and studious bower,
Thee, Isis, thine at last, her great Deliverer owns.—
Who knows not how the vulture woke,
Whose "deadly wound was heal'd"?
One breathless aim—'tis o'er—one stroke
That felon wing for ever broke.
Oh, laurell'd, bloody field!

Day of stern joy for heaven and earth!
Wrong'd earth, avenging heaven!
How well might War's ungentle lore
With thee depart for evermore,
And to the weary world th' expected birth
Of calm, bright years be given!

V

It may not be: lo, wild and free
Swarms out anew the dragon kind;
Spreads fast and far the kindling war
Against th' Anointed and Enshrined.
But thou, my Mother! green as erst and pure
Thy willows wave, thy meeting waters glide;
Untarnish'd on thy matron breast endure
The treasur'd gems, thy youth's delight and pride:
Firm Loyalty, serene and fond,
Wearing untir'd her lofty bond;
Awful Reverence, bending low
Where'er the heavens their radiance throw:
And Wisdom's mate, Simplicity,
That in the gloom dares trust the guiding arm on high—
These, of old thy guardians tried,
Daily kneeling at thy side,
And wont by night to fan thy vigil fires—
We feel them hovering now around th' aërial spires.
Our votive lays unalter'd swell,
Our angels breathe their willing spell,
Breathe on our incense cloud, and bear
Our welcome high in lucid air,
Telling dark Evil's banded powers
That he who freed the world is ours.

VI

Stand still in heaven, fair cloud, a space,
Nor urge too fast thy liquid race
Through fields of day! for while thou lingerest here,

Soft hazy gleams from thee descending,
Present, and past, and future blending,
Renew the vision lov'd, our glorious trial-year.
The sainted monarch lights again our aisles
With his own calm foreboding smiles,
(Not courtly smiles, nor earthly bred,)
Sobering Pleasure's airy wiles,
And taming War's too haughty tread.
Around him wait, a grave, white-robèd throng,
The chosen angels of the Church he loves:
Guided by them, in her meek power he moves
On to that brightest crown, prepared for him ere long.

VII

And mailèd forms are there,
Such as heroic spirits wear,
Seal'd for high deeds in yon ethereal halls.
Oh if th' Elysian dream
Were true, and with emerging gleam
Dread warrior shades at fated intervals
Were seen like stars returning,
And ever brighter burning,
Well might our shrines and bowers their Ormond hail,
Friend of his king, reviv'd in thee,
Ere, quite expiring, on the base earth fail
The trodden spark of loyalty.
Ormond, who paced the tottering deck,
Upright amid a nation's wreck,
Who spurn'd the boon the traitor gave,[1]
And slumber'd fearless on the wave.—
Warrior! be such our course and thine!
The eye that never sleeps
With undecaying fires benign
Will guide us o'er the deeps.

[1] See Clarendon, vi. 1184, Edit. Oxf. 1819. "The Lord Lieutenant, about the middle of December, 1650, embarked himself in a small vessel for France, after he had refused to receive a pass from Ireton, who offered it; choosing rather to trust the seas and winds, in that rough and boisterous season of the year, than to receive an obligation from the rebels."

## THE THREE ABSOLUTIONS[1]

*And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.*—Rev. xxi. 27.

EACH morn and eve, the Golden Keys[2]
Are lifted in the sacred hand,
To show the sinner on his knees
Where Heaven's bright doors wide open stand.

On the dread Altar duly laid
The Golden Keys their witness bear,
That not in vain the Church hath pray'd,
That He, the Life of souls, is there.

Full of the past, all shuddering thought,
Man waits his hour with upward eye:[3]
The Golden Keys in love are brought,
That he may hold by them and die.

But touch them trembling; for that gold
Proves iron in the unworthy hand,
To close, not ope, the favour'd fold,
To bind, not loose, the lost soul's band.

## ENCOURAGEMENT

*He which testifieth these things, saith, Surely I come quickly.*—Rev. xxii. 20.

FEAR not: for He hath sworn:
Faithful and true His name:
The glorious hours are onward borne;
'Tis lit, th' immortal flame;
It glows *around* thee: kneel, and strive, and win
Daily one living ray—'twill brighter glow *within*.

[1] I. In the Daily Service; II. In the Communion; III. In the Visitation of the Sick.

[2] This, and the forty-four poems which follow it, are printed in the *Lyra Apostolica*, and distinguished by the signature γ.

[3] *Vid.* Death-bed Scenes, "The Barton Family," §. 3.

Yet fear: the time is brief;
The Holy One is near;
And, like a spent and withered leaf
In autumn-twilight drear,
Faster each hour, on Time's unslackening gale,
The dreaming world drives on, to where all visions fail.

Surely the time is short:
Endless the task and art,
To brighten for the ethereal court
A soil'd earth-drudging heart.—
But He, the dread Proclaimer of that hour,
Is pledged to thee in Love, as to thy foes in Power.

His shoulders bear the Key:
He opens—who can close?
Closes—and who dare open?—He
Thy soul's misgiving knows.
If He come quick, the mightier sure will prove
His Spirit in each heart that timely strives to love.

Then haste Thee, Lord! Come down,
Take Thy great Power, and reign!
But frame Thee first a perfect Crown
Of spirits freed from stain,
Souls mortal once, now match'd for evermore
With the immortal gems that form'd Thy wreath before.

Who in Thy portal wait,
Free of that glorious throng,
Wondering, review their trial-state,
The life that erst seem'd long;
Wondering at His deep love, who purged so base
And earthly mould so soon for th' undefilèd place.

## BEREAVEMENT—RESIGNATION

*Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.*—Job xlii. 6.

And dare I say, "Welcome to me
The pang that proves Thee near?"
O words, too oft on bended knee
Breathed to th' Unerring Ear.
While the cold spirit silently
Pines at the scourge severe.

Nay, try once more—thine eyelids close
For prayer intense and meek:
When the warm light gleams through and shows
Him near who helps the weak.
Unmurmuring then thy heart's repose
In dust and ashes seek.

But when the self-abhorring thrill
Is past, as pass it must,
When tasks of life thy spirit fill,
Risen from thy tears and dust,
Then be the self-renouncing will
The seal of thy calm trust.

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD

I thought to meet no more, so dreary seem'd
Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,
Thy place in Paradise
Beyond where I could soar;

Friend of this worthless heart! but happier thoughts
Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,
Where patiently thou tak'st
Thy sweet and sure repose.

The shadows fall more soothing: the soft air
Is full of cheering whispers like thine own;
While Memory, by thy grave,
Lives o'er the funeral day;

The deep knell dying down, the mourners pause,
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate.—
Sure with the words of Heaven
Thy spirit met us there,

And sought with us along th' accustom'd way
The hallowed porch, and entering in, beheld
The pageant of sad joy,
So dear to Faith and Hope.

O! hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise
To cheer us, happy soul, thou hadst not touched
The sacred springs of grief
More tenderly and true,

Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and low,
Low as the grave, high as th' Eternal Throne,
Guiding through light and gloom
Our mourning fancies wild,

Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve
Around the western twilight, all subside
Into a placid Faith,
That even with beaming eye

Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier, and pall;
So many relics of a frail love lost,
So many tokens dear
Of endless love begun.

Listen! it is no dream: th' Apostles' trump
Gives earnest of th' Archangel's;—calmly now
Our hearts yet beating high
To that victorious lay,

Most like a warrior's to the martial dirge
Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust
Our treasure for awhile:
And if a tear steal down,

If human anguish o'er the shaded brow
Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth
Touches the coffin lid;
If at our brother's name,

Once and again the thought, "for ever gone,"
Come o'er us like a cloud; yet, gentle spright,
Thou turnest not away,
Thou know'st us calm at heart.

One look, and we have seen our last of thee,
Till we too sleep and our long sleep be o'er.
O cleanse us, ere we view
That countenance pure again,

THOU, who canst change the heart, and raise the dead!
As THOU art by to soothe our parting hour,
Be ready when we meet,
With Thy dear pardoning words.

NOTE.—This poem was intended for the "Burial of the Dead" in the first MS. of the *Christian Year*, but was afterwards changed for "Who says, the wan autumnal sun?" It was first intended for the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

## LIGHTING OF LAMPS

### LIGHTS IN THE TEMPLE

*And Aaron shall burn thereon sweet incense every morning: when he dresseth the lamps he shall burn incense upon it. And when Aaron lighteth the lamps at even, he shall burn incense upon it, a perpetual incense before the Lord throughout your generations.*—Exod. xxx. 7, 8.

Now the stars are lit in heaven,
We must light our lamps on earth:
Every star a signal given
From the God of our new birth:
Every lamp an answer faint,
Like the prayer of mortal Saint.

Mark the hour and turn this way,
  Sons of Israel, far and near!
Wearied with the World's dim day,
  Turn to Him whose eyes are here,
Open, watching day and night,
Beaming unapproachèd light!

With sweet oil-drops in His hour
  Feed the branch of many lights,
Token of protecting power,
  Pledg'd to faithful Israelites,
Emblem of the anointed Home,
When the glory deigns to come.

Watchers of the sacred flame,
  Sons of Aaron! serve in fear,—
Deadly is th' avenger's aim,
  Should th' unhallowed enter here;
Keen His fires, should recreants dare
Breathe the pure and fragrant air.

There is One will bless your toil—
  He who comes in Heaven's attire,
Morn by morn, with holy oil;
  Eve by eve, with holy fire!
Pray!—your prayer will be allowed,
Mingling with His incense cloud!

## LIGHTS AT VESPERS

*Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the Light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.*—St. John viii. 12.

Full many an eve, and many a morn,
  The holy Lamps have blazed and died;
The floor by knees of sinners worn,
The mystic Altar's golden horn,
  Age after age have witness borne
To faith that on a lingering Saviour cried.

" At evening time there shall be light "—
'Twas said of old—'tis wrought to-day :
Now, with the stolèd Priest in sight,
The perfumed embers quivering bright,
Ere yet the ceiling's spangled height
The glory catch of the new-kindled ray !

A voice not loud, but thrilling clear,
On hearts preparèd falls benign :—
" I am the world's true Light : who hear
And follow Me, no darkness fear,
Nor waning eve, nor changing year ;
The Light of Life is theirs : pure Light of Life divine ! "

## LIGHTS IN THE UPPER CHAMBER

*And there were many lights in the upper chamber, where they were gathered together.*—Acts xx. 8.

He spake : He died and rose again—
And now His Spirit lights
The hallowed fires o'er land and main,
And every heart invites.

They glow : but not in gems and gold
With cedar archèd o'er ;
But in far nooks obscure and cold,
On many a cabin floor :

When the true soldiers steal an hour
To break the bread of Life,
And drink the draught of love and power,
And plan the holy strife.

Ye humble Tapers, fearless burn—
Ere in the morn ye fade,
Ye shall behold a soul return,
Even from the last dim shade.

That all may know what love untold
  Attends the chosen race,
Whom apostolic arms enfold,
  Who cling to that embrace.

And wheresoe'er a cottage light
  Is trimmed for evening prayer,
Faith may recall that wondrous night—
  Who raised the dead, is there.

## THE CHURCHMAN TO HIS LAMP

### Light in the Closet

Come, twinkle in my lonely room,
Companion true in hours of gloom;
Come, light me on a little space,
The heavenly vision to retrace,
By Saints and Angels loved so well,—
My Mother's glories ere she fell.

There was a time, my friendly Lamp,
When, far and wide, in Jesus' camp,
Oft as the foe dark inroads made,
They watched and fasted, wept and prayed;
But now, they feast and slumber on,
And say, "Why pine o'er evil done?"

Then hours of Prayer, in welcome round,
Far-sever'd hearts together bound:
Seven times a day, *on bended knee*,
They to their Saviour cried; and we—
One hour we find in seven long days
Before our God to *sit* and *gaze!*

Then, lowly Lamp, a ray like thine
Waked half the world to hymns divine;
Now it is much if here and there
One dreamer, by the genial glare,
Trace the dim Past, and slowly climb
The steep of Faith's triumphant prime

Yet by His grace, whose breathing gives
Life to the faintest spark that lives,
I trim thee, precious Lamp, once more,
Our fathers' armoury to explore,
And sort and number wistfully
A few bright weapons, bathed on high.

And may thy guidance ever tend
Where gentle thoughts with courage blend;
Thy pure and steady gleaming rest
On pages with the Cross imprest;
Till, touch'd with lightning of calm zeal,
Our fathers' very heart we feel.

## THE WATCH BY NIGHT

*And Uriah said unto David, The ark, and Israel, and Judah, abide in tents; and my lord Joab, and the servants of my lord, are encamped in the open fields; shall I then go into mine house, to eat and to drink? . . . As thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing.*—2 Sam. xi. 11.

THE Ark of God is in the field,
Like clouds around the alien armies sweep;
Each by his spear, beneath his shield,
In cold and dew the anointed warriors sleep.

And can it be thou liest awake,
Sworn watchman, tossing on thy couch of down?
And doth thy recreant heart not ache
To hear the sentries round the leaguered town?

Oh dream no more of quiet life;
Care finds the careless out: more wise to vow
Thine heart entire to Faith's pure strife;
So peace will come, thou know'st not when or how.

## CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY

### The Vigil

I

"Silence, unworthy! how should tones like thine
Blend with the warnings of the good and true?
God hath no need of waverers round His shrine:
What hath th' unclean with Heaven's high cause to do?"
Thus in the deep of many a shrinking heart
The murmurings swell and heave of sad remorse,
And dull the soul, that else would keenly dart
Fearless along her heaven-illumined course.
But, wayward doubter, lift one glance on high;
What banner streams along thy destin'd way?
The pardoning Cross,—His Cross who deign'd to die
To cleanse th' impure for His own bright array.
Wash thee in His dear blood, and trembling wear
His holy Sign, and take thy station there.

II

Wash thee, and watch thine armour; as of old
The champions vow'd of Truth and Purity,
Ere the bright mantle might their limbs enfold,
Or spear of theirs in knightly combat vie,
Three summer nights outwatch'd the stars on high,
And found the time too short for busy dreams,
Pageants of airy prowess dawning nigh,
And fame far hovering with immortal beams.
And more than prowess theirs, and more than fame;
No dream, but an abiding consciousness
Of an approving God, a righteous aim,
An arm outstretch'd to guide them and to bless:
Firm as steel bows for Angels' warfare bent
They went abroad, not knowing where they went.

III

For why ? the sacred Pentecostal eve
Had bathed them with its own inspiring dew,
And gleams more bright than summer sunsets leave
Lingering well-nigh to meet the morn's fresh hue,
Dwelt on each heart ; as erst in memory true,
The Spirit's chosen heralds o'er all lands
Bore the bright tongues of fire. Thus, firm and few,
Now, in our fallen time, might faithful bands
Move on th' eternal way, the goal in sight,
Nor to the left hand swerve for gale or shower,
Nor pleasure win them, wavering to the right :
Alone with Heaven they were that awful hour,
When their oath seal'd them to the war of Faith ;
Alone they will be in the hour of death.

## TO A THRUSH SINGING IN THE MIDDLE OF A VILLAGE, JANUARY 1833

SWEET bird ! up earliest in the morn,
Up earliest in the year,
Far in the quiet mist are borne
Thy matins soft and clear.

As linnet soft, and clear as lark,
Well hast thou ta'en thy part,
Where many an ear thy notes may reach,
And here and there a heart.

The first snow-wreaths are scarcely gone,
(They stayed but half a day)
The berries bright hang ling'ring on ;
Yet thou hast learn'd thy lay.

One gleam, one gale of western air
Has hardly brush'd thy wing ;
Yet thou hast given thy welcome fair,
Good-morrow to the spring !

Perhaps within thy carol's sound
Some wakeful mourner lies,
Dim roaming days and years around,
That ne'er again may rise.

He thanks thee with a tearful eye,
For thou hast wing'd his spright
Back to some hour when hopes were nigh
And dearest friends in sight;

That simple, fearless note of thine
Has pierced the cloud of care,
And lit awhile the gleam divine
That bless'd his infant prayer;

Ere he had known, his faith to blight,
The scorner's withering smile;
While hearts, he deem'd, beat true and right,
Here in our Christian Isle.

That sunny morning glimpse is gone,
That morning note is still;
The dun dark day comes lowering on,
The spoilers roam at will;

Yet calmly rise, and boldly strive;
The sweet bird's early song
Ere evening fall shall oft revive,
And cheer thee all day long.

Are we not sworn to serve our King?
He sworn with us to be?
The birds that chant before the spring
Are truer far than we.

## THE AFRICAN CHURCH

*The gifts and calling of God are without repentance.*—Romans xi. 29.

THE lions prowl around, thy grave to guard,
And Moslem prayers profane
At morn and eve come sounding: yet unscared
The Holy Shades remain:—
Cyprian, thy chief of watchmen, wise and bold,
Trusting the lore of his own loyal heart,
And Cyprian's Master, as in age high-soul'd,
Yet choosing as in youth the better part.
There, too, unwearied Austin, thy keen gaze
On Atlas' steep, a thousand years and more,
Dwells, waiting for the first rekindling rays,
When Truth upon the solitary shore
For the fall'n West may light his beacon as of yore.

## HOOKER

*The night is far spent, the day is at hand.*—Romans xiii. 12.

VOICE of the wise of old!
Go breathe thy thrilling whispers now
In cells where learnèd eyes late vigils hold,
And teach proud Science where to vail her brow.

Voice of the meekest man!
Now while the Church for combat arms,
Calmly do thou confirm her awful ban,
Thy words to her be conquering, soothing charms.

Voice of the fearless Saint!
Ring like a trump, where gentle hearts
Beat high for truth, but, doubting, cower and faint:—
Tell them, the hour is come, and they must take their parts.

## DISSENT

### THE ONE WAY

*That we should earnestly contend for the faith that was once [for all] delivered unto the saints.*—St. Jude 3.

One only Way to life:
One Faith, deliver'd once for all;
One holy Band, endow'd with Heaven's high call;
One earnest, endless strife;—
This is the Church, th' Eternal framed of old.

Smooth open ways, good store;
A Creed for every clime and age,
By Mammon's touch new moulded o'er and o'er;
No cross, no war to wage;
This is the Church our earth-dimm'd eyes behold.

But ways must have an end,
Creeds undergo the trial-flame,
Nor with th' impure the Saints for ever blend,
Heaven's glory with our shame:—
Think on that hour, and choose 'twixt soft and bold.

## LET US DEPART HENCE[1]

### PROFANATION

Is there no sound about our Altars heard
Of gliding forms that long have watched in vain
For slumbering discipline to break her chain,
And aim the bolt by Theodosius fear'd?
"Let us depart;"—these English souls are sear'd,
Who, for one grasp of perishable gold,
Would brave the curse by holy men of old
Laid on the robbers of the shrines they rear'd;

[1] Μεταβαίνωμεν ἐντεῦθεν. Among the portents which took place before the taking of Jerusalem by the Romans, the following is mentioned by Josephus: "During the festival which is called Pentecost, the priests, by night, having come into the inner temple to perform their services, as was their custom, reported that they perceived, first a motion, a noise, and then they heard as it were a great crowd, saying, 'Let us depart hence.'" *Vide* Bishop Newton on the Prophecies, vol. ii. Dissert. 18.

Who shout for joy to see the ruffian band
Come to reform, where ne'er they came to pray,
E'en where, unbidden, Seraphs never trod.
Let us depart, and leave the apostate land
To meet the rising whirlwind as she may,
Without her guardian Angels and her God.

## ATHANASIAN CREED

"Seek we some realm where virgin souls may pray
In faith untarnish'd by the sophist's scorn,
And duly raise on each diviner morn
The Psalm that gathers in one glorious lay
All chants that e'er from heaven to earth found way:
Majestic march! as meet to guide and time
Man's wandering path in life's ungenial clime,
As Aaron's trump for the dread Ark's array.
Creed of the Saints, and Anthem of the Blest,
And calm-breathed warning of the kindliest love
That ever heaved a wakeful mother's breast,
(True love is bold, and gravely dares reprove,)
Who knows but myriads owe their endless rest
To thy recalling, tempted else to rove?"

## BURIAL SERVICE

"And they who grudge the Omnipotent His praise
What wonder if they grudge the dead his hope?
The irreverent restless eye finds room and scope,
E'en by the grave, to wrangle, pry, and gaze.
Heaven in its mercy hides, but man displays;
Heaven throws a gleam, where they would darken all;
A shade, where they, forgetting worm and pall,
Sing triumph; they excite, but Heaven allays.
Alas, for England's mourners, if denied
The soothing tones of Hope, though faint and low,
Or swoln up high with partial tearless pride!
Better in silence hide their dead, and go,
Than sing a hopeless dirge, or coldly chide
The faith that owns release from earthly woe."

## LENGTH OF THE PRAYERS

" But Faith is cold, and wilful men are strong,
And the blithe world, with bells and harness proud,
Rides tinkling by, so musical and loud,
It drowns the Eternal Word, the Angelic Song;
And one by one the weary, listless throng
Steals out of church, and leaves the choir unseen
Of wingèd guards to weep, where prayer had been,
That souls immortal find that hour too long.
Most fatal token of a falling age!
Wit ever busy, Learning ever new,
Unsleeping Fancy, Eloquence untired;—
Prayer only dull! The Saints' and Martyrs' page
A tedious scroll; the scorn'd and faithful few
Left to bewail such beauty undesired."

## A REMNANT

Sons of our Mother! such the indignant strain
Might haply strike, this hour, a pastor's ear,
Purged to discern, for once, the aërial train
Of heavenly sentinels yet lingering here;
And what if, blending with the chant austere,
A soft inviting note attune the close?
" We go;—but faithful hearts will find us near,
Who cling beside their Mother in her woes,
Who love the Rites that erst their fathers lov'd,
Nor tire of David's Hymn, and Jesus' Prayer:—
Their quiet Altars, wheresoe'er remov'd,
Shall clear with incense sweet the unholy air;
In persecution safe, in scorn approv'd,
Angels, and He who rules them, will be there."

## JEREMIAH

### THE PATRIOT

*Thou fallest away to the Chaldeans.*—Jeremiah xxxvii. 13.

THEY say, "The man is false, and falls away:"
Yet sighs my soul in secret for their pride;
Tears are mine hourly food, and night and day
I plead for them, and may not be denied.

They say, "His words unnerve the warrior's hand,
And dim the statesman's eye, and disunite
The friends of Israel:" yet, in every land,
My words to Faith are Peace, and Hope, and Might.

They say, "The frenzied one is fain to see
Glooms of his own; and gathering storms afar;—
But dungeons deep, and fetters strong have we."
Alas! Heaven's lightning would ye chain and bar?

Ye scorners of th' Eternal! wait one hour;
In His seer's weakness ye shall see His power.

## THE RULER OF THE NATIONS

*I have set thee this day over the nations, and over the kingdoms.* —Jeremiah i. 10.

"THE Lord hath set me o'er the kings of earth,
To fasten and uproot, to build and mar;
Not by mine own fond will: else never war
Had still'd in Anathoth the voice of mirth,
Nor from my native tribe swept bower and hearth:
Ne'er had the light of Judah's royal star
Fail'd in mid-heaven, nor trampling steed and car
Ceas'd from the courts that saw Josiah's birth.
'Tis not in me to give or take away,
But He who guides the thunder-peals on high,
He tunes my voice, the tones of His deep sway
Faintly to echo in the nether sky.
Therefore I bid earth's glories set or shine,
And it is so; my words are sacraments divine."

## THE AVENGER

*This man is worthy to die: for he hath prophesied against this city.*—Jeremiah xxvi. 11.

" No joy of mine to invite the thunder down,
No pride, th' uprising whirlwind to survey,
How gradual from the north with hideous frown
It veers in silence round the horizon grey,
And one by one sweeps the bright isles away,
Where fondly gaz'd the men of worldly peace,
Dreaming fair weather would outlast their day.
Now the big storm-drops fall, their dream must cease—
They know it well, and fain their ire would wreak
On the dread arm that wields the bolt; but He
Is out of reach, therefore on me they turn;—
On me, that am but voice, fading and weak,
A wither'd leaf inscribed with Heaven's decree,
And blown where haply some in fear may learn."

## THE HERALD OF WOE

*I said, I will not make mention of him. . . . But his word was in mine heart as a burning fire.*—Jeremiah xx. 9.

" Sad privilege is mine, to show
What hour, which way, the bitter streams will flow.
Oft have I said, 'Enough—no more
To uncharm'd ears th' unearthly strain I pour!'
But the dread word its way would win,
E'en as a burning fire my bones within,
And I was forced to tell aloud
My tale of warning to the reckless proud."
Awful warning! yet in love
Breathed on each believing ear,
How Heaven in wrath would seem to move
The landmarks of a thousand year,
And from the tablets of th' eternal sky
The covenant oath erase of God Most High.
That hour, full timely was the leaf unroll'd,
Which to the man belov'd the years of bondage told,
And till his people's chain should be outworn,
Assign'd him for his lot times past and times unborn.

## THE COMFORTER

*O ye remnant of Judah, go ye not into Egypt.*—Jeremiah xlii. 19.

" O SWEETLY timed, as e'er was gentle hand
Of mother press'd on weeping infant's brow,
Is every sign that to His fallen land
Th' Almighty sends by prophet mourners now.
The glory from the ark is gone,—
The mystic cuirass gleams no more,
In answer from the Holy One,—
Low lies the temple, wondrous store
Of mercies seal'd with blood each eve and morn ;
Yet Heaven hath tokens for faith's eye forlorn.

" Heaven by my mouth was fain to stay
The pride that, in our evil day,
Would fain have struggled in Chaldea's chain :
Nay, kiss the rod : th' Avenger needs must reign :
And now, though every shrine is still,
Speaks out by me the unchanging will ;
' Seek not to Egypt ; there the curse will come ;
But, till the woe be past, round Canaan roam,
And meekly bide your hour beside your ruin'd
home.' "

## SACRILEGE

*I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee.*—Job xlii. 5.

I

'Twas on the day [1] when England's Church of yore
Hail'd the New Year—a day to angels known,
Since holy Gabriel to meek Mary bore
The presence-token of th' Incarnate Son—
Up a low vale a Shepherd strayed alone ;
Slow was his step and lowly bent his eye,
Save when at times a thought of tasks undone
His waken'd wincing memory stung too nigh :
Then startled into speed, else wandering wearily.

[1] The above was written March 25, 1833, whilst the Irish Church Bill was in progress.

II

A Shepherd he, but not of lambs and ewes,
  But of that flock redeem'd with precious Blood;
Thoughtless too oft, now deeply seen to muse
  O'er the cold lea and by the rushing flood,
  And where the pathway skirts the leafless wood,
And the heap'd snow, in mockery of the spring,
  Lies mantling primrose flower and cowslip bud,
And scarèd birds forget to build and sing,
So rudely the cold North has brush'd each tender wing.

III

These Easter snows, of evil do they bode?
  Of Faith's fair blossoms withering ere their prime;
And of a glorious Church that early glow'd
  Bright as yon crown of stars in cold clear time,
  That never sets, pride of our arctic clime,
Now deeply plunged where tempests drive and sweep,
  Wavering and flickering, while rude gusts of crime
Rush here and there across th' ethereal deep,
And scarce one golden isle her station seems to keep?

IV

Nay—'tis our human eyes, our airs of earth,
  That waver; yet on high th' unquenchèd stars
Blaze as they blazed, and in their might go forth:
  The Spouse of Heaven nor crime nor rapine mars.
  But the Most High permits these earthly jars,
That souls yet hearing only, may awake
  And see Him near, and feel and own the bars
'Twixt them and Him. O be Thou near, to make
The worldly dream dissolve, the searèd conscience ache!

V

But chiefly theirs, who at Thine Altar serve,
  And for the souls elect Thy life-blood pour;
O grief and shame, when aged pastors swerve
  To the base world or wild schismatic lore.

Alas, too lightly, by Thine open door,
They had been listening; not within the shrine
Kneeling in Christian calmness to adore,
Else had they held untired by Thee and Thine:
Nor gain nor fancy then had lured them from Thy shrine.

VI

Lord of a world in years, a Church decayed,
If from Thy whirlwind answering, as of old,
Thou with the vile wilt plead, till we have laid
Our hand upon our mouth, and truly told
Our tale of contrite faith—(O not too bold
The prayer)—then welcome whirlwind, anger, woe,
Welcome the flash that wakes the slumbering fold
Th' Almighty Pastor's arm and eye to know,
And turn their dreamy talk to holy Fear's stern glow.

## UNITED STATES

*Because that Tyrus hath said against Jerusalem, Aha, she is broken that was the gates of the people: she is turned unto me: I shall be replenished, now she is laid waste: Therefore thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus.*—Ezekiel xxvi. 2, 3.

Tyre of the *farther*[1] West! be thou too warn'd
Whose eagle wings thine own green world o'erspread,
Touching two oceans: wherefore hast thou scorn'd
Thy fathers' God, O proud and full of bread?
Why lies the Cross unhonour'd on thy ground,
While in mid air thy stars and arrows flaunt?
That sheaf of darts, will it not fall unbound,
Except, disrob'd of thy vain earthly vaunt,
Thou bring it to be bless'd where Saints and Angels haunt?

[1] This expression refers to the poem which immediately preceded it in the *Lyra Apostolica*, beginning "Tyre of the West." It was signed δ, and is reprinted in Newman's *The Dream of Gerontius, and Other Poems* (Oxford Standard Authors).

The holy seed, by Heaven's peculiar grace,
Is rooted here and there in thy dark woods;
But many a rank weed round it grows apace,
And Mammon builds beside thy mighty floods,
O'ertopping Nature, braving Nature's God.
O while thou yet hast room, fair fruitful land,
Ere war and want have stain'd thy virgin sod,
Mark thee a place on high, a glorious stand,
Whence Truth her sign may make o'er forest, lake, and strand.

Eastward, this hour, perchance thou turn'st thine ear,
Listening if haply with the surging sea,
Blend sounds of Ruin from a land once dear
To thee and Heaven. O trying hour for thee!
Tyre mock'd when Salem fell: where now is Tyre?
Heaven was against her. Nations thick as waves
Burst o'er her walls, to ocean doom'd and fire:
And now the tideless water idly laves
Her towers, and lone sands heap her crownèd merchants' graves.

## CHAMPIONS OF THE TRUTH

### THE WATCHMAN

*Who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.*—Isaiah vi. 8.

Dull thunders moan around the Temple Rock,
And deep in hollow caves, far underneath,
The lonely watchman feels the sullen shock,—
His footsteps timing as the low winds breathe;
Hark! from the Shrine is asked, What steadfast heart
Dares in the storm go forth? Who takes th' Almighty's par?

And with a bold gleam flush'd, full many a brow
Is rais'd to say, "Behold me, Lord, and send."
But ere the words be breathed, some broken vow
Remember'd ties the tongue; and sadly blend
With Faith's pure incense, clouds of conscience dim,
And faltering tones of guilt mar the Confessor's hymn.

## THE CREED

If waiting by the time-crown'd halls,
Which nurtur'd us for Christ in youth,
We love to watch on the grey walls
The lingering gleam of Evangelic Truth ;—
If to the spoilers of the soul,
Proudly we show our banner'd scroll,
And bid them our old war-cry hear,
" God is my Light [1] : whom need I fear ! "
How bleak, that hour, across our purpose high,
Sweeps the chill damping shade of thoughtless years
gone by !

How count we then lost eve and morn,
The bell unwelcom'd, prayer unsaid,
And holy hours and days outworn
In youth's wild race, Sin's lesson newly read !
Then deem we, " ill could Angels brook
That lore that on our lips we took,
On lips profane celestial lore " :
And hardly dare we keep the door,
Though sentries sworn : the memory thrills so keen,
How with unready hearts at first we ventured in.

## SPOLIATION

But sadder strains, and direr bodings dark,
Come haunting round th' Almighty's captive ark,
By proud Philistian hosts beset,
With axe and dagger newly whet
To hew the holy gold away,
And seize their portion as they may.
Fain would we fix th' unswerving foot, and bare
The strong right arm, to share
The glorious holy war ; but how undo
The knot our father tied ? Are we not spoilers too ?

[1] " Dominus Illuminatio mea " is the motto of the University of Oxford.

How for God's Altar may that arm be bold,
Where cleaves the rust of sacrilege of old ?
Oh, would my country once believe,
But once her contrite bosom heave,
And but in wish or vow restore
But one fair shrine despoil'd of yore !
How would the windows of th' approving sky
Shower down the dews on high !
Arm'd Levites then, within the Temple dome,
Might we the foe await, nor yet profane God's home.

Vain disappointing dream ! but oh ! not vain,
If haply on the wakening heart remain
The vow of pure self-sacrifice,
The conscience yearning to devise
How God may have His treasure lost,
And we not serve Him without cost.
To such methought I heard an Angel say,
" Offer not all to-day,
While spoilers keep the shrine : yet offer all,
Treasurer of God's high cause : half priestly is thy call."

## CHURCH AND KING

Nor want there Seraph warnings, morn and eve,
And oft as to the holiest Shrine we bear
Our pure, unbloody gifts, what time our prayer
In Heaven's sure ward all Christian kings would leave.
Why should that prayer be faltering ? Wherefore heave
With sadness loyal hearts, when hallow'd air
That solemn suffrage hears ? Alas ! our care
Is not for storms without, but stains that cleave
Ingrain'd in memory, wandering thoughts profane ;
Or worse, proud thoughts of our instructress meek,
The duteous Church, Heaven-prompted to that strain.
Thus, when high mercy for our King we seek,

Back on our wincing hearts our prayers are blown
By our own sins, worst foes to England's throne.
And with our own, the offences of our land
Too well agree to build our burthen high,
Christ's charter blurr'd with coarse usurping hand,
And gall'd with yoke of feudal tyranny
The shoulders where the keys of David lie.
Angel of England! who might thee withstand?
Who for the spoil'd and trampled Church deny
Thy suit in Heaven's high courts, might one true band
Of holy brethren, breathing English air,
Be found, their Cross in thine array to bear,
And for their Mother cast earth's dreams away?
Till then, all gaily as our pennons glance,
And at the trumpet's call the brave heart dance,
In fear and grief for Church and King we pray.

## OXFORD

(From Bagley, at 8 a.m.)

The flood is round thee, but thy towers as yet
Are safe, and clear as by a summer's sea
Pierce the calm morning mist, serene and free,
To point in silence heavenward. There are met
Thy foster-children;—there in order set
Their nursing fathers, sworn to Heaven and thee
(An oath renew'd this hour on bended knee,)
Ne'er to betray their Mother nor forget.—
Lo! on the top of each aërial spire
What seems a star by day, so high and bright,
It quivers from afar in golden light:
But 'tis a form of earth, though touch'd with fire
Celestial, rais'd in other days to tell
How, when they tired of prayer, Apostles fell.

## FIRE

### Part I

*The Lord thy God is a consuming fire.*—Deuteronomy iv. 24.

#### NADAB AND ABIHU

"Away, or ere the Lord break forth!
The pure ethereal air
Cannot abide the spark of earth,
'Twill lighten and not spare."

"Nay, but we know our call divine,
We feel our hearts sincere;
What boots it where we light our shrine,
If bright it blaze and clear?"

God of the unconsuming fire,
On Horeb seen of old,
Stay, Jealous One, Thy burning ire . . .
It may not be controlled!

The Lord breaks out, the unworthy die;
Lo! on the cedar floor
The robed and mitred corses lie—
Be silent and adore.

Yet sure a holy seed were they,
Pure hands had o'er them past,
Cuirass and crown, their bright array,
In Heaven's high mould were cast.

Th' atoning blood had drench'd them o'er,
The mystic balm had seal'd;
And may the blood atone no more,
No charm the anointing yield?

Silence, ye brethren of the dead,
Ye Father's tears, be still;
But choose them out a lonely bed,
Beside the mountain rill;

Then bear them as they lie, their brows
Scath'd with the avenging fire,
And wearing (sign of broken vows)
The blest, the dread attire.

Nor leave unwept their desert grave,
But mourn their pride and thine,
Oft as rebellious thought shall crave
To question words divine.

## The Burning at Taberah

The fire of Heaven breaks forth,
When haughty Reason pries too near,
Weighing th' eternal mandate's worth
In philosophic scales of earth,
Selecting these for scorn, and those for holy fear.

Nor burns it only then:
The poor that are not poor in heart,—
Who say, "The bread of Christian men,
We loathe it, o'er and o'er again,"—
The murmurers in the camp, must feel the blazing dart.

Far from the Lord's tent-door,
And therefore bold to sin, are they:
"What should we know of Faith's high lore?"
Oh! plead not so—there's wrath in store,
And temper'd to our crimes the lightnings find their way.

## Korah, Dathan, and Abiram

### DATHAN AND ABIRAM

"How long endure this priestly scorn,
Ye sons of Israel's eldest born?
Shall two, the meanest of their tribe,
To the Lord's host the way prescribe,
And feed our wildering phantasy
With every soothing dream and lie

Their craft can coin ? We see our woe,
Lost Egypt's plenty well we know :
But where the milk and honey ?—where
The promised fields and vineyards fair ?
Lo ! wise of heart and keen of sight
Are these—ye cannot blind them quite—
Not as our sires are we : we fear not open light."

KORAH

" And we too, Levites though we be,
We love the song of liberty.
Did we not hear the Mountain Voice
Proclaim the Lord's impartial choice ?
The camp is holy, great and small,
Levites and Danites, one and all ;
Our God His home in all will make.—
What if no priestly finger strake
Or blood or oil o'er robe or brow,
Will He not hear His people's vow ?
Lord of all Earth, will He no sign
Grant but to Aaron's haughty line ?
Our censers are as yours : we dare you to the shrine."

Thus spake the proud at prime of morn ;
Where was their place at eve ? Ye know
Rocks of the wild in sunder torn,
And altars scath'd with fires of woe !
Earth heard and sank, and they were gone ;
Only their dismal parting groan
The shuddering ear long time will haunt.
Thus rebels fare : but ye, profane,
Who dared th' anointing Power disdain
For freedom's rude unpriestly vaunt,
Dire is the fame for you in store :
Your molten censers evermore
Th' atoning altar must inlay ;
Memorial to the kneeling quires
That Mercy's God hath judgement fires
For high-voiced Korahs in their day.

### Elijah and the Messengers of Ahaziah

Oh! surely Scorner is his name,
Who to the Church will errands bring
From a proud world or impious king,
And, without fear or shame,
In mockery own them "men of God,"
O'er whom he gaily shakes the miscreant spoiler's rod.

But if we be God's own indeed,
Then is there fire in heaven, be sure,
And bolts deep-wounding, without cure,
For the blasphemer's seed;—
Wing'd are they all, and aim'd on high,
Against the hour when Christ shall hear His martyrs' cry.

Oh! tell me not of royal hosts;—
One hermit, strong in fast and prayer,
Shall gird his sackcloth on, and scare
Whate'er the vain earth boasts;
And thunder-stricken chiefs return
To tell their Lord how dire the Church's lightnings burn.

## FIRE

### Part II

*Our God is a consuming fire.*—Hebrews xii. 29.

### the samaritans spared

And dare ye deem God's ire must cease
In Christ's new realm of peace?
'Tis true, beside the scorner's gate
The Lord long-suffering deign'd to wait,
Nor on the guilty town
Call'd the stern fires of old Elijah down:
A victim, not a judge, He came,
With His own blood to slake th' avenging flame.

Now, by those hands so rudely rent
The bow of Heaven is bent;
And ever and anon His darts
Find out e'en here the faithless hearts,
Now gliding silently,
Now rushing loud, and blazing broad and high,
A shower or ere that final storm
Leave earth a molten ocean without form.

True Love, all gentle though she be,
Hath eyes, the wrath to see:
Nor may she fail in faith to pray
For hastening of Redemption's day,
Though with the triumph come
Forebodings of the dread unchanging doom:—
Though with the Saints' pure lambent light
Fires of more lurid hue mysteriously unite.

## Julian

Dread glimpses, e'en in gospel times, have been;
Nor was the holy Household mute,
Nor did she not th' Avenger's march salute
With somewhat of exulting mien.—
Angel harps! of you full well
That measure stern
The Church might learn
When th' apostate Cæsar fell;—
Proud champion he, and wise beyond the rest,
His shafts not at the Church, but at her Lord addrest.

What will He do, the Anointed One on high,
Now that hell-powers and powers of Rome
Are banded to reverse His foemen's doom,
And mar His Sovereign Majesty?
Seers in Paradise enshrin'd!
Your glories now
Must quail and bow
To th' high-reaching force of mind—
Vainly o'er Salem rolls your dooming tone:
Her sons have heard, this hour, a mightier trumpet blown.

The foes of Christ are gathering, sworn to build
Where He had sworn to waste and mar;
Plummet and line, arms of old Babel's war,
Are ready round Moriah's field.—
But the clouds that lightning breathe
Were ready too
And bursting through,
Billows from the wrath beneath,
For Christ and for His Seers so keenly wrought,
They half subdued to faith the proud man's dying thought.

## The Fall of Babylon

But louder yet the heavens shall ring,
And brighter gleam each Seraph's wing,
When, doom'd of old by every Prophet's lyre,
Theme of the Saints' appealing cry,
While underneath the shrine they lie,
Proud Babel in her hour sinks in her sea of fire.

While worldlings from afar bemoan
The shatter'd Antichristian throne,
The golden idol bruis'd to summer dust—
"Where are her gems?—her spices, where?
Tower, dome, and arch, so proud and fair—
Confusion is their name—the name of all earth's trust."

The while for joy and victory
Seers and Apostles sing on high,
Chief the bright pair who rest in Roman earth:
Fall'n Babel well their lays may earn,
Whose triumph is when souls return,
Who o'er relenting pride take part in angels' mirth.

## Divine Wrath

Thus evermore the Saints' avenging God
With His dread fires hath scath'd th' unholy ground;
Nor wants there, waiting round th' uplifted rod,
Watchers in heaven and earth, ay faithful found.

God's armies open-eyed His aim attend,
  Wondering how oft these warning notes will peal,
Ere the great trump be blown, the Judge descend :
  Man only wears cold look and heart of steel.

Age after age, where Antichrist hath reign'd
  Some flame-tipt arrow of th' Almighty falls,
Imperial cities lie in heaps profan'd,
  Fire blazes round apostate council-halls.

And if the world sin on, yet here and there
  Some proud soul cowers, some scorner learns to pray ;
Some slumberer rouses at the beacon glare,
  And trims his waning lamp, and waits for day.

## COMMUNE PONTIFICUM

### CALLING

*At evening, being the first day of the week, the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews.*—St. John xx. 19.

" Are the gates sure ?—is every bolt made fast ?
  No dangerous whisper wandering through—
Dare we breathe calm, and unalarm'd forecast
  Our calls to suffer or to do ? "
O ye of little faith ! twelve hours ago,
  He whom ye mourn, by power unbound
The bonds ye fear ; nor sealèd stone below
  Barred Him, nor mailèd guards around.

The Lord is risen indeed ! His own have seen,
  They who denied, have seen His face,
Weeping and spared. Shall loyal hearts not lean
  Upon His outstretch'd arm of grace ?
Shine in your orbs, ye stars of God's new heaven,
  Or gather'd or apart, shine clear !
Far, far beneath the opposing mists are driven,
  The Invisible is waiting near.

## TOKENS

*Jesus came and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. And when He had so said, He shewed them His hands and His side. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.*—St. John xx. 19, 20.

Is He not near ?—look up and see :
Peace on His lips, and in His hands and side
The wounds of love. He stays the trembling knee,
Nerves the frail arm, His ark to guide.
Is He not near ? O trust His seal
Baptismal, yet uncancell'd on thy brow ;
Trust the kind love His holy months reveal,
Oft as His altar hears thy deep heart-searching vow.

And trust the calm, the joy benign,
That o'er the obedient breathes in life's still hour,
When Sunday lights with summer airs combine,
And shadows blend from cloud and bower.
And trust the wrath of Jesus' foes ;
They feel Him near, and hate His mark on you ;
O take their world, ye whom He lov'd and chose !
Be joyful in your King ; the rebels own you true.

## SEALS

*Then said Jesus unto them again, Peace be unto you : as My Father hath sent Me, so send I you.*—St. John xx. 21.

And shrink ye still ?—He nearer draws,
And to his mission and His cause
Welcomes His own with words of grace and might :
" Peace be to you ! "—their peace, who stand
In sentry with God's sword in hand,
The peace of Christ's lov'd champions warring in His sight.

" Peace be to you ! "—their peace, who feel
E'en as the Son the Father's seal,
So they the Son's ; each in his several sphere
Gliding on fearless angel wing,
One heart in all, one hope, one King,
Each an Apostle true, a crowned and robèd seer.

Sent as the Father sent the Son,
'Tis not for you to swerve nor shun
Or power or peril; ye must go before:
If caught in the fierce bloody shower,
Think on your Lord's o'erwhelming hour;
Are ye not priests to Him who the world's forfeit bore?

Throned in His Church till He return,
Why should ye fear to judge and spurn [1]
This evil world, chain'd at His feet and yours?
Why with dejected faltering air
Your rod of more than empire bear?
Your brows are royal yet; God's unction ay endures.

## GIFTS

*And having said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.*—St. John xx. 22.

By your Lord's creative breath,
Breathing hope, and scorn of death;
Love untired, on pardon leaning;
Joy, all mercies sweetly gleaning;
Zeal, the bolts of Heaven to dart;
Fragrant purity of heart;—
By the voice ineffable,
Wakening your mazèd thoughts with an Almighty spell;

By His word, and by His hour
When the promise came with power,—
By His Holy Spirit's token,
By His saintly chain unbroken,
Lengthening, while the world lasts on,
From His cross unto His throne,—
Guardians of His virgin spouse!
Know that His might is yours, whose breathing seal'd your vows.

[1] *Vide* Rev. ii. 26-28, which is also addressed to a Christian Bishop.

## ARMS

*Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained.*—St. John xx. 23.

BEHOLD your armoury!—sword and lightning shaft,
Cull'd from the stores of God's all-judging ire,
And in your wielding left! The words, that waft
Power to your voice absolving, point with fire
Your awful curse. O grief! should Heaven's dread Sire
Have stayed, for you, the mercy-dews of old
Vouchsafed, when pastors' arms in deep desire
Were spread on high to bless the kneeling fold!
If censure sleep, will absolution hold?
Will the great King affirm their acts of grace,
Who careless leave to cankering rust and mould
The flaming sword that should the unworthy chase
From His pure Eden? O beware! lest vain
Their sentence to *remit*, who never dare *retain*.

## LIGHT

HAIL! gladdening Light, of His pure glory poured
Who is th' immortal Father, heavenly, blest,
Holiest of Holies—Jesus Christ our Lord!
Now we are come to the Sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit divine!
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung
With undefilèd tongue,
Son of our God, Giver of Life, alone!
Therefore, in all the world, Thy glories, Lord, they own.[1]

[1] *Hymn of the 1st or 2nd Century: preserved by St. Basil.*—[*Vid. Routh. Relliqu. Sacr.*, iii. p. 299.]

φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης ἀθανάτου Πατρός,
Οὐρανίου, ἁγίου, μάκαρος,
Ἰησοῦ Χριστέ,
ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ τοῦ ἡλίου δύσιν,
ἰδόντες φῶς ἑσπερινόν,
ὑμνοῦμεν Πατέρα, καὶ Υἱόν, καὶ Ἅγιον Πνεῦμα Θεοῦ,
ἄξιος εἶ ἐν πᾶσι καιροῖς ὑμνεῖσθαι φωναῖς ὁσίαις
Υἱὲ Θεοῦ, ζωὴν ὁ διδούς·
διὸ ὁ κοσμός σε δοξάζει.

## THE GATHERING OF THE CHURCH

*He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.*—Philippians i. 6.

WHEREFORE shrink, and say, " 'Tis vain ;
In their hour hell-powers must reign ;
Vainly, vainly would we force
Fatal error's torrent course ;
Earth is mighty, we are frail,
Faith is gone, and hope must fail."

Yet along the Church's sky
Stars are scatter'd, pure and high ;
Yet her wasted gardens bear
Autumn violets, sweet and rare—
Relics of a spring-time clear,
Earnest of a bright new year.

Israel yet hath thousands seal'd,
Who to Baal never kneel'd ;
Seize the banner, spread its fold !
Seize it with no faltering hold !
Spread its foldings high and fair,
Let all see the Cross is there !

What if to the trumpet's sound
Voices few come answering round ?
Scarce a votary swell the burst,
When the anthem peals at first ?
God hath sown, and He will reap ;
Growth is slow when roots are deep ;

He will aid the work begun,
For the love of His dear Son ;
He will breathe in their true breath,
Who, serene in prayer and faith,
Would our dying embers fan
Bright as when their glow began.

## HYMNS FOR EMIGRANTS [1]

### MIDNIGHT

*And He was in the hinder part of the ship asleep on a pillow.*—St. Mark iv. 38.

LORD, lift my heart to Thee at morn,
For Thou art very near;
Thy voice upon the waves is borne,
Thee in the winds I hear.

The winds and waves that chime all night
When I am dreaming laid;
A tune so soothing in its might,
I scarce can be afraid.

And yet 'tis awful music, fraught
With memories scorn'd at home;
And whispereth many a boding thought
Of trial-years to come.

O, Love unseen, we know Thee nigh,
When Ocean rageth most,
Thou bidd'st us come to Thee, and cry
"Lord, save us, we are lost!"

Thou seem'st to sleep that we may pray,
Full deeply dost Thou hide;
Forgotten through the calm clear day,
Nor own'd at even-tide.

But when the darksome gales begin,
The rude waves urge their race,
Man, startled from his sloth and sin,
Seeks out Thine hiding-place.

[1] Printed in the first edition of *Prayers for Emigrants*, published by Groombridge for the Emigration Office.

Well if we pray till Thou awake!
One word, one breath of Thee
Soft silence in the heart will make,
Calm peace upon the sea.

Lord of our homes, and of our graves!
If ever while we lay
Beneath Thy stars, amid Thy waves,
Our souls have learn'd to pray,

Revive that prayer, morn, night, and noon
In city, mine, or dale;
Else will the sounds of earth too soon
O'er the dread Voice prevail.

Help us to sing Thine ocean-song
Each in his home on shore,
The note Thou gav'st do Thou prolong
Through life, and evermore.

### MORNING HYMN

*He walked on the water to go to Jesus.*—St. Matthew xiv. 29.

Slowly the gleaming stars retire,
The eastern heaven is all on fire;
The waves have felt the unrisen sun,
Their matin service is begun.

Lord of the boundless sky and sea,
In loving fear we kneel to Thee,
Fain would we grasp the strong right hand,
Reach'd to Thine own by sea and land.—

The hand that did Thy Saint uphold,
When love had made him overbold;
What time at twilight dawn he stood
Half-sinking in the boisterous flood;

He cried to Thee, and Thou didst save.
So we, Thine ocean-wanderers, crave
Ere the bright flush of morn be o'er,
Thy blessing, Lord, for one day more.

Still onward, as to Southern skies
We spread our sail, new stars arise ;
New lights upon the glancing tide,
Fresh hues where pearl and coral hide.

What are they all, but tokens true
Of grace for ever fresh and new :
True tokens of Thine awful love
Around us, Father, and above ?

And we would daily, nightly, draw
Nearer to Thee in love and awe ;
Till in Love's home we pause at last,
Our anchor in the deep Heaven cast.

The while across the changeful sea
Feeling our way, we cling to Thee,
Unchanging Lord ! and Thou dost mark
For each his station in Thine ark.

Still overhead the saving Sign
Streams, and we know that we are Thine.
What course soe'er the vessel take,
The signal of our King we make.

It hallows air and wave : and lo !
The heavens a glorious answer show.
High and more high through southern skies
We see the unmoving Cross arise.

The Cross on board,—what need we more ?
The Cross to welcome us ashore ;
What need we more, if hearts be true,
Our voyage safe, our port in view ?

If hearts be true : but O, dear Lord,
Which of us all may say the word ?
Thy Spirit breathe this day ! or we
Shall lose, ere night, ourselves and Thee.

## EVENING HYMN

*When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.*—Isaiah xliii. 2.

THE twilight hour is sweet at home,
When sounds from brook and woodland come,
Or old familiar bells, that bring
The memories grave of many a spring.

At such soft times the genial air
Is fragrant with unbidden prayer,
And souls devout their longings pour
By Christmas hearth, or Whitsun bower.

And now upon the twilight sea
How may we choose but kneel to Thee,
While airs of Thine own breathing steal
O'er the hot calm, worn hearts to heal?

Now sails are moist with unseen dews,
Aërial lines of all bright hues
Lie on the level West afar,
And here and there one silent star.

O Lord, our Peace! and may we dare
With voices marred by sin and care,
To break the stillness, and upraise
The song of our unworthy praise?

Yea, as of old Thy Saints at eve
A blessing did of Thee receive,
When o'er the waves they took their way,
Thou to the mountain, Lord, to pray;

So may we trust that our frail bark,
Bearing aloft Thine awful mark,
Ere she began her ocean-race
Had portion in that word of grace.

For why? Thine everlasting Creed
Is ours, to say in time of need;
We waft the Name from coast to coast,
Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost.

Ours too Thy prayer, according well
With Ocean's many-voicèd swell,
Which close to every ear begins,
Its way beyond all hearing wins.

The surging prow, the flashing wake
Music at hand unwearying make;
Waves upon waves repeat the song,
And through unbounded space prolong.

We say the Prayer our Saviour taught,
As household words with homely thought;
But angels bear it on and on
In all its meaning, to the Throne.

The frailest bark that ploughs the main,
The simplest child may raise the strain;
Heaven, earth, air, seas, will hear the call
"Our Father" harmonizing all.

But O that to Thy Prayer and Creed
Thine high Commands we join'd indeed,
Written in heart, on hand engraven;—
Three seals in one of grace and Heaven!

All we have been, forgive, O Lord,
Keep Thou to-night our watch and ward:
Safe may we slumber on the sea,
Thou at the helm, our hearts with Thee!

## THE INNOCENTS' DAY [1]

*In Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning.*—St. Matthew ii. 18.

BETHLEHEM, above all cities blest!
Th' Incarnate Saviour's earthly rest,
Where in His manger safe He lay,
By angels guarded night and day.

Bethlehem, of cities most forlorn,
Where in the dust sad mothers mourn,
Nor see the heavenly glory shed
On each pale infant's martyr'd head.

'Tis ever thus: who Christ would win,
Must in the school of woe begin;
And still the nearest to His grace,
Know least of their own glorious place.

Of such is the kingdom of God.—*St. Luke* xviii. 16.

## FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

*And there are three that bear witness in earth—the Spirit, and the Water, and the Blood; and these three agree in one.*—1 St. John v. 8.

OUR God in glory sits on high:
Man may not see and live:
Yet witness of Himself on earth
For ever does He give.

His Spirit dwells in all good hearts;
All precious fruits of love,
Thoughts, words, and works, made holy, bear
His witness from above.

[1] This and the three next poems were printed in the *Child's Christian Year*.

The Baptism waters have not ceas'd
To spread His Name, since first
From the Redeemer's wounded Side
The holy fountain burst.

That other stream of endless life,
His all-atoning Blood:
Is it not still our Cup of Grace?
His Flesh, our spirits' food?

O! never may our sinful hearts,
What Thou hast joined, divide!
Thy Spirit in Thy mysteries still
For life, not death, abide!

*Epistle.*

**What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.—*St. Matt.* xix. 6.**

## TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

***Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.*—St. Matt. xxi. 16.**

Lo! from the Eastern hills the Lord
Descends in lowly state;
Let us go out with one accord,
And where He passes, wait.

Prepare, with willing hearts and true,
Glad hymn and garland gay:
O joy! if He should look on you,
And with His kind voice say,—

"I hear thee, and it is My will,
By thee to perfect praise;
I have a place for thee to fill,
Have mark'd thy times and ways;

"I, in the music of the blest,
To Thee a part assign,
Only do thou sing out thy best,—
I call thee, be thou Mine."

Thine heart would beat full high, I know,
If Jesus, on His way,
Had turn'd aside to greet thee so,
Thy very soul would pray.

But mark Him well one moment more,
Behold, the Saviour weeps;
He weeps while heaven and earth adore
Through all eternal deeps.

Why weeps He? for His people's sin,
And for thy follies all:
For each bad dream thine heart within,
Those tears the bitterer fall.

*Gospel.*

**Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and I will walk in Thy truth; O knit my heart unto Thee, that I may fear Thy Name.—*Ps.* lxxxvi. 11 [P.B.V.].**

## SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

***And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.*—Eph. ii. 1.**

When Christ to village comes or town,
With priests that on Him wait,
The Church her living dead lays down
Before Him in the gate.

For whoso know His will, and yet
Have stolen, sworn, or lied,
In His dread book their sin is set,
That hour, to Him, they died.

What if thou be but young in years,
A boy, or simple maid,
Yet in His sight thy soul appears
A corse for burial laid.

Thy sins, from His own holy place
Are bearing thee away,
But He may touch the bier, His grace
May bid thee rise and pray.

The Church, thy mother, weeps for thee,
Her tearful prayer perchance
May win the word of pardon, He
May break the deadly trance.

Only do thou sit up and speak
Soon as thou hear'st His call,
Him honour with confession meek,
He will forgive thee all.

*Gospel.*

**Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.—*Eph.* v. 14.**

## ST. JOHN'S DAY [1]

***He then, lying on Jesus' breast.*—St. John xiii. 25.**
***And I John saw these things and heard them.*—Rev. xxii. 8.**

Word supreme, before creation
Born of God eternally,
Who didst will for our salvation,
To be born on earth, and die;
Well Thy saints have kept their station,
Watching till Thine hour drew nigh.

Now 'tis come, and faith espies Thee;
Like an eaglet in the morn,
One in steadfast worship eyes Thee,
Thy belov'd, Thy latest born:
In Thy glory He descries Thee
Reigning from the tree of scorn.

[1] This and the three next poems, are from the Sarum Hymnal, 1870.

He upon Thy bosom lying
Thy true tokens learn'd by heart;
And Thy dearest pledge in dying
Lord, Thou didst to him impart,—
Show'dst him how, all grace supplying,
Blood and water from Thee start.

He first, hoping and believing,
Did beside the grave adore;
Latest he, the warfare leaving,
Landed on the eternal shore;
And his witness we receiving
Own Thee Lord for evermore.

Much he ask'd in loving wonder,
On Thy bosom leaning, Lord!
In that secret place of thunder,
Answer kind didst Thou accord,
Wisdom for Thy Church to ponder
Till the day of dread award.

Lo! Heaven's doors lift up, revealing
How Thy judgements earthward move;
Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing,
Wine-cups from the wrath above,
Yet o'er all a soft Voice stealing—
"Little children, trust and love!"

Thee, the Almighty King eternal,
Father of the eternal Word;
Thee, the Father's Word supernal,
Thee, of both, the breath adored;
Heaven and earth, and realms infernal
Own, One glorious God and Lord. Amen.

*Hursley, April* 19, 1856.

## HARVEST

*Thou visitest the earth and blessest it, Thou makest it very plenteous.*—Ps. lxv. 9 [P.B.V.].

LORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year:

Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee;
And still, now Spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forgo.

*Malvern, Aug. 4, 1856.*

## EASTER EVE

*He went and preached unto the spirits in prison.*—1 Pet. iii. 19.

FATHER and Lord of our whole life,
As Thine our burden and our strife,
As Thine it was to die and rise,
So Thine the grave and Paradise.

Lord of the eternal Sabbath-day,
Lo, at Thy tomb for rest we pray :
Here, rest from our own work ; and there,
The perfect rest with Thee to share.

True God, true Flesh of Mary made,
In a true grave for sinners laid,
With Thee this mortal frame we trust ;
O guard and glorify our dust !

Soul of the Lord, so freely breathed,
And to the Father's hands bequeathed,
Draw us with heart's desire to Thee,
When we among the dead are free.

Dread Preacher, who to fathers old
Didst wonders in the gloom unfold ;
Thy perfect creed O may we learn
In Eden, waiting Thy return.

They saw Thy day, and heard Thy voice,
And in Thy glory did rejoice ;
And Thou didst break their prison-bars,
And lead them high above the stars.

" Captivity led captive " then
Was sung by angels and by men :
Grant us the same to sing by faith,
Both now, and at the hour of death.

Our souls and bodies, Lord, receive
To Thine own blessed Easter-eve :
All our belov'd in mercy keep,
As one by one they fall asleep.

To Thee, who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
With the dread Father, as is meet,
And the eternal Paraclete. Amen.

*Llandudno, Aug.* 14, 1856.

## HOLY MATRIMONY

(*To be sung at the Commencement of the Service*)

*A threefold cord is not quickly broken.*—Eccles. iv. 12.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which nought on earth may break.

Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands:

Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise. Amen.

*July* 12, 1857.

## TRANSLATIONS OF ANCIENT CHURCH HYMNS

### "SOMNO REFECTIS ARTUBUS"

(For an Early Morning Service)

Sleep has refresh'd our limbs: we spring
Out of our beds, as men in fear:
Look on us, Father, while we sing;
We pray Thee, be Thou very near.

Be Thou the first in every tongue;
Thine be each heart's first loving glow,
That all its doings, all day long,
O holy One, from Thee may flow.

Let darkness to the glory yield,
And gloom unto the star of day;
So may night's ill be purged and heal'd
By gift of Thy celestial ray.

So may night's harm (this too we ask
In humble prayer) be hewn away:
So praise may be our endless task,
E'en as we hymn Thee, Lord, to-day.

### "JAM LUCIS ORTO SIDERE"

The Star of day hath risen, and we
Must pray our God on bended knee
From all our doings, all this day,
To chase and keep ill powers away.

The tongue to tune, and bridle in
From Discord's harsh, unpitying din :
With soothing hand to screen the sight
From eager gleams of vain delight.

Pure be the secrets of the heart,
Unruly will, stand thou apart.
The proud flesh bruise we, and control
By meat and drink in measured dole.

That when the day departs, and we
In course again the dim night see,
By self-denial clean, we may
His glory sing to whom we pray.

To God the Father glory be,
And glory, Only Son, to Thee ;
With the most holy Paraclete,
Now, and for ever, as is meet.

## "NOCTE SURGENTES"

Watch us by night, with one accord uprising,
Psalms in due course our meditation always,
Hymns strong and sweet in all their might and softness
Sing on, adoring.

So to Love's King our melodies combining,
We may find grace with all the saints to enter
Love's palace hall, the blessèd life among them
There to inherit.

Such be our boon from Thee, Thou blessèd Godhead !
Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost co-equal,
Grant it alike, as through the world Thy glory
Rings undivided.

## "NUNC SANCTE"

E'EN now vouchsafe, Good Spirit, One
Both with the Father and the Son,
Into our hearts Thyself to pour,
A treasure heap'd and running o'er.

Eye, soul, tongue, mind, with all your might
In tones of perfect praise unite!
Celestial Love, break out and blaze,
Touch all around with living rays!

Father of Love, this boon confer,
And Thou, co-equal only Son,
And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
For ever reigning, Three in One.

## "RECTOR POTENS"

(SIXTH HOUR)

STRONG Ruler, God whose Word is truth,
Who ordering all things and their change,
With brightness dost the morn array,
And with Thy fires the noontide hour,

Quench Thou the flame, where'er is strife,
Take all our harmful heat away;
Health to our mortal bodies give,
And to our souls true peace of heart.

Grant it, O Father of all Love,
And Thou, co-equal only Son,
Who reignest through all ages with
The Holy Ghost the Comforter. Amen.

## "RERUM DEUS"

(Ninth Hour)

O God, th' enduring might of things,
Abiding in Thyself unmoved,
Who measurest out each time and tide
By changing lights from day to day;

Lord, grant it clear at eventide
That life may never fade, nor fall,
But everlasting brightness dawn
At once—true meed of holy death.

Grant it, O Father of all Love,
And Thou, co-equal only Son,
Who reignest through all ages with
The Holy Ghost the Comforter. Amen.

## "PRIMO DIERUM OMNIUM"

(For Sunday Morning) [1]

This glorious morn, Time's eldest born,
Wherein was framed the world we see,
And from the grave, our souls to save,
The Framer rose in victory;

From soul and eye let slumber fly;
Rise, one and all, with duteous speed;
And seek by night His kindly light,
As of that ancient [2] Seer we read.

Pray we in fear, so He may hear,
And His right hand reach out in love;
And, cleans'd from all earth's stain recall
His wanderers to their home above.

[1] Altered from the Rev. W. Copeland's version.
[2] *Isaiah* xxvi. 9.

So, whosoe'er in chant and prayer
These stillest, holiest hours employ
Of His own day, on them He may
Rain blessings from His own rich joy.

Father of Light, serene and bright,
Now with o'erflowing hearts we pray,
Quench Thou the fire of foul desire,
Each harmful deed drive far away.

Lest wandering sense, or dark offence
Corrupt this fallen, mortal frame,
And kindling lust make our frail dust
Meet fuel for Hell's fiercer flame.

Therefore we flee, good Lord, to Thee;
O throughly purge our deep disgrace;
In mercy give, that we may live,
True treasures from the eternal place.

So we the same whom carnal shame
Made exiles, now new-cleansed and bright,
E'en waiting here in prostrate fear
Our glory-hymn may learn aright.

Father of Love, this prayer approve,
And Thou, co-equal only Son,
And Spirit blest, of both confest,
For ever reigning, Three in One.

## "LUCIS CREATOR OPTIME"

(For Sunday Evening)[1]

Thou, Light's Creator, first and best,
By whom new days in light are drest,
The young world making glad and bright
By gleaming of that earliest light:

[1] Altered from the "Hymnal Noted."

Whose wisdom joined in meet array
The morn and eve, and named them Day :—
Night glideth on in dim, dark air,—
Regard Thy people's tearful prayer !

Lest sin-bound souls with Thee at strife,
Prove outcasts from the gift of life ;
While thinking but of earth and time
They weave them still new chains of crime.

O may we knock at Heaven's dread door,
And win the wreath that fades no more !
Shun harms without, clear hearts within
Of all their worst, their haunting sin.

Father, do Thou this boon accord,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord !
Who with the Holy Ghost, and Thee,
Dost live and reign eternally.

## "SALVETE FLORES MARTYRUM"

(Holy Innocents)

Hail, Martyr-flowers, who gleaming forth,
Just on the edge of your brief day,
By Christ's keen foe were swept from earth,
As rosebuds by the whirlwind's sway !

The first-fruits unto Christ are ye,
His lambs new-slain, a tender sort,
E'en by the shrine in childlike glee
Ye with your palms and garlands sport.

Ah ! what avails so dire a doom ?
What boots the stain on Herod's soul ?
The One of many 'scapes the tomb,
The Christ is gone, unharm'd and whole.

Far from their streaming blood who shared
His birth-hour, He at rest is laid :
The Virgin-born that steel hath spared
Which many a matron childless made.

So did one child of yore elude
The wild laws of the wicked king,
With likeness of the Christ endued,
Ordain'd His people home to bring.

## "CULTOR DEI MEMENTO"

Servant of God, remember
The drops thy brow bedewing
From holy font, and laver,
The unction thee renewing.

See, that on brow and bosom,
When gentle sleep is calling,
The Cross abide to seal thee,
Upon thy chaste bed falling.

No gloom the Cross endureth,
All crime the Cross repelleth,
By that strong sign devoted
The soul unwavering dwelleth.

Begone, ye wandering portents,
Ye dreams so base and dreary;
Begone, unclean Deceiver,
Of cheating never weary.

O foul, O crooked Serpent,
A thousand mazes trying,
And winding frauds, to trouble
The hearts on Heaven relying.

Depart,—the Christ is present!
The Christ is present,—vanish!
The Sign that well thou knowest
Thee and thy crew shall banish.

What if awhile the body
Sink wearily reclining?
Faith wakes, in very slumber
The truth of Christ divining.

Praise to the Eternal Father,
To Christ, true King of Heaven,
And to the Blessèd Spirit
Now, and for ay be given!

## "CHORUS NOVAE HIERUSALEM"[1]

The choir of new Jerusalem
A new sweet song must choose and frame,
Her Paschal feast (O glad employ!)
So honouring with all sober joy.

See Christ the unconquered Lion rise!
The Dragon crush'd beneath Him lies.
His living voice thrills through the gloom,
The dead awakening from the tomb.

Insatiate Hell to light once more
Hath given the prey devour'd of yore,
And captives freed in due array
Are following Jesus on the way.

He triumphs now in glorious light.
By His great power, as meet and right,
The heavenly and the earthly kind
In one sole City He doth bind.

He is our King, His soldiers we,
Our lowly chanted prayer must be
That He may station each and all
In His own glorious palace-hall.

Through ages that no limit know,
Father Supreme, to Thee we owe
Glory and honour, with the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

[1] Altered from the "Hymnal Noted."

## "VEXILLA REGIS"

THE banners of the King appear,
The mystery of the Cross shines clear,
Whereby upon the Tree of shame
In flesh He hangs who flesh did frame.

With palms outstretch'd our Victim view,
His very Heart nail'd through and through,
Vouchsafing, for Redemption's price,
Here to be slain in sacrifice.

And here too, wound on wound, we see
By dint of that dire lance, how He
To cleanse us caused His side to run
With Blood and Water all in one.

Fulfill'd [1] is now what David sings
(True verse that through the wide world rings),
"Among the nations all," saith he,
"The Lord hath reignèd from the Tree."

O stately Tree, so bright and fair,
Who dost the King's own purple wear,
Whose stem He chose and fitly framed
That holiest Form to touch unblamed!

O blessèd, on whose arms sustained
The Ransom hung for all ordained!
His Body there in balance lay,
And spoil'd Hell-powers of all their prey.

Hail, Altar! awful Victim, hail!
Whose glorious pains did so prevail;
Whose Life bore Death, and did restore
By dying, Life for evermore.

[1] *Ps.* xcvi. 10. There was an ancient, but corrupt reading of this verse, "Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord reigneth from the Tree."

Thee, Lord most highest, Three in One
With praise let every spirit own,
Whom by the mystery of the Tree
Thou sav'st, their Guide Eternal be!

## "VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS"

Dread Word, who from the Father hast
  Thy goings forth of old, now born,
When waning Time is well-nigh past,
  Sole succour to a world outworn,

Enlighten now all bosoms, Lord,
  Consume them with Thy love, we pray,
That heard at last, the Royal Word
  Earth's dreamy lights may chase away.

And when Thou com'st a Judge, one day,
  The heart's dim records to unrol,
Dark deeds with anguish to repay
  And with a crown the righteous soul,

We may not, for our several sin,
  Each in his chain of darkness lie,
But with the blest in glory win
  A virgin wreath eternally.

## "VOX CLARA ECCE PERSONAT"

Give ear,—the Voice rings keen and true
The world's dim corners through and through:
Ye dreams and shadows, speed your flight,
Lo! Christ from heaven is darting light!

Now let each slumbering soul arise
That yet impure and wounded lies;
Now a new Star its light doth give,
And where it beams no ill may live.

The Lamb from heaven is on His way,
Our debt of His free love to pay.
O may we all with tears most meet,
And loving voice that mercy greet!

So when anew the Light doth rise,
A horror girding earth and skies,
Not as our sin Thy scourge may prove.
O shield us with Thy pitying love!

## "PANGE, LINGUA, GLORIOSI PROELIUM CERTAMINIS"[1]

Sing, my tongue, of glorious warfare,
Sing the last, the dread affray!
O'er the Cross, high Victory's token,
Sound the glad triumphant lay,
How the Sacrifice enduring
Earth's Redeemer won the day.

He with our first father mourning
For his crime and broken faith,
Who of that ill fruit partaking
In a moment died the death,—
Mark'd e'en then a Tree to ransom
All the first tree's woe and scathe.

Such the work for our salvation
In its order fix'd and due;
Art, the Traitor's art to baffle
And his wiles of changeful hue;
Thence to draw the balm and healing
Whence the foe the poison drew.

Wherefore in His season's fitness,
When the sacred years were spent,
Came the Son, the world's Creator,
From the Father's palace sent,
From the Virgin's womb proceeding,
Flesh most pure and innocent.

[1] Altered from Dr. Neale's version.

Hear His cries, an Infant hidden
Where the narrow manger stands;
See the Mother Maid His members
Wrapping in rude lowly bands:
See the cradle-garments swathing
God's own feeble feet and hands!

Now, the thirty years accomplish'd
(All the time to flesh assign'd),
With good will, for therefore came He,
To His Agony resign'd,
On the Cross our Lamb is lifted,
There the Sacrifice they bind.

Gall and vinegar, and spittle,
Reed and nails and lance, and lo!
Now the tender Form is piercèd,
Now the Blood and Water flow!
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean
Well that cleansing river know.

Faithful Cross! above all other,
One and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit Thy peer may be.
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight is hung on Thee![1]

To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet,
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son and Paraclete;
Trinal Unity, whose praises
All created things repeat.

[1] This stanza is taken altogether from Dr. Neale's version.

## "O DEUS, EGO AMO TE"

Fain would we love Thee, Lord; for Thou
Didst love us first, and lo!
In willing chains to follow Thee
Our freedom we forgo.

Let memory nought to us recall,
But of Thy love and praise;
Nor understanding brood on aught
But Thee, and Thy dread ways.

No will but what we learn'd as Thine,
(Thou knowest, Lord!) have we:
Whatever by Thy gift is ours,
By our gift Thine shall be.

All was of Thee: receive Thou all,
Teach what with all to do:
Rule, as Thou know'st and will'st: we know
Thou art a Lover true.

With love alone endow us; so
Shall we in turn love Thee.
Give this, and Thou giv'st all: for why?
The rest is vanity.

## "ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN"

Alleluia, sweetest Anthem,
Voice of joy that may not die;
Alleluia, voice delightsome
E'en to blessèd choirs on high;
Sung by holy ones abiding
In God's home eternally.

Alleluia,—O, blest Mother,
Salem, crown'd above and free,—
Alleluia is thy watchword,
So thine own shall joy with thee:
But as yet by Babel's waters,
Mourning exiles still are we.

Alleluia we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore;
Alleluia for our trespass
We must for a while give o'er;
For a Lenten time approaches
Bidding us our sins deplore.

Wherefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Blessèd, Holy Trinity!
Grant us all to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

## "CORDE NATUS EX PARENTIS" [1]

(For Christmas)

Born of God the Father's bosom,
Ere the worlds to light had come,
Alpha surnamed and Omega,
He alone the source and sum
Of all things that are or have been,
Or hereafter shall find room,
Ever, and for evermore.

This is He whom Heaven-taught minstrels
Hymned of yore with one accord;
Pledged to man in faithful pages
Of the Prophets' sure strong word.
As foreshown, His Star is gleaming;—
Now let all things praise the Lord
Ever, and for evermore.

O that pure and blessèd dawning,
When the unspotted Mother bright
By the Holy Ghost made fruitful,
Our salvation brought to light,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
Show'd His sacred face in sight
Ever, and for evermore.

[1] Altered from the "Hymnal Noted."

Let Heaven's height sing Psalms adoring,
Psalms let all the angels sing,
Powers and Virtues wheresoever
Praise with Psalms our God and King;
None of all the tongues be silent,
Mightily all voices sing,
Ever, and for evermore.

Thee let aged men and youthful,
Boys in choral brotherhood,
Mothers, virgins, simple maidens,
One adoring multitude,
Hymn aloud in tones harmonious,
Of devoutest, purest mood,
Ever, and for evermore.

Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And the Holy Spirit, be
Praise unwearied, high thanksgiving,
Song, and perfect melody.
Honour, virtue, might victorious,
And to reign eternally
Ever, and for evermore.

## "LIBERTAS, QUAE SERA TAMEN RESPEXIT INERTEM," 1808

O Sun of Lusitane, are those thy rays
Of glory set for evermore, that erst
On rising Lisboa pour'd so bright a blaze,
And gilded Tajo's stream, and proudly burst
From foul eclipse, what time Braganza first
Uprais'd the banner of her prostrate reign,
And cried, "To arms, thou race in freedom nurst,
Arouse thee as of yore! be free again!
Art thou for ever set, O Sun of Lusitane?"

Heaven wills not so: lo! from long death-like sleep
Waked by the storm of war, by murder's yell,
Upstarts the Angel of the Western steep,
And shaking off the loathsome dews that fell

From Slavery's poison-tree, whose blighting spell
Hath numb'd so long his darken'd sense,—behold!
He climbs once more his mountain citadel,
Where hovering amid hero-saints of old,
He sounds the trump that bursts the slumbers of the bold.

And at the fury of that blast I mark
Ten thousand swords flash upward to the sky:
Swords, that inglorious rust no more shall cark,
Quick glancing in the light of Liberty.
And infants lisp their fathers' battle-cry,
And mothers quit the cradle-side to hear,
And from the cell of spotless Piety
The spouse of Heaven, that shrank if man came near,
Moves forth with downcast look, but not in maiden fear.

'Tis not the blush of maiden shame that dyes,
Nor fear that blanches her unveilèd cheek;
But she hath heard her weeping country's cries,
Heard how the spoiler made Heaven's altars reek
With innocent blood, and drown'd the infant's shriek
In fiendish laughter. She hath heard the tale,
And her sick heart hath sunk as it would break
For human kind: so shrinks she, sad and pale,
Till fouler wrongs are told, and sterner longings swell.

Longings of sacred vengeance,—for the fair,
The chaste, the pious, dragged to insult dire,
Dragged by the uplifted arm, or streaming hair,
Then left in shame and horror to expire.
The altars saw, and shudder'd; and the fire
Of holy lamps, that lighted saints to prayer,
And witness'd throbs erewhile of pure desire,
Trembling sank down, and cast a pale cold glare,
Like miner's torch half-quench'd in some sepulchral air.

For glory couldst thou dare the monstrous deep ?
For empire couldst thou stretch thy eagle wings,
Where ocean's echoes lay in lifeless sleep,
Save when they caught the storm's wild murmurings ?
Couldst thou be brave for gold ? and shall no stings
Of holy vengeance thrill thee ? shall no arm
Be bared for blood, now while each valley rings
With thy oppressors' shout ? shall baneful charm
Unnerve thee, Lusitane ? shall shape of toil or harm ?

Far mightier spells the priests of Freedom try,
Of power to rouse from their entombèd rest
The mailèd forms of chiefs, whom Victory
Hath lull'd to sleep upon their country's breast.
Now starting at her well-remember'd 'hest,
Within yon circle, lo ! they take their stand,
Of heroes girt for war, holy and blest,
Thence towards the West and North they wave their brand,
And to their banner call the free of heart and hand.

'Tis done : for not unmark'd by Albion pass'd
That voice, that gleam : her giant arm is rais'd,
Her sail is spread. And hark ! Castile as fast
Echoes the shout, and lifts her shield emblazed
With deeds of high emprize. O ever praised,
Yet ever wept ! Thy banner is unfurl'd,
Thy waken'd Eagle on the sun hath gazed.
So on they fare in faith, till they have hurl'd
Their triple bolt on guilt, defenders of a world.

## TO ——, ON HER SISTER'S DEATH

O THOU, whose dim and tearful gaze
Dwells on the shade of blessings gone !
Whose fancy some lost form surveys,
Half-deeming it once more thine own ;

O check that shuddering sob, control
That lip all quivering with despair;
The thrillings of the startled soul
That wakes and finds no lov'd one there.

'Tis hard, in life's first wearying stage,
From guiding, soothing souls to part;
To part, unchill'd by grief or age,
Sister from sister, heart from heart!

Yet though no more she share, her love
Thy way of woe still guides and cheers;
And from her cup of bliss above
One drop she mingles with thy tears.

1810.

## TO A GIRL, WHO WAS COMPLAINING THAT SHE HAD FORGOTTEN HER SISTER'S BIRTHDAY

Grieve not though Mary's birthday pass'd
Without one joyous rhyme;
When days are bright, and hours fly fast,
Who measures bliss by time?

When grief has dimmed our darkling way,
Such lonely gleams are dear:
But who can mark one happy day,
If happy through the year?

Such sweet forgetfulness be thine!
So ever live and love!
No need of gift, or votive line,
The fond, glad heart to prove.

*Nov.* 1810.

## LINES SUGGESTED BY THE REMEMBRANCE OF AN EARLY BUT LONG-LOST FRIEND

O BLESSÈD gem, of saintly, spotless kind,
Too pure for earthly casket long to hide!
Thou sparklest now with the true light, supplied
From heaven's eternal fountain, where enshrined
God hides Himself in brightness. Too refined
For mortal gaze, thou shin'st without a stain.
Yet mayst thou, when my spirit springs amain
Toward heaven, though faintly, strike the eye of mind
And draw thought upward, as with polar gleam,
And shed a holy glow o'er prayer, and hope, and dream!

*Aug.* 1810.

## ON VISITING THE RUINS OF FARLEIGH CASTLE, SOMERSETSHIRE

THOU, who in Farleigh's ivied bower,
Sit'st musing on remember'd power,
To whom reflection's eye recalls
The glories of her roofless halls;
Reminded by the fitful breeze
Of long-forgotten minstrelsies;
By shrubs that crown the turret's height,
Of the red flag that stream'd so bright
When warriors laid them here to rest,
And bowed to dames the blood-dyed crest,
And Cromwell sheath'd his untired sword
To share the feast with Hungerford:—
Though mournful, o'er thy musing heart
The gleam of faded glories dart,
Give not that rising sigh its way,
Nor grieve that pride should so decay.

High blazed the hall in regal state,
But want hung shivering on the gate.
Unclad, untill'd the desert scene,
Nor glow'd in gold, nor smiled with green.
Who battles shared might feasts attend;
The spoiler was his chieftain's friend;
While pined, unwelcome and forgot,
The tenant of the peaceful cot.
For him nor jasmine bloom'd beneath,
Nor woodbine clomb with upward wreath,
To meet the slanting thatch, where played
From darksome elms the waving shade.
Nor portal brown, nor rustic seat
Gave air and shade for noon's retreat:
Nor flower-entangled casement peep'd
Through bowers in tears of morning steep'd;
No comfort smooth'd his lowly bed,
No Houlton liv'd to bless his shed.

*Aug.* 24, 1810.

## ON LEAVING CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, ON HIS ELECTION TO A FELLOWSHIP OF ORIEL

How soft, how silent has the stream of time
Borne me unheeding on, since first I dream'd
Of poetry and glory in thy shade,
Scene of my earliest harpings? There, if oft
(As through thy courts I took my nightly round,
Where thy embattled line of shadow hid
The moon's white glimmerings) on my charm'd ear
Have swell'd of thy triumphant minstrelsy [1]
Some few faint notes; if one exulting chord
Of my touch'd heart has thrill'd in unison,

[1] Sir John T. Coleridge, at that time a Scholar of C.C.C., had won the Prize for Latin Verses, on "Pyramides Ægyptiacæ," in the year 1810.

Shall I not cling unto thee ? shall I cast
No strainèd glance on my adopted home,
Departing ? Seat of calm delight, farewell !
Home of my muse, and of my friends ! I ne'er
Shall see thee but with such a gush of soul
As flows from him who welcomes some dear face
Lost in his childhood. Yet not lost to me
Art thou : for still my heart exults to own thee,
And memory still, and friendship make thee mine.

*June* 28, 1811.

## SONG

They say I am no faithful swain,
Because I do not fold my arms,
And gaze and sigh, and gaze again,
And curse my fair one's fatal charms.
I cannot weep, I cannot sigh,
My fair one's heart laughs in her eye.
I cannot creep like weary wight,
My fair one's step is free and light.

When fix'd in memory's mirror dwells
Some dear-lov'd form to fleet no more,
Transform'd as by Arabian spells,
We catch the likeness we adore.
Then ah ! who would not love most true ?
Who would not be in love with you ?
So might he learn the bliss of heart
Which waits on those who bliss impart,
Might learn through smiles and tears to shine,
Like Angels, and like Caroline.

1811.

## A THOUGHT ON A FINE MORNING

God's mercy is in the pure beam of Spring :
The gale of morning is His blessèd breath,
Cheering created things, that as they drink
At these low founts of intermitting joy

Their souls may bless Him, and with quicken'd thirst
Pant for the river of life, and light of heaven.
O, sun-bright gleams, and ye unfolding depths
Of azure space, what are ye but a pledge
And precious foretaste of that cloudless day,
Gladdening at intervals the good man's heart
With earnest of infinitude? The while
He on his rugged path moves cheerily,
Towards joys that mock the measuring eye of hope,
As yon abyss ethereal mocks our gaze.

*March* 8, 1812.

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE

All hail, thou messenger of spring and love,
Instinct with music, and with blissful thought!
What spell unknown from genial southern grove,
From purer gales, and skies without a blot,
Does round thy charmèd beak and pinions move,
Mellowing our rude air to receive thy note?
Art thou indeed a thing of soulless frame?
And heaves that bosom with no minstrel flame?

O, no! for sure those thrilling tones had mind,
That trembled from beneath the evening star,
In whose dear light thou sittest as enshrined
While woods and waves do rustle from afar,
And to thy varied descant the low wind
Makes fitful answer, which no sound may mar
Of beast or meaner bird: they silent all
Are held by that sweet chain in willing thrall.

Thy song has language: to each heart of man
It sounds in unison: but who are they
Who best thy mystic melodies may scan?
The Poet musing at the close of day,
He who with heavy heart and visage wan
In thought of vanish'd bliss does sadly stray,
The lover when his true love is not by,
And the rapt ear of Heaven-taught infancy.

Full greedily the joyous infant drinks
Those wildly quivering notes thou fling'st on high;
Shuddering in grief's dear joy, the mourner shrinks
From what he loves, thy sadder melody;
And in thy long low strain the lover thinks
He hears the echo of his lonely sigh:
And be thy song of joyaunce or of woe,
Still o'er his inmost heart the Poet feels it flow.

*May* 11, 1812.

## SONNET

Yes, I will stamp her image on my soul,
Though all unworthy such high portraiture
Tablet so vile,—for ever to endure.
Nor, though by fits across my spirit roll
Dim clouds of anguish, shall my heart give way.
For not in weak and infant-like distress
Behoves it the fair moonlight to survey
Because we cannot grasp it: rather bless
The dear mild ray that on the throbbing heart
Falls soft as seraph's glance of kindliest power,
And doth its melting loveliness impart
To all it looks upon. In happy hour
So may I frame my soul to think on thee,
Whom never but from far these worthless eyes may see.

*June* 1812.

## STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A "GLOOMY THINKER"[1]

Ah! cease my friend, that mournful lay!
Arouse thee from thy gloomy dream!
The clouds that dimmed thy morning's ray
Show but more bright thy noon-day gleam.

[1] I am afraid these were written in answer to some stanzas entitled "Gloomy Thoughts," by me.—J. T. C. [Sir John T. Coleridge; see pp. 475, 483, 489].

Foremost in glory's sun-bright steep,
Foremost in duty's mild career,
No drop for thee thy friends shall weep,
But proud affection's burning tear.

And when, thy giant course gone by,
On clouds of bliss thy sun shall fall,
How joyous then shall Memory's eye
View sorrows borne at Virtue's call!

Then shalt thou know the bliss of blessing,
Thou, whom no selfish joy could move;
In peace thy steadfast soul possessing,
Rich in good deeds, and good men's love.

*June* 1812.

## "NEC ME DISCEDERE FLEVIT"

My spirit lingers round that blessèd space,
Which prisons her fair form. Still on mine ear
Like dying notes of angels' minstrelsy
Her lips' last music dwells. Yet not to me,
O not to me was pour'd the parting glance,
Enrapturing anguish: not to me the hand
Held out in kindness, whose remember'd touch
Might soothe the absent heart. And it is well.
Why should she think on me? she holds her course
A happy star in heaven, by gales of bliss
Lull'd to repose on the soft-bosom'd clouds,
Or bathing in the pure deep blue of light.
In grossness I, and mists of earthly sense,
Creep on my way benighted: half afraid
To lift my eyes to brightness: or perchance
If wayward fate so wills, a moment rais'd
To float an unsubstantial meteor-light,
Born of this nether air, and there to die.

*June* 15, 1812.

## A WET DAY AT MIDSUMMER

How mournfully the lingering rain-drops sound,
As one by one they rustle on the leaves;
To him who inly groans in sad suspense
Watching some pale lov'd face! The summer eve
Is dimm'd by showers, and murky hues o'ercast
The comfortable glow that wont to cheer
This musing hour. E'en such a mist has hung
O'er thee, my sister, when-so thou hast look'd
From thy sad couch o'er lawns and turfy glades,
Where erst, the lightest in the rural throng,
Blithesome you roved, in blessing all most blest.
And as e'en now beneath yon dusky arch
Bursts unexpected light, so Faith's fond eye
Looks on to days of health, when smilingly
We shall recount these long anxieties,
And bliss be dearer for remember'd woe.

*June* 23, 1812.

## THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE SEA [1]

(*Probably written in the Isle of Wight*)

***For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.*** —1 Cor. xiii. 12.

Visions of vastness and of beauty! long,
Too long have I neglected ye: content
Nor to have sooth'd my soul to rest among
Your evening lullaby of breeze and wave,
While the low sun retiring glow'd from far
Like pillar'd gold upon a marble plain;
Nor yet wild waked from that deceitful sleep,
When the storm waved his giant scourge, and rode
Upon the rising billow, have I sate
Listening with fearful joy, and pulse that throbbed

[1] This poem was first printed in *Days and Seasons*.

In unison with every bursting wave.
Yet the strong passion slept within my soul
Like an unwaken'd sense: e'en as the blind
Mingles in one dear dream all softest sounds,
All smoothest surfaces, and calls it Light.
Such lovely, formless visions late were mine,
Dear to remembrance yet: but far more dear
The present glories of this world of waves.
So through a glass seen darkly, mortals deem
Of things eternal: but even now is the hour
When gales from heaven shall blow, and the true Sun,
Rising in glory o'er the unknown expanse,
Shall pour at once upon the unbodied soul
Floods of such blessedness, as mortal sense
Might not endure, nor spirit pent in flesh
Imagine dimly. Be my race so run,
In holy faith, and righteous diligence,
That purged from earthly film and fear my soul
May catch her first glimpse of Eternity,
Mists gradual roll away, and the calm waves
Still smile and brighten as I draw more near.

*Aug.* 5, 1812.

## WRITTEN AT SIDMOUTH

Why art thou sad, my soul, when all around
Such loveliness salutes thee? fragrant airs,
Bowers of unfading green, soft murmuring brooks,
Gay sunny slopes that wear their vernal hues,
Mocking the breath of winter; gorgeous cliffs,
And Ocean's awful pageantry;—and more
And dearer far, soft smiles, and radiant eyes.
Thou wert not wont with dim and tearful gaze
To look on these;—then wherefore art thou sad?
Thou art not *here*: far distant many a mile
Thou lingerest, nor beneath a genial sky:
Hovering unseen around th' untimely couch
Of her, thy best beloved: and thou dost grieve
Because thou art not of that happy choir
That holds sweet evening converse at her side;
Because thou sharest not that pledge of peace,

A father's nightly orison ; because
Hearts knit to thine as its own vital flakes
Partake not of thy wonderings, and thy joys.
I stifle not thy sighs. 'T is meet that thou should'st
mourn.

*Jan.* 1, 1813.

## TO A CAVE UNDER HIGH PEAK, SIDMOUTH

I LOVE thee well, thou solitary Cave,
Though thee no legend, or of war or love,
Or mermaid issuing from her coral grove
Ennoble : nought beside the fretful wave
That round thy portal arch doth idly rave,
Has waked thine echoes ; nor in lonely age
Has seaman sought thee for his hermitage,
That ocean's voice might lull him to his grave.
I love thee for his sake who brought me here,
Companion of my wildered walk, and bore
A part in all those visions dim and dear
In which my trancèd spirit loves to soar,
When gales sigh soft, and rills are murmuring near,
And evenly the distant billows roar.

*Feb.* 21, 1813.

## TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN LEYDEN,[1] M.D.

O, MOURNFUL on our ears the wild harp died
When the bard sang farewell to Teviotside ;
And gentle hearts, while thou wert far away,
Own'd sad misgivings for thy plaintive lay.

[1] Dr. John Leyden, who assisted Sir Walter Scott in procuring materials and illustrations for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, died as Professor of the Native Dialects in the Bengal College, Calcutta, in the year 1811. He was engaged in translating the Holy Scriptures at the time of his death into seven languages into which they had not then been translated. A small volume of his poems was published in 1821, which contained some very beautiful pieces, now, it is to be feared, entirely forgotten ; one especially, an " Address to an Indian Gold Coin."

Ah, too prophetic! in the flush of years
Sweet minstrel, far from thine Aurelia's tears,
Thy glorious task hath bowed thee to the tomb.
Most mournful, yet most blessèd was thy doom!
  Most blessèd was thy doom, the rural Muse
Dropp'd on thy cradled head her blandest dews,
And melting hues of moonlight loveliness,
And fairy forms thy childish eyne would bless.
Thou, too, hadst learn'd to love; and not in vain,
If right I guess, was pour'd thy soothing strain.
To each fond note that down the valley sigh'd
Some chord within thy fair one's heart replied;
Breathless she listen'd for the song of love,
Nor miss'd the nightingale from Teviot's grove.
Most blessèd was thy doom: to thy bold glance
Flew wide the gorgeous portals of Romance;
From living gems that deck her mystic cell
Thine eye caught lustre, and the sacred spell
Of high chivalric song upon thy spirit fell.
  O, sweeter than the music of the grove,
The Border clarion, or the lute of love,
Those angel-notes that on thy dying ear
Fell soft, recalling all thy soul held dear,
All bright remembrances of deeds well done,
Of Mercy's work for half mankind begun,
All the calm joys of hearts in virtue sure,
All holy longings, all affections pure,
With thy free soul in bliss for ever to endure.

*Feb.* 5, 1813.

## ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE SOME VERSES IN A FRIEND'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK [1]

Nay, ask not for a lay of mine,
  Too fitful is my spirit's gleam;
With wavering and unsteady shine
  It mocks me like a lover's dream.

[1] Written by himself in my book.—J. T. C. [See pp. 475, 489.]

And O, my heart is all too weak,
And all too faltering is my tongue;
I cannot gain, I dare not seek
The ennobling meed of sacred song.

For lofty look, and open brow,
Heart fearless in its glorious aim,
That shrinks not from the slanderer's blow,
Shrinks not from aught save wise men's blame;

These, and the self-possessing mind
That views unmoved, though not in scorn,
All earth-born aims of lowlier kind,
With the true bard should all be born.

But I,—if e'er from dewy eye
Or summer sun my soul catch fire,—
Too soon the lights of minstrelsy
Quench'd in some gale of care expire.

Nor upward to its native heaven
Ascends the altar-flame; but wild
By some capricious passion driven
Leaves all forlorn Hope's dreaming child.

*March* 15, 1813.

## ROBIN LEE

(*A Ballad founded on a tradition still preserved at Salcombe Regis, Devon*)

"O, HEARD ye not the night-wind's roar
How in his rage he swept the cove?
O, father, hie thee to the shore,
My heart is shuddering for my love."

"Cease, daughter, cease thine idle fears,
Far off in port he safely sleeps;
And now, behold, thy sighs and tears
Have rous'd thy child;—poor babe, he weeps.

" Sing, daughter, sing thy lullaby,
But when the babe is soothed to rest
Lend thy light step and eagle eye
To aid me in my fearful quest.

" For I will hie me to the coast,
Haply some founder'd bark lies there,
Or some poor seaman, tempest tost,
For my son's sake demands my care ! "

She listen'd as his footsteps part,
She listen'd with a stifled sigh ;
Then to her child with heavy heart
She turn'd and sang her lullaby.

" O, hush thee, poor baby, I like not thy moan,
Thou need'st not weep, though thy father be gone ;
The wild winds have borne thy father afar,
To ride o'er the waves, and to join the war.

" O, it dwells on my heart how he smiled and sighed,
When he tore him away from his love-lorn bride ;
Bitter the smile, and boding the sigh,
And the parting kiss was agony.

" He said, ' My love, O think on me
When thou singest thy darling's lullaby ' ;
And all too well have I kept his 'hest,
For my sighs oft waken thee on my breast.

" But see, how my lovely one smiles in sleep !
O, mayst thou never wake to weep !
O, when will such joy as now thou'rt dreaming,
Upon this darken'd heart be gleaming ? "

Soft was the mother's parting kiss,
But mingled with a bitter tear ;
So softly sweet his dream of bliss,
So bitter sad her dream of fear.

All as she traced old Robin Lee
Along that wild and winding dell,
Responsive to the fitful sea,
Her bursting bosom rose and fell.

But when she reach'd the lonely strand,
For ay that bosom ceas'd to beat:
Her sire all speechless wrung her hand,
Her husband's corse lay at her feet!

Soft was her infant's sleep the while,
He dream'd his wonted dream of bliss,
But when he turn'd with waking smile
He met no more a mother's kiss.

Seest thou yon grey and woe-worn form
Slow wandering by the wintry sea,
Watching with haggard smile the storm?
That aged man is Robin Lee.

And that lorn boy, whose eager eye
Wanders so wild from wave to wave,
Sings a sad soothing lullaby
Each evening o'er his parents' grave.

*April* 10, 1813.

## STANZAS ON LEAVING SIDMOUTH

(*Fragment*)

Ye lingering hours speed on! with infant haste
My heart springs homeward, springs to meet the bliss,
Which but in one dear spot it ne'er can taste,
Joy's surest pledge, the dear domestic kiss.

Yet ere I leave thee, vale of many flowers,
My lowly harp would whisper one farewell;
Though glad to go, I linger in thy bowers,
And half could wish thou wert my native dell.

For oft from rustling copse, or fountain's flow,
Thine echoes soft have thrill'd mine heart along,
Lulling each wayward care and dream of woe,
And the wild wave made solemn undersong.

Oft as the conscious freedom swell'd my breast,
As on thy downs I drank the rushing gale,
Or mark'd, far stretching in the dark blue West,
The buoyant glories of the sun-bright sail.

And but my spirit sear'd by sorrow's brand
Can taste no more the bitter sweets of love,
Some fairy queen of that enchanted land
Had heard my harpings in the moonlight grove.

Forbidden is that dearest thrill to me,
But I can feel and bless the kindly gale,
That in thy bowers of ease and rural glee
Cheers the forlorn, and bids the stranger hail.

*April* 17, 1813.

## "NUNQUAM AUDITURAE"

How can I leave thee all unsung,
While my heart owns thy dear control;
And Heaven and Love have o'er thee flung
The softest moonlight of the soul?
O, I have long'd for thee to call
Soft echo from the West Wind's hall,
Some notes as blithely wild to seek,
As the wild music of thy voice,
As the wild roses that rejoice
In thine eyes' sunshine on thy glowing cheek.

For not the breath of mortal praise
Thine artless beauty dares profane;
For thee wild Nature wakes her lays,
And thy soul feels the blessèd strain.

The song that breaks the grove's repose,
The shower-drop rustling on the rose,
The brooklet's morning melody,—
To these with soft and solemn tone
Thy spirit stirs in unison,
Owning the music of its native sky.

And when in some fair golden hour
Thy heart-strings shall give back the sigh
Of Love's wild harp, no earthly bower
Shall lend such hues as bloom to die;
But earnest of the eternal spring
Their amarant wreaths shall angels bring,
And preluding the choir of heaven
Soft Eden gales shall sweep the lyre,
And star-like points of guiltless fire
From God's own altar-flame to gem thy brow be given.

It is my pride that I can deem
Though faintly, of that being's worth,
Who to th' All-gracious Mind shall seem
Meet help for thee in heaven and earth.
Long as before life's gale I drive
Shall holiest hope within me live,
Thee fair, thee blessèd while I view,
And when the port of endless rest
Receives me, may my soul be blest
With everlasting, endless gaze on you.

*April* 13, 1813.

## SONNET[1] "CONCERNING THE TRUE POET"

Whom blesseth most the gentle dew of heaven?
Whose heart is sweetest thrill'd by Nature's song?
Who in still musings moonlight bowers among
Drinks purest light from the soft star of Even?
Is it not he who knows whence each is given?
Who, not unweeting of that Ocean source

[1] Written at the end of an essay on the Lake Poets, which concluded with mentioning their beautiful exhibition of female character.

Whence springs each stream of glory, where in course
This lower world first compass'd, all are driven,
Sees upon each fair thing the stamp and seal
Of Him who made it; hears and owns His voice
Linking all harmonies; but most his heart
The impulse of its master-key doth feel,
And in the consciousness of Heaven rejoice,
When woman duly plays her angel-part?

*Aug.* 8, 1813.

## TO J. T. C., WITH PETRARCA

THESE are the workings of a spirit pure,
And high and zealous; one of those elect
Whom the All-wise hath beckon'd from the crowd
Of meaner souls, to set their thrones on high
Among the sons of men. Do thou, my friend,
My Coleridge! spirit zealous, pure, and high!
Accept them, not misdeeming of their worth,
Because the worldly and the sensual slight
Their precious fragrance, all too fine for nerves
Gross and unpurged as theirs. But thou hast walk'd
Among the gardens of true Poesy,
And every nectar-dew that drops at eve,
And every balmy steam that morn exhales,
Hath steep'd thy soul in gladness. Thou wilt love
The laurell'd bard, whether his burning wire,
Touch'd by the sun-beam of reviving Rome,
Ring out, as Memnon's erst, and rouse the sons
Of his own Italy to arms and song:
Or chant his hermit hymn to Heaven and Love,
Soft, yet severe: for Piety had framed
The melody, and every wilder chord
Was temper'd to her solemn undersong.
So Love seem'd what he is,—a spirit devout,
Owning God most in His most beauteous work.
Such shalt thou feel, and such for thee be felt,
My Coleridge! at the appointed hour, if Heaven
Loathe not my daily suit;—for I have tried
And known thee. I have proved thee true and kind,

Wise for the simple, for the wavering firm;
And much it grieves me that in Life's dark maze
So soon our paths shall sever.
Fare thee well!
And as along the lowly vale I wind,
Scale thou untired, yet sometimes making sign
That thou rememberest me, the mountain's height;
And be thy glory as thy virtue! yet,
Yet once again, insatiable of good
For thee and thine, my tide of gratitude
Must flow towards Heaven, for I am nought below.
O, Thou All-merciful! Be these my friends
Beneath Thy wing for ever! Visit them
With daily blessings, nightly dreams of bliss!
Be Memory still their comforter, be Hope
Their constant guide; and wise and good men's love
Their stay on earth. Be Thou their rest in heaven!

*Sept.* 14, 1813.

## SONG

Tell me, ye maidens fair and wise,
Who joy in Nature's loveliness,
What forms, what hues in earth or skies
Doth Beauty most delight to bless?
Comes she on Autumn's sounding wing,
Or on the frolic breath of Spring?

Dwells she beneath that banner bright
That o'er the car of Morning streams,
Or trembling in the wan moonlight
When faint the rose of Evening gleams?
Kindles her eye with Hope's full blaze,
Or melts in Memory's lingering gaze?

If right I guess, our hearts beguiling,
By turns she pours her fairy glance,
Now in Regret all sadly smiling,
Now fix'd in Faith's prophetic trance:
Still luring us to heaven, our home,
By bliss gone by, or bliss to come.

*Oct.* 12, 1813.

## ODE ON THE VICTORIES IN THE PYRENEES, 1813

WHAT mountain-echoes roll
Across the roughening main?
Is it the torrent's voice that shakes my soul?
Is it the wolf wild howling o'er the slain?
That torrent in its stormy might
Hath swept a thousand flags away,
That blithely danced in glory's light
Mocking the sun of yesterday.
Long o'er Biscaya's lonely wold
That war-wolf's howl, at midnight hour
Hath scared the watchers of the fold;
Now walks he forth at noon in vengeance to devour.

In justice walks he forth:
Before his red eye's glare
They shrink, the wasters of the smiling earth,
They bow themselves, they sicken with despair.
Dash'd from their foul unholy grasp
The silver-wingèd Eagle lies,
Each tyrant draws one wildering gasp,
Curses his anguish once, and dies.
Then from Cantabria's cloudy height
Freedom in thunder spake to Spain,
Her pealing voice dispers'd the night
Of mist that long had hover'd o'er her mountain reign.

Doth yet one lingering war-note dwell
In archèd grot or bowery dell,
Of that triumphant clarion blast
O'er rock, and copse, and torrent cast
From Ronceval's immortal fight;
That told how many a prowest knight,
Hurl'd headlong from his seat of pride,
Beneath thy grasp, Iberia, died?
Wake, Echo, from thy sleep of years!

Pour, long and loud, that solemn melody!
Let it arise like chanted orison
Toward heaven-gate. The holy work is done
Britain hath wiped Iberia's tears
And Ronceval beheld the Christians' victory!

*July* 30, 1813.

## O, STAY THEE YET, &c.

O, STAY thee yet, bright image, stay,
Fleet not so fast from this sad heart;
Cheer yet awhile my weary way,
Nor e'en with parting life depart.

Let Memory paint thee as she will,
Whether all blithe in childhood's smile,
Or with that look so meek and still
That wayward care so well could guile;

Or languishing like lily pale,
That waits but till the sunlight cease,
Then hides her in her dewy veil,
And bows her head, and sleeps in peace.

Most angel-like! I trust in Heaven
That yet some impress faint of thee
May to this wearied heart be given,
All sad and earth-worn though it be.

Who wears so bright a gem within,
How should his heart from God remove?
How can he change for toys of sin
The earnest of a seraph's love?

For well I guess,—and oft my soul
Holds tearful triumph in the dream,—
That when Religion's soft control
Lights me with pure and placid beam;

When I do good and think aright,
  At peace with man, resign'd to God,
Thou look'st on me with eyes of light,
  Tasting new joy in Joy's abode.

But in my dark and evil hour
  When wan despair mine eyelids seals,
When worldly passions round me lower,
  And all the man corruption feels,

Thou turn'st not then thine eyes below,
  Or clouds of glory beam between,
Lest earthly pangs of fear or woe
  Upon an angel's brow be seen.

By one alone,—thy sister saint,—
  Thou watchest e'en in grief and ill;
Though on her couch of woe she faint,
  Thine eye of joy is on her still.

For well thou know'st her every tear
  Becomes a deathless gem in heaven;
To every pang well suffer'd here
  A suffering Saviour's love is given.

*June* 16, 1814.
*The day of his sister Sarah's death.*

## SONNET

When I behold yon arch magnificent
  Spanning the gorgeous West, the autumnal bed
  Where the great Sun now hides his weary head,
With here and there a purple isle, that rent
From that huge cloud, their solid continent,
  Seem floating in a sea of golden light,
  A fire is kindled in my musing sprite,
And Fancy whispers, such the glories lent

To this our mortal life : most glowing fair
But built on clouds, and melting while we gaze.
Yet since those shadowy lights sure witness bear
Of One not seen, the undying Sun and Source
Of good and fair, who wisely them surveys,
Will use them well to cheer his heavenward course.

*Sunday, Oct.* 20, 1816.

## LINES SENT WITH THE LIVES OF RIDLEY AND CRANMER

Thou, whom with proud and happy heart I call
Mine, first by birth, but more by love unfeign'd,
And by that awful warfare most of all,
To which by holiest vows we are constrain'd,
Brother, behold thy calling ! These are they,
Who arm'd themselves with Prayer, and boldly tried
Wisdom's untrodden steeps, and won their way ;
God's Word their lamp, His Spirit was their guide.
These would not spare their lives for fear or ruth ;
Therefore their God was with them, and the glare
Of their death-fires still lights the land to Truth,
To show what might is in a Martyr's prayer.
Read, and rejoice ; yet humbly : for our strife
Is perilous like theirs—for Death or Life.

*Jan.* 5, 1817.

## AT HOOKER'S TOMB [1]

The grey-eyed Morn was sadden'd with a shower,
A silent shower, that trickled down so still,
Scarce droop'd beneath its weight the tenderest flower,
Scarce could you trace it on the twinkling rill,

[1] The original MS. is on a half-sheet of foolscap paper, folded, with a piece of dried wall-rue in it, no doubt gathered on the spot.

Or moss-stone bathed in dew. It was an hour
Most meet for prayer beside thy lowly grave,
Most for thanksgiving meet, that Heaven such power
To thy serene and humble spirit gave.
" Who sow good seed with tears shall reap in joy."
So thought I as I watch'd the gracious rain,
And deem'd it like that silent sad employ
Whence sprung thy glory's harvest, to remain
For ever. God hath sworn to lift on high
Who sinks himself by true humility.

*Aug.* 1817.

## FORWARD [1]

*The hope which is laid up for you in heaven.*—Col. i. 5.

THE traveller,[2] when his time is short,
Speeds, careless of the rugged way;
He lingers not for village sport,
He lingers not for landscape gay.

The birds his woodland path beside,
Riot in wildest bliss of song;
The moonlight streams so sweetly guide,—
He dares not look, or linger long.

The Christian knows his time is short,
But oh! the way is rough and drear;
And bowers of bliss are nigh, to court
His spirit from its high career.

Let him not swerve; for storms and night
The erring soul have oft opprest:
But who rides on is sure of light
To guide him to his promis'd rest.

[1] First printed in *Days and Seasons*.
[2] Composed during a hard trot on the Witney road, on a Monday morning, March 1818.

## EARLY VISIONS

FAREWELL, bright visions of my lonely hours,
Gay dreams of buoyant hope, a long farewell!
No room for me in Hymen's holy bowers:
I have no part in Love's delightful spell.

Still must I hold alone my weary course,
No tender arm upon mine arm to lean;
No kind and loving eye, whose gentle force
From selfish grief my wayward heart might wean.

Deep in the windings of a bowery dale
(A spot where angels might delight to roam),
Haunt of each sun-bright hue, each fragrant gale,
Presumptuous fancy built my pastoral home.

And many a flower adorn'd the low-roof'd hall,
And round the half-hidden casement cluster'd fair,
And hard beside the ivy-mantled wall,
In holiest beauty rose the House of Prayer.

The sound of rivulets was not far away,
Of soft rains rustling on the dewy eaves;
Or of that mimic shower when west winds play
At random in the trembling poplar-leaves.

Birds, lambs, and children made our vocal quire,
With here and there a village roundelay;—
Such tones as careless flung from Nature's lyre,
Best help two faithful hearts to love and pray.

No louder sound might our sweet rest annoy,
Save that companion of our twilight hours,
Sobering with thoughts of heaven our earthly joy,
The church-bell's voice went round our quiet bowers.

Nor seem'd the holy invitation vain;—
Duly at morn and eve (so spake my dream)
From rest, or labour done, a rustic train,
Pursued the churchway path beside the stream.

## ON A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL [1]

THIS cannot be the sleep of death,
Or sure it must be sweet to die;
So calm, this holy roof beneath,
On such a quiet couch to lie.

Each gently pressing, gently prest,
To slumber in each other's arms;
This shrinking to her sister's breast,
For shelter from all earth's alarms,

With such entire and perfect trust,
That e'en in sleep she seems to say,
"I shall lie safe, I know I must,
My Ellen holds me night and day."

The other with maturer grace,
In dawn of thoughtful womanhood,
Half upward turns her fair, meek face,
As if an angel o'er her stood.

As calm her brow, as sure her faith,
But more than infants use, she knew
(If right I guess) of Life, and Death,
Of Death, and Resurrection too.

Already now her ear began
The depths of solemn sound to trace;
The thrilling joys that round her ran
When music fill'd this holy place.

Yon dark arch'd galleries, high aloof,
The glory and the mystery
Of long-drawn aisle and fretted roof,
Already caught her wondering eye.

[1] Printed, but without the four last stanzas, in *Church Poetry*, 1848.

And she would gaze, when morning's glow
  Through yonder gorgeous panes was streaming,
As if in every niche below
  Saints in their glory-robes were gleaming.

To thee, dear maid, each kindly wile
  Was known that elder sisters know,
To check the unseasonable smile
  With warning hand, and serious brow.

From dream to dream with her to rove,
  Like fairy nurse with hermit child:
Teach her to think, to pray, to love,
  Make grief less bitter, joy less wild;

These were thy tasks: and who can say,
  What visions high, what solemn talk,
What flashes of unearthly day,
  Might bless them in their evening walk?

Oft as with arms and hearts entwined
  They mused aloud, this twilight hour,
What awful truths high God hath shrined
  In every star, and cloud, and flower!

But one day, when the glorious theme
  Seem'd but to mock their feeble sight;
As they look'd up from earth's dark dream
  To worlds where all is pure and bright,

Strong in the strength of infancy,
  In little children's wisdom wise,
They heard a Voice, "Come home to Me;
  Yours is the kingdom of the skies."

Their home is won, their simple faith
  Is crown'd: in peace behold they lie.
This cannot be the sleep of death,
  Or sure it must be sweet to die.

* * * * *

But thou, fond man, whose earth-bound eye,
By sorrow dimm'd, but more by sin,
Thus vainly strains itself to spy
The purer world that liv'd their innocent hearts within;

Back, soldier! to thy daily strife!
The virgin whiteness of thy shield
Is sullied; nor till setting life
Can their enjoyments be to thee reveal'd.

Only this secret take with thee,
And let it calm each murmuring thought,
The blissful rest thou here dost see,
By vigils of deep agony was bought.

And He, whose Blood the purchase made,
Yet guards it. Make His arms thine home.
As soft a veil thine eyes shall shade,
To soothe thy wearied soul as glorious visions come.

*July* 22, 1819.

## AT PENSHURST

Not the dark shade of thy majestic groves,
Not the rich verdure of thine oaken bowers,
Not thy fair winding stream that wanton roves
By tufted lawns, and sloping banks of flowers;
Not e'en those awful and time-honour'd towers,
That in their grey old age yet seem to shine
As bright with glory as in those high hours
When some new trophy of the illustrious line,
By high-soul'd chiefs, and bards of strains divine
O'er the arch'd portal day by day was hung
Nor yet that sacred oak, the undying shrine
Of Sidney's name by all the Muses sung,
Have lured us, Penshurst, here: a holier shade
Haunts thee. We come to pray where Hammond prayed.

## HAMMOND'S GRAVE

MEEK, pastoral, quiet souls, whoe'er ye be,
Who love to ply in peace your daily task,
Nor of your gracious God find aught to ask,
But what may help you in Eternity.
Kind spirits, sooth'd and cheer'd by all you meet,
Soothing and cheering all yourselves no less,
Because in all ye see ye own and bless
A God who loves you, and accepts your love:
Would ye find out a fitting tomb? These firs,
Their sea-like dirge soft whispering day and night,
Hither your weary wandering steps invite.
These yew-trees' massive shade, that hardly stirs
On the grey tomb-stones: all the still churchyard,
Not mingling with the haunts of men, yet seen
From some few cottage-windows o'er the green
(As if just so much of the world it shared,
As might wake Charity, and silence Pride),
Come take your rest with these, by holy Hammond's side.

*Sept.* 9, 1819.

## SPRING FLOWERS [1]

THE loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they first feel the sun; so violets blue,
So the soft star-like primrose drench'd in dew,
The happiest of Spring's happy, fragrant birth.
To gentlest touches sweetest tones reply.
Still humbleness with her low-breathèd voice
Can steal o'er man's proud heart, and win his choice
From earth to heaven, with mightier witchery
Than eloquence or wisdom e'er could own.
Bloom on then in your shade, contented bloom,
Sweet flowers, nor deem yourselves to all unknown.
Heaven knows you, by whose gales and dews ye thrive.
They know, who one day for their alter'd doom
Shall thank you, taught by you to abase themselves and live.

*April*, 1820.

[1] First printed in the *Casket*, 1829.

## ON THE NORTH ROAD

YON tower that gleams against the blackening east,
Borrowing such haughty radiance of the sun,
Stands like a Christian in the dark cold world,
Confronting, in the glory Heaven has lent,
The loathsomeness of ill, and making sin
The fouler for its fairness. On his way
The traveller pauses with insatiate gaze,
And turns his back upon Heaven's fountain fire,
To admire its faint reflection in man's work.
Vain moralizer! Know'st thou not thyself?

*Aug.* 25, 1820.

## NEWTON CLIFF, NEAR FLEDBOROUGH

*Written on the occasion of Mrs. Arnold's Birthday, ten days after her marriage*

BLOW fresh and fair, thou cheerful summer breeze,
Let rustling corn, light reeds, and wavy trees,
Join the soft swell of Trent's majestic wave.
All sounds that loudest tell of Nature's life,
Bespeaking mirth, and joy, and mimic strife,
Blend with a few low notes in measure glad but grave.

And be the time when the last summer sun
From his meridian throne has just begun
To slope his westering course; let one soft cloud
Mantling around him pour its liquid glow
O'er wood, and dale, and tower and spire below,
And in its showery skirts the horizon blue enshroud.

So may the various view best answer make
To thoughts that in their bosoms are awake,
Who now on this sequester'd terrace roam,
With eyes now wandering round the prospect wide,
Now fondly fix'd where all their hearts abide,
On one dear shelter'd spot, their sacred, happy home.

And if those eyes I read not all amiss,
The day seems richer in its tearful bliss,
Than even in its gayest hours of mirth.
Sweet dreams, sweet hopes, sweet recollections rise,
And she who now is hidden from their eyes
Seems closer to their hearts, their best-beloved on earth.

O, then, blest tenants of the sweetest isle
That ever welcom'd with its soothing smile
Tired wanderers o'er the world's tempestuous void,
Mourn not though henceforth one lov'd footstep less,
Your consecrated turf may duly press,
And tend your quiet bowers, enjoying and enjoy'd.

Look how yon stream, of you belov'd so well,
Is lovelier, sometimes plunging in his dell,
And lost in winding round his verdurous wall,
Than if to broad bright sunshine all the way
He held his mirror: so this happy day
Shines happier through such tears as now from you may fall.

So, too, your own fair garden fairer shows
For the grey tombs that in its grass repose,
And solemn arches with your flowers inwreathing,
Where round the church, as from its central shrine,
The charm of love domestic, love divine,
O'er every little leaf by day and night is breathing.

Happy, who know their happiness not here!
To whom sad thoughts of time and change are dear,
As bearing earnest of eternal rest;
Who at Love's call, or Death's, contented part,
And feel Heaven's peace the deeper in their heart,
Brooding like fondest dove upon her darling nest.

*Aug.* 21, 1820.

## BY AN OLD BACHELOR VERY DISCONSOLATE AT PARTING WITH HIS FOUR WIVES [1]

Is it not sad dear friends should part
Ere each has to the other shown
More than one little corner of a heart?
Were it not better to abide unknown?

Nay, but in this dull, darkling earth
If more than transient gleams were given
Of full confiding love, and the heart's mirth,
'Twould surely steal our spirits frail from heaven.

Then let us thankfully forgo
What fancy loves to paint so bright,
Nor grieve our sweetest solace here to know,
Like our last hope, by faith and not by sight.

*Aug.* 30, 1822.

## TO THE SAME

Mary, Margaret, Anne, Eliza,
Silent maidens of the mill,
Hear a culprit's sad confession,
Whom your frowns would almost kill.

You were plying heads and elbows,
Puzzling all your cyphering wit,
Fidgeting in twenty postures,
Polls were scratch'd, and nails were bit.

I, meantime, ungrateful varlet,
Quite forgetting all my vows
(If I could, I'd blush like scarlet),
Was gone up to Craycombe House.

[1] This and the following poem were addressed to the daughters of the Rev. Mr. Pruen, curate to the Rev. Stafford Smith, Mr. Keble's godfather.

Now so sad the pangs of conscience,
I am wasted, bark and pith,
Like a wither'd branch of elder
(So says Mrs. Stafford Smith).

Spare me in consideration
Of my weak and nervous state:
Think, when I am drown'd in Avon,
Your regret may come too late.

I should spoil my Sunday waistcoat,
Oxford lose her fairest sprig,
And I'd haunt, I do assure you,
Haunt you in a doctor's wig!

## THE ROOK

THERE was a young rook, and he lodged in a nook
Of grandpapa's tallest elm-tree;
There came a strong wind, not at all to his mind,
All out of the north-west countree.

With a shrill piping sound this wind whistled round,
The boughs they all danced high and low;
Rock, rock went the nest, where the birds were at rest,
Till over and over they go.

Uncle John walking round saw the rook on the ground,
And smooth'd it, and wish'd to revive;
Anne, Robert, and Hill, they all tried their skill
In vain; the poor rook would not live.

And if in your fun round the orchard you run,
You really would wonder to see,
How sticks, moss, and feather are strewed by the weather
Beneath each old racketing tree.

'Tis a very bad wind, as in proverbs we find,
The wind that blows nobody good;
I have read it in books; yet sure the young rooks
Would deny it to-day if they could.

They sure would deny, but they cannot well try,
Their cawing not yet have they learn'd;
And 'tis just as well not; for a fancy I've got,
How the wind to some use may be turn'd.

Do you see Martha Hunt, how she bears all the brunt
Of the chilly, damp, blustering day?
How gladly she picks all the littering sticks!
Her kettle will soon boil away.

How snug she will sit by the fireplace and knit,
While Daniel her fortune will praise.
The wind roars away,—" Master Wind," they will say,
" We thank you for this pretty blaze."

Then spite of the rooks, what we read in the books
Is true, and the storm has done good.
It *seems* hard, I own, when the nests are o'erthrown,
But Daniel and Martha get wood.

## A THOUGHT UPON TAKING LEAVE OF SOME FRIENDS

How varied, how rich, in the light-curtain'd west
Glow the tints that the sun's setting majesty veil,
When through bright clouds disporting he sinks into rest,
And sheds his last radiance o'er mountain and dale.

But the soft summer landscape shall soon fade away,
As twilight draws o'er it her mantle of dew;
The sky gleam no more with the gilding of day,
And silence and dimness o'ershadow the view.

Yet lingering awhile, the last remnant of light
Through the dark blue expanse shoots a silvery ray,
And faint glimmering mildly recalls to the sight
The charms that late shone in the landscape of day.

So fleet the blithe visions of friendship and joy,
So fancy the dream of delight can restore,
And in fond recollection again we descry
Faint-imaged those pleasures that now are no more.

## HYMN FOR THE ANNUNCIATION [1]

*St. Luke* xi. 27

Oh! Thou who deign'st to sympathize
With all our frail and fleshly ties,
Maker, yet Brother dear,
Forgive the too presumptuous thought,
If, calming wayward grief, I sought
To gaze on Thee too near.

Yet sure 'twas not presumption, Lord,
'Twas Thine own comfortable word
That made the lesson known:
Of all the dearest bonds we prove,
Thou countest sons' and mothers' love
Most sacred, most Thine own.

When wandering here a little span,
Thou took'st on Thee to rescue man,
Thou hadst no earthly sire:
That wedded love we prize so dear,
As if our heaven and home were here,
It lit in Thee no fire.

On no sweet sister's faithful breast
Would'st Thou Thine aching forehead rest,
On no kind brother lean;
But who, O perfect filial heart,
E'er did like Thee a true son's part,
Endearing, firm, serene?

[1] [For first draft of the poem on the Annunciation in the *Christian Year*, see p. 160; written on the occasion of his mother's death, 1823.]

Thou wept'st, meek maiden, mother mild,
Thou wept'st upon thy sinless Child,
Thy very heart was riven :
And yet, what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
By all on this side heaven ?

A Son that never did amiss,
That never shamed His Mother's kiss,
Nor cross'd her fondest prayer :
E'en from the tree He deign'd to bow
For her His agonizèd brow,
Her, His sole earthly care.

Alas ! when those we love are gone,
Of all sad thoughts, 'tis only one
Brings bitterness indeed ;
The thought what poor, cold, heartless aid
We lent to cheer them while they stayed ;
This makes the conscience bleed.

Lord, by Thy love, and by Thy power,
And by the sorrows of that hour,
Let me not weep too late.
Help me in anguish meet and true
My thankless words and ways to rue,
Now justly desolate.

By Thine own Mother's first caress,
Whom Thou with smiles so sweet didst bless,
'Twas heaven on earth to see ;
Help me, though late, to love aright
Her who has glided from my sight,
To rest (dear Saint) with Thee.

Thou knowest if her gentle glance
Look on us, as of old, to enhance
Our evening calm so sweet :
But, Son of Mary, Thou art there.
O, make us ('tis a mourner's prayer)
For such dear visits meet.

*June* 1, 1823.

## A HINT FOR A FABLE

Sun, Moon, and Stars, one day contending sought
Which should be dearest to a poet's thought.
The noonday Sun too bright and gay was found,
In trance of restless joy it whirls us round.
The Moon, too melting soft, unmans the heart,
Or peeps too slily where its curtains part,
Or sweeps too wild across the stormy heaven,
Behind the rushing clouds at random driven.
Take Sun and Moon who list; I dearer prize
The pure keen starlight with its thousand eyes,
Like heavenly sentinels around us thrown,
Lest we forget that we are not alone;
Watching us by their own unearthly light
To show how high above our deeds are still in sight.

*On a starlight night, April* 15, 1825.

## MOONLIGHT, ULCOMBE PARSONAGE

Thou gentle Moon, so lone and sweet,
  Gliding around thy sea of blue,
How dost thou change, to greet
  Each heart with answer true?

When memory heaves too sad a sigh
  For friends and hopes that once were near;
Thou whisperest, "Look on high,
  Perhaps they own thee here."

When from some pastoral home we gaze
  On thee in thoughtful bliss at even,
Thy shower of placid rays
  Is like a smile from heaven.

*Sept.* 23, 1825.

## FRAGMENT ON HIS SISTER MARY ANNE'S DEATH

Sweet bed of death! how oft to thee
In joy and woe my heart shall turn:
How dearer than delight to me
Thy spirit-soothing love to learn.

In thought to watch that angel-face,
When now the storm had pass'd away,
And all mine anxious eye could trace
Was only sweetness in decay.

O, truest, kindest, gentlest maid!
Earth has no words so soft and pure
That they our dreams of thee should aid,
But Heaven will help them to endure.

There is no cloud that floats on high,
No violet in the dewy vale,
But breathes of thee, and brings thee nigh;
Thy dear memorials cannot fail.

*Sept.* 20, 1826.

## HUNTSPILL TOWER

Cove beyond cove, in faint and fainter line
I trace the winding shore, and dream I hear
The distant billows where they break and shine
On the dark isles. Around us, far and near,
The bright gay breeze is sweeping cheerily,
Chequering the green moor, like the summer field
Of ocean, with the shadows of the sky.
In all their graceful majesty reveal'd,
Now purple-shaded, now in playful light,
To south and north the glorious hills are seen;

Where hovering fancy may at will alight
By pastoral dingle, or deep rocky screen.
Such airs, light sallies of thy cheerful heart,
A living joy, dear friend,[1] to all impart.

*Aug.* 3, 1827.

## THE EXE BELOW TIVERTON AT SUNRISE

Farewell, thou soft Moon, and ye shadowy gleams,
That haunt the traveller all the summer night;
Where under the green boughs the glittering streams
Dance, blithe as fairies, in the dewy light.
And welcome from the east, thou beam of day!
But by all cheering tones that on thee call
From matin breeze or wakening bird, I pray,
Draw gently o'er us thy bright mantling pall;
And let the unsated eye have time to trace
Along the woody fence of this fair dale,
How, one by one, thy glowing lights give chase
To the cold mists, and o'er the gloom prevail.
Hope is at hand, and whispers, "Wait awhile;
The darkest shades at dawn may wear the gayest smile."

*Aug.* 7, 1827.

## A MILE FROM TOTNESS ON THE TOR ROAD, LOOKING BACK

Dark mountains, happy valley, glorious sky!
I know not well, nor boots it to enquire,
Which of you all I dearest prize, and why:
Yon purple peaks, that sea of living fire,
Or the green vale, and feudal towers below
Where all sweet flowers of peace and home may grow.

[1] The "dear friend" was Noel Thomas Ellison, the Rector of Huntspill: whoever knew him would feel as most touching and most characteristic the "light sallies" and the "living joy" they imparted.—J. T. C. [See pp. 475, 489.]

Well are ye match'd, and sweetly do ye blend
Your grave glad music in the thoughtful heart.
But if I needs must choose, mine eye would send
A wistful glance beyond the source of Dart,
And seize and keep those gorgeous hues above,
For they are seen far off by those I love.

*Aug.* 24, 1827.

## FAIRFORD AGAIN

The road-side airs are sweet that breathe of home,
When from their hedge-row nooks the merry flowers
Greet our return, much wondering they should roam
Who might have stayed within these pleasant bowers.
For wonders seen by ocean or by land,
For treasures won in some far orient clime,
No ear have they, but leaves by breezes fann'd
Awake them soon, and showers at morning prime.
A happy choir; but happier, sweeter still
The sounds of welcome from the well-known hearth,
Where gay, home-loving hearts entwine at will
The living garland of content and mirth.
Green be the far-off bowers, the skies benign;
*These* only say, "Rest here, for we are thine."

*Sept.* 1, 1827.

## TURNING OUT OF THE LONDON ROAD, DOWN TO SAPPERTON

Tired of the rude world's angry din,
Thine ear still echoing with the sounds
Of toil and strife, of gain and sin,
Welcome within our peaceful bounds!

Come down by moonlight, see the breath
Of slumbering autumn; how serene
'Tis gathering round lone copse and heath,
And o'er the deep rill's alder screen.

So silent all, you well might deem
'Twas midnight on the verge of morn,
But for the smoke's dim silvery wreath
From yon low-nestling cot upborne.

Such dewy breathings of delight,
Who dearly love, and deeply scan,
May trace in every summer night,
Heaven teaching earth to comfort man.

*Oct.* 2, 1835.

## NAY, BUT THESE ARE BREEZES

*What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?*—St. Matt. viii. 27.

Nay, but these are breezes bright,
Currents pure from deeps of light;
Bracing to all hearts are they.
He whom winds and seas obey
To the children of His love
Tempers them that they may prove
Free, not lawless, chastely bold,
Self-controlling, Heaven-controlled.
Fear not if strong o'er thee such gales should blow,
Even when autumnal life might sigh for calm;
But test them ere thine heart o'erflow,
By pureness, and by love's soft balm.

From the rushing of that breeze
Far away the ill spirit flees.
What were else a storm and strife,
Blotting the last gleam of life,
Now shall waft thee steadily
Upward through the lucid sky
Like the deep air gathering
Underneath an eagle's wing.
Then fearless let the sacred whirlwind bear
Thee, wearied else, where Christlike souls ascend:
But mark:—no gales may waft thee there,
But thence were breathed, and homeward tend.

*Oct.* 1, 1835.

## HOW SHALL THE RIGHTEOUS?

How shall the righteous win their way
In a dark world of snares, where they
With jealous care their eyes must hide,
Lest with the glance the heart be lured aside?
How may she know, to mend, her brethren's sin,
Whom grace baptismal guards from sympathy within?

Faith, as she lies on Jesus' breast,
Will humbly, gently, ask how best
She unentangled may discern
The wild wood path, and point the safe return.
Heaven will instruct her, with averted gaze
To stoop and reach her arm, and grovelling sinners raise.

## THERE HAVE BEEN MIGHTY WINDS

There have been mighty winds on high,
The hail-clouds fell and keen
Have marred the mild autumnal sky,
Just gaily aping Spring's soft eye,
And rent earth's robe of all but vernal green.

But now again the West will breathe,
The storms afar will fleet,
And clouds above, and woods beneath,
Weave, ere they fade, one joyous wreath,
For a kind soothing autumn-farewell meet.

*Oct.* 31, 1835.

## IN HARMONY

In Harmony, they say, the part
Which rules the strain, and wins the heart,
Is that which children compass best.
Who learns the lesson, he is blest.

## TWO LAMPS APART

Two lamps apart may brightly burn,
  But brighter if you blend their flame;
This lesson may our Churches learn,
  And all who worship in the same.

## TO E. K., JUN.

You ask me for a song, my dear;
Born with no music in mine ear,
And harden'd now, and dull'd, I fear,
By many a care, and many a year.
  But never mind! of music sweet
No lack is here the day to greet;
Summer and Spring are both in tune
To honour this fourteenth of June.
April and May, and June together,
Have treasur'd up their choicest weather,
Cloud, verdure, sunlight, shower and breeze.
And twinkling skies, and waving trees,
Politely have kept back their store,
This happy morn to grace the more.
And hark! what notes from every bower,
And whiff! what gales from every flower,
Sure if you're not content with these,
My little Bess, you're hard to please.
  But if to match this out-door song
For something nearer home you long,
I think I know two fairies small,
And one light elf will come at call.
And whosoe'er shall see them stand
With you, my maiden, hand in hand,
Shall own 'tis music even to see
Eight round blue eyes so full of glee.
No need one word to sing or say;
Your smiles will be a song as gay
As ever crown'd a wedding-day.

*June* 14, 1838.

## MALVERN AT A DISTANCE

Soft ridge of cloud or mountain! which thou art
I know not well; so delicately fine
Swells to mine eye the undulating line,
Where gazing to and fro, as loth to part,
Unwearied Fancy plies her busy part,
To trace what lurks in those deep folds of thine,
Streak'd by the varying heavens with hues divine.
With me 'tis fancy all; but many a heart
Perchance e'en now perusing thee afar
The meaning reads of every spot and wave
That seems to stain thee, or thine outline mar.
Here is their home, and here their father's grave.
Such is our holy Mount; all dream it fair,
Those only know, whom Faith hath nurtured there.

## FRAGMENT [1]

There sate one lonely on a green hill side
Watching an April cloud: his place of rest
An upland meadow with its mossy slope
Losing itself beneath a winding copse,
Where willow-blossoms glanced in sun and breeze.
Not noticeable was the spot, unless
For the rich world, perchance, of vernal flowers,
That seem'd as each had there a claim by right
For cradle, home, death-bed, and grave, all one.
Violets, by hundreds seen, a token were
Of thousands out of sight: anemonies
In their own sweet fresh venturing out, or e'er
The south-wind blow. Around them, most like boys
Round timid maidens in their hour of play,
The celandine so bold and open-eyed,

[1] I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of inserting this sweet picture, incomplete as it is. The spot referred to was a very favourite one of the Author. It is the upper part of a field on Ladwell Hill, in the parish of Hursley, just under the "winding" line of the "copse," in the direction of Fieldhouse Farm.

Singly, or in wild clusters, far and near.
Nor wants there the soft primrose, wheresoe'er
Advancing hours will draw a veil of shade,
In her glad quiet nook musing at home.
Sure 't was a joyous company :—the more
For the bright Easter bells, that hardly yet
Had ceased to stir the noontide air. But he
Who in the midst reclined, seemed dreaming on
Of something far away. Was it his flock ?
For souls were in his charge, and he had vowed
His cares, his visions, one sole way to turn—

. . . . . .

## MAY-DAY SONG FOR THE HURSLEY CHILDREN

April's gone, the king of showers ;
May is come, the queen of flowers ;
Give me something, gentles dear,
For a blessing on the year.
For my garland give, I pray,
Words and smiles, of cheerful May :
Birds of Spring to you we come,
Let us pick a little crumb.

*May*, 1840.

## MOTHER OUT OF SIGHT

*Written for the " Lyra Innocentium "*

Saw ye the bright-eyed stately child,
With sunny locks so soft and wild,
How in a moment round the room
His keen eye glanced, then into gloom
Retired, as they who suffer wrong
When most assured they look and long ?
Heard ye the quick appeal, half in dim fear,
In anger half, " My Mother is not here ! "

Perchance some burthen'd heart was nigh,
To echo back that yearning cry
In deeper chords than may be known
To the dull outward ear alone.
What if our English air be stirred
With sighs from saintly bosoms heard,
Or penitents, to leaning angels dear,
" Our own, our only Mother is not here."

The murmurings of that boyish heart
They hush with many a fostering art.
Soon o'er the islands of the west
The weary sun will sink to rest;
The rose-tints fade, that gradual now
Are climbing Ben-y-veer's green brow,
Soon o'er the loch the twilight stars will peer,
Then shalt thou feel thy soul's desire is here.

Lightly they soothe the fair, fond boy,
Nor is there not a hope and joy
For spirits that half-orphan'd roam
Forlorn in their far island home.
Oft, as in penance lowly bowed,
Prayer—like a gentle evening cloud
Enfolds them, through the mist they seem to trace
By shadowy gleams a royal Mother's face.

The holy Church is at their side,
Not in her robes a glorious Bride :—
As sister named of Mercy mild
At midnight by a fever'd child
Might watch, and to the dim eye seem
A white-stoled angel in a dream,
Such may the presence of the Spouse appear
To tender, trembling hearts, so faint, so dear.

The babe for that sweet vision's sake
Courts longer trance, afraid to wake;
And we for love would fain lie still,
Though in dim faith, if so He will.

And wills He not? Are not His signs
Around us oft as day declines?
Fails He to bless or home, or choral throng,
Where true hearts breathe His Mother's evensong?

Mother of God! O, not in vain
We learn'd of old thy lowly strain.
Fain in thy shadow would we rest,
And kneel with thee, and call thee blest;
With thee would "magnify the Lord,"
And if thou art not here adored,
Yet seek we, day by day, the love and fear
Which bring thee, with all saints, near and more near.

What glory thou above hast won,
By special grace of thy dear Son,
We see not yet, nor dare espy
Thy crownèd form with open eye.
Rather beside the manger meek
Thee bending with veiled brow we seek,
Or where the angel in the thrice-great Name
Hail'd thee, and Jesus to thy bosom came.

Yearly since then with bitterer cry
Man hath assail'd the Throne on high,
And sin and hate more fiercely striven
To mar the league 'twixt earth and heaven.
But the dread tie, that pardoning hour,
Made fast in Mary's awful bower,
Hath mightier proved to bind than we to break.
None may that work undo, that Flesh unmake.

Thenceforth, whom thousand worlds adore,
He calls thee Mother evermore;
Angel nor Saint His face may see
Apart from what He took of thee.
How may we choose but name thy name
Echoing below their high acclaim
In holy Creeds? Since earthly song and prayer
Must keep faint time to the dread anthem there.

How, but in love on thine own days,
Thou blissful one, upon thee gaze?
Nay, every day, each suppliant hour,
Whene'er we kneel in aisle or bower,
Thy glories we may greet unblamed,
Nor shun the lay by seraphs framed,
"Hail, Mary, full of grace!" O, welcome sweet,
Which daily in all lands all saints repeat!

Fair greeting, with our matin vows
Paid duly to the enthronèd Spouse,
His Church and Bride, here and on high,
Figured in her deep purity,
Who, born of Eve, high mercy won,
To bear and nurse the Eternal Son.
O, awful station, to no seraph given,
On this side touching sin, on the other heaven!

Therefore as kneeling day by day
We to our Father duteous pray,
So unforbidden may we speak
An Ave to Christ's Mother meek:
(As children with "good morrow" come
To elders in some happy home:)
Inviting so the saintly host above
With our unworthiness to pray in love.

To pray with us, and gently bear
Our falterings in the pure bright air.
But strive we pure and bright to be
In spirit, else how vain of thee
Our earnest dreamings, awful Bride!
Feel we the sword that pierced thy side!
Thy spotless lily flower, so clear of hue,
Shrinks from the breath impure, the tongue untrue.

*Dec.* 8, *in Conceptione B.M.V.*, 1844.

## WHEN IS COMMUNION NEAREST?

When is Communion nearest?
When blended anthems dearest?
Is it where far away dim aisles prolong
The cadence of the choral song?
Whose notes like waves in ocean,
When all are heard, yet none,
With ever upward surging motion
Approach the Eternal Throne?
Notes that would of madness tell,
So keen they pierce, so high they swell,
But for heaven's harmonious spell;
Keen to the listening ear, as to the sight
The purest wintry star's intolerable light,
Yet mild as evening gleams just melting into night.

Or rather where soft soaring
One silent heart adoring
Loves o'er the stillness of the sick man's room
To breathe intensest prayer's perfume,
Whether calm rest be sealing
The pained and wearied eyes,
Or in high blended feeling
Watcher and sufferer rise.
Sweet the sleep, the waking dear
When the holy Church is near
With mother's arms to hush and cheer.
Seems it not then as though each prayer and psalm,
Came like one message more from that far world of calm,
An earnest of His love, whose Blood is healing balm?

## HOLY IS THE SICK MAN'S ROOM

Holy is the sick man's room.
Temper'd air, and curtain'd gloom,
Measured steps, and tones as mild
As the breath of new-born child,

Postures lowly, waitings still,
Looks subdued to duty's will,
Reverent, thoughtful, grave and sweet:
These to wait on Christ are meet.
These may kneel where He lies low,
In His members suffering woe.
Nor in other discipline
Train we hearts that to His shrine
May unblamed draw near, and be
With His favour'd two and three.
Therefore in its silent gloom
Holy is the sick man's room.

## ST. MARK XVI. 4

Draw near as early as we may,
Grace, like an angel, goes before.
The stone is roll'd away,
We find an open door.

O, wondrous chain! where ay entwine
Our human wills, a tender thread,
With the strong will divine.
We run as we are led.

We, did I say? 'tis all Thine own;
Thou in the dark dost Mary guide.
Thine angel moves the stone,
Love feels Thee at her side.

## O LORD, IF EVER

O Lord, if ever of Thy Spouse forlorn
Thy mercy heard the loud and bitter cry,
Then loudest, when in silent agony
She pleads her children's hate, her subjects' scorn,
Now be that hour: now pride, that all would know,
Proclaims Thee Saviour, but obeys Thy foe.
Ere love's one relic crumble quite away,
Ere, as we scorn to fast, we cease to pray,

Spare us, good Lord: speak out once more
The word that wrought Thy work of yore,
"Sell all, and all forsake; and trust
The Cross for treasure: God is just."

## ST. JOHN XIV. 1

"TRUST in God, and trust in Me."
How should a sinner turn to Thee,
Maker of a world of glory,
Brother of a race forlorn,
If questions, fancy-bred and earthly-born,
Rise and obscure the sacred story?
Thee must we own God-Man, even as Thy Sire
Sole fount of Godhead, ere we turn to Thee entire.

## YE OF NICE TOUCH

YE of nice touch, and keen true eye
To measure gain and loss, O say,
Hail'd the bright City built on high
No joyful winning day,
When angel accents chimed so clear
On great Augustine's ear,
When from God's open book
The holy fire brake out
And flash'd, and thrill'd at once in every nook
Of his sad soul, consuming fear and doubt,
Each cloud of earthly care,
And left heaven's fragrance there?

Thine, holiest hermit, was the spell;
(Heaven crowning so thy humble love;)
Earth, and the glory of thy call
Within his bosom strove.
Far off he mark'd heaven's portal ope to thee,
And pray'd for wings as free.
O torch, from saint to saint
From age to age pass'd on,
Still may we see thee, when Church fires grow faint,
Wave bright'ning in some grasp of gifted holy one.

[*Two lines wanting.*]

## THE CLARION CALLS

THE clarion calls: away! to take
Thy station in God's host;
And with His mitred watchmen wake;
And in meek silence for His sake
Endure what scornful music earth can make
When holy ground seems lost.

Too well I read thy shrinking brow;
A sting is busy there:
A fretful conscience, wondering how
Such boldness suits with broken vow.
Didst thou not erst before the Anointed bow
And glad obedience swear?

## IN CHOIRS AND PLACES WHERE THEY SING, HERE FOLLOWETH THE ANTHEM

LORD, make my heart a place where angels sing!
For surely thoughts low-breathed by Thee
Are angels gliding near on noiseless wing;
And where a home they see

Swept clean, and garnish'd with adoring joy,
They enter in and dwell,
And teach that heart to swell
With heavenly melody, their own untired employ.

## JEREMIAH XXIII. 23

FAR, far on other isles,
Where other stars are beaming,
Where the bright rose on Christmas smiles,
And Whitsun lights with frost are gleaming,
Yon kindly Moon, and glorious Sun
Their race, as here, unwearying run.

What if all else be strange?
The two great lights of heaven
Know neither error, stay, nor change.
By them all else to sight is given;
And with them duly, fresh and bright,
Home thoughts return both day and night.

Glory to our true Sun,
Who shineth far and near;
Who for His duteous Spouse hath won
A place as of a lunar sphere;
And by their light, where'er she roam,
Faith finds a safe, familiar home.

## WHY SEEK WE, SOUNDING HIGH AND LOW?

Why seek we, sounding high and low
Through heaven and earth, as though
The Eternal Son were yet enthroned on high
In His first unincarnate Majesty?

Why, tottering on the dizzy steep,
Gaze down the lowest deep?
Find'st thou a cave so dark but His dear might
Hath burst the bars, and wing'd the prisoner's flight?

Nay homewards, wandering soul, repair,
The gloom, the bars are there:
The word is nigh, even in thy mouth and heart,
Only obey, and He will all impart.

A leaf or spray at hand may hide
A landscape fair and wide,
Thy casement clear, and thou a reach shalt find
Of earth, air, sea, quite to an eagle's mind.

## FRAGMENT

THE shepherd lingers on the lone hill side,
In act to count his faithful flock again:
Ere to a stranger's eye and arm untried
He yield the rod of his old pastoral reign:
He turns; and round him memories throng amain.
Thoughts that had seem'd for ever left behind
O'ertake him, e'en as by some greenwood lane
The summer flies the passing traveller find;
Keen, but not half so sharp as now thrill o'er his mind.

He sees the things that might have been arise,
The heavenly vision how the saints adore
Erst slighted by his cold, unworthy eyes,
Then upward drawn in wrath, and seen no more.
Now it returns,—too late,—his time is o'er;
The morns and eves are gone when Heaven bade pray,
And earth bade slumber, and he lov'd earth's lore
Better than Heaven's. What angel now might say
How dear he fain would buy one precious week or day?

He sees from things that are the veil half-drawn,
The souls, his charge, awaiting their dire doom
On earth, or where earth's light no more may dawn.
What if, that hour, in more than dreams they come,
Marred by his baseness, by his sloth bade roam?
O, spare him, heavenly chastener! spare his soul
That bitterest pang;—nay, urge it close and home,
So the dark Past the Future may control,
And blood and tears be found to blot the accusing scroll.

Seeks he the weary heart's appointed rest?
Each soothing verse to him is stern rebuke.
Lo! a wide shore that feels the breezy West,—
He sees where kneeling saints with upward look

Assuage the farewell pang Love scarce can brook,
With upward look, and tears subdued to prayer.
And He who never yet true love forsook
By His own loved Apostle sealing there
His presence through the veil, wafts high each cloud of care.

Well may the faithful flock hang o'er that page
In joy; but pastors of no pastoral mood,
Or slumb'rers o'er God's wasted heritage!—
Oft as *they* read "Behold me pure of blood,
None have I left unwarn'd, no breath of good
Stifled or tainted,"—hard and cold the heart
Which can endure unbroken! dull and rude
The spirit, which to heal such sudden smart,
Flees to the blind world's praise, or custom's soothing art!

## ST. JOHN v. 16, 17

Ye know not what ye ask:
Should He but once your rude words hear,
And cease from His eternal task,
The heavens would start asunder, sphere from sphere.
Such Sabbath as ye bid Him keep
Were to the world and you a deathless, endless sleep.

Ye know not Whom ye seek
With murderous aim, the Lord of Life.
So is it yet; when foes would wreak
On His immortal Church their haughty strife,
What do they else but seal and stay
The fount of their own grace, Life's open, only way?

*March* 18.

## WHEN IN HER HOUR OF STILL DECAY

When in her hour of still decay,
The matron Earth to her worn breast
The relics of her Spring array
Folds, ere she sink in quiet rest;

Envying her calm, thou wak'st that hour,
Prince of the tainted air's rude power:
And twisting, sweeping, rushing, rending,
With every gentlest motion blending
Of frailest shrub in greenwood lair,
Before their time thou lay'st them bare.

E'en so when Christian souls are sere,
And fading leaves of earthly life
Drop one by one, and leave all clear
For a new Spring, whose buds are rife
Already, then the unsleeping foe
Watches to lay that glory low;
Some breath of passion wild preparing,
Pride, hate, desire's untimely glaring;
And in a moment mars our best.
Autumnal wanderers, keep your nest!

*Sept.* 30.

## TO THE LORD OF THE MANOR OF MERDON

*The Petition of sundry Life Tenants, or Hereditary Denizens of the said Manor*

HUMBLY SHOWETH,

THAT by the custom of this clime
Even from immemorial time,
We, or our forefathers old
(As in Withering's list enrolled)
Have in occupation been
Of all nooks and corners green,
Where the swelling meadows sweet
With the wavy woodlands meet.
There we peep and disappear;
There in games to fairies dear
All the spring-tide hours we spend,
Hiding, seeking without end.
And sometimes a merry train
Comes upon us from the lane.

Every gleaming afternoon
All through April, May, and June,
Boys and maidens, birds and bees,
Airy whisperings of all trees,
With their music well supply
All we need of sympathy.
  Now and then a graver guest
For one moment here will rest,
Loitering in his pastoral walk,
And with us hold kindly talk.
To himself we've heard him say,
" Thanks that I may hither stray ;
Worn with age, and sin, and care.
Here I breathe the pure, glad air ;
Here Faith's lesson learn anew
Of this happy vernal crew.
Here the fragrant shrubs around
And the graceful, shadowy ground,
And the village tones afar,
And the steeple with its star,
And the clouds that gently move
Tune the heart to trust and love."
Thus we fared in ages past :
But the nineteenth age at last
(As your suppliants are advised)
Reigns, and we no more are prized.
Now a giant plump and tall,
Called " High Farming," stalks o'er all.
Platforms, railings, and straight lines
Are the charms for which he pines.
Forms mysterious, ancient hues,
He with untired hate pursues ;
And his cruel word and will
Is from every copse-crown'd hill,
Every glade in meadow deep,
Us, and our green bowers to sweep.
  Now our prayer is, here and there,
May your Honour deign to spare
Shady spots and nooks, where we
Yet may flourish, safe and free.
So old Hampshire still may own
(Charm to other shires unknown)

Bays and creeks of grassy lawn
Half beneath his woods withdrawn;
So from many a joyous child,
Many a sire and mother mild,
For the sheltering boughs so sweet,
And the blossoms at their feet,
Thanks, with prayers, shall find their way.
And we flowers, if we could pray,
With our very best would own
Your young floweret newly blown.

ANEMONE NEMOROSA, DAFFODIL,
PRIMULA VULGARIS, COWSLIP,
ORCHIS, STRAWBERRY,
VIOLET, &c., &c., &c., innumerable signatures.

*Ladwell Hill, April* 3, 1851.

## TO HIS SISTER ELIZABETH

SAINTS in Paradise, we know,
Wait and long for saints below.
Sure, if in realms of joy begun
Earth's pilgrims are remembered one by one,
If days and times are noted there,
Now, on this Sunday still and fair,
Dearest Sister, there are two,
Two, as dear, that turn toward you.

One that on this favour'd day
Down in happy slumber lay.
O, who the thoughts may guess and deem
That haply mingle with her angel-dream,
When among graces tasted here
She counts thy warnings, Sister dear,
Smiles and words, and ways of love
Here half-seen, now felt above.

With her waits by Eden's stream,
Partner of her blissful dream
A younger spirit, too pure, too fair
E'en for love's sake this mean earth long to bear.
She in her partial love had plann'd
This sacred task for an unworthy hand.
May it now, till life shall end,
With her sweetest memory blend!

## WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT CUDDESDON PALACE

WHOE'ER from Cuddesdon's pastoral shade
Shall seek the green hill's point, and gaze
On Oxford in the "watery glade,"
And seem half-lost in memory's maze,
Much wondering where his thoughts of good
Have flown, since last in that lone nook he stood,
But wondering more untiring Love should be
So busy round the unworthiest;—let him see
There hath before him been one musing e'en as he.

*Jan.* 13, 1854.

## "NURSE, LET ME DRAW"

"NURSE, let me draw the baby's veil aside,
I want to see the Cross upon her brow."
Nay, maiden dear, that seal may not abide
In sight of mortals' ken; 'tis vanish'd now.

"Alas, for pity! when the holy man
Said even now, 'I sign thee with the cross,'
What joy to think that I at home should scan
The bright, clear lines! O, sad and sudden loss!"

Complain not so, my child: no loss is here,
But endless gain. If thou wilt open wide
Faith's inward eye, soon shall to thee appear
What now by wondering angels is descried,

Thy Lord's true token, seen not but believ'd,
And therefore doubly blest. O, mark it well,
And be this rule in thy young heart receiv'd,
Blest, who content with Him in twilight dwell.

Saints, while the very image He denied,
Made much of the dim shadow: now He gives
The image. In adoring faith abide,
As in spring-time we watch unfolding leaves.

Woe to impatient hands, that ere its prime
Force the bud open, mar the unready flower:
Woe to faint hearts that will not wait the time,
To know the secrets of your blissful bower.

Thy saints, O Lord, and Thine own Mother dear
Are round Thee as a glory-cloud: we see
The general glow, not each in outline clear,
Or several station: all are hid in Thee.

In prayer we own Thee, Father, at our side,
Not always feel or taste Thee; and 'tis well.
So, hour by hour, courageous faith is tried;
So, gladlier will the morn all mists dispel.

*Feb.* 19, 1854.

## HYMN FOR EASTER-TIDE

*Written for the Book of Prayers, at Cuddesdon College*

***Also, I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here I am, send me.*** —Isa. vi. 8.

Lord of life, prophetic Spirit!
In sweet measure evermore
To the holy children dealing
Each his gift from Thy rich store;
Bless Thy family, adoring
As in Israel's schools of yore.

Holy Jesus! EYE most loving
On each young disciple bent;
VOICE, that, seeming earthly, summon'd
Samuel to the awful tent;—
HAND, that cast Elijah's mantle;
Thine be all Thy grace hath lent!

As to Thine own seventy scholars
Thou of old Thine arm didst reach,
Under Thy majestic shadow
Guiding them to do, and teach,
Till their hour of solemn unction,
So be with us, all and each.

God, and Father of all spirits
Whose dread call young Joshua knew,
Forty days in darkness waiting
With Thy servant good and true;
Thence to wage Thy war descending,
Own us, Lord, Thy champions too.

One Thy light, the Temple filling,
Holy, holy, holy Three:
Meanest men, and brightest angels
Wait alike the word from Thee.
Highest musings, lowliest worship,
Must their preparation be.

Now Thou speakest,—hear we trembling,
From the Glory comes a Voice.
"Who accepts the Almighty's mission?
Who will make Christ's work his choice?
Who for us proclaim to sinners
Turn, believe, endure, rejoice?"

Here we are, Redeemer, send us!
But because Thy work is fire,
And our lips, unclean and earthly,
Breathe no breath of high desire,
Send Thy Seraph from Thine altar
Veiled, but in his bright attire.

Cause him, Lord, to fly full swiftly
With the mystic coal in hand.
Sin-consuming, soul-transforming
(Faith and Love will understand),
Touch our lips, Thou awful Mercy,
With Thine own keen, healing brand.

Thou didst come that fire to kindle;
Fain would we Thy torches prove,
Far and wide Thy beacons lighting
With the undying spark of love.
Only feed our flame, we pray Thee,
With Thy breathings from above.

Now to God, the soul's Creator,
To His Word and Wisdom sure,
To His all-enlightening Spirit,
Patron of the frail and poor,
Three in One, be praise and glory,
Here, and while the heavens endure.

Amen.

## FOR THE OPENING OF THE WEST WINDOW OF THE HALL OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, BRADFIELD. APRIL 5, 1859

*In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread.*

When Adam his first Sunday kept,
It dawn'd on work, and not on rest;
Yet when he laid him down and slept,
No travail sore his soul opprest;
Work, easy as an angel's flight,
Brought slumber as an infant's, light.

Upon the ground he casts him now,
The ground, accursèd for his sake;
The chill damps on his weary brow,
And even in sleep his heart will ache.
If to his fellow-men he call,
There is the curse of Babel's wall.

But thou the Lord's new Eden seek,
The garden-mount where olives grow,
There prostrate lies a Sufferer meek,
Go, bathe thee in His Sweat,—and lo!
Thou, as at first, shalt rise renewed,
For Jesus' sweat is healing Blood.

Thy work a blessèd pastime then
Shall prove,—thy rest a sacred song;
The Babel-cries of scattered men
Attuned to anthems pure and strong.
The treasures of King Solomon
For holy Church redeem'd and won.

## PRAYERS OF SAINTS

HALF-HEARTED men we creep
Along our listless way,
And where we sowed but yesterday,
E'en now presumptuous would reap.
We stir the root
And see no tender shoot;
Too fine the work of grace for our rude eye.
Then in proud wrath
Turn on our homeward path,
Leaving th' untended plant in the bleak air to die.

Not so the unwearied Saints,
Yet shadowing with their prayers
The fallen land that erst was theirs:
Where they repose hope never faints.
There, day or night,
Before that altar bright
They kneel, if haply from its stores benign,
One healing ray
May dart its downward way,
In course unerring towards some English shrine.

## EPITAPH

*For the Tomb of the old Biddlecombes, May* 24, 1861

LORD Jesus, loving hearts and dear
Are resting in Thy shadow here;
In life Thou wast their hope, and we
In death would trust them, Lord, with Thee.

## DART AND WEBER

*Dart.* Wild Weber, wild Weber, why rush on so fast?
Your speed is so reckless, it never can last.
Why can't you glide gently around the rough stones?
They'll not move a hair's breadth for all your loud moans.

Besides, at the angle which mortals call "right"
Head-foremost you charge me; I shrink with affright.
The primroses, open-eyed there on the brink,
Are watching us quite at a loss what to think.

*Weber.* Indeed, Mrs. Dart, I must own it is true;
But then, pray consider, I'm younger than you;
And really till here in this dingle we met,
A lesson in manners I never did get.

Henceforth arm in arm we'll move on, if you please,
And just at your pace; pray be quite at your ease;
But ere we arrive at Holne Chase, I foresee,
The echoes will hear you far louder than me.

*April* 29, 1863.

## HYMN

*Composed on the occasion of the Visit of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, to be sung in the Parish Church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne,* 1863

THE Lord is King; He wrought His will
In heaven above, in earth below;
His wonders the wide ocean fill,
The cavern'd deeps His judgement show.

The Lord is King; the world stands fast:
Nature abides, for He is strong;
The perfect note He gave, shall last
Till cadence of her even-song.

The Lord is King; ye worlds rejoice!
The waves of power, that from His shrine
Thrill out in silence, have no choice:
They harm not till He gives the sign.

The Lord is King; hush, wayward heart!
Earth's wisdom fails, earth's daring faints.
There seek Him whence He ne'er departs,
And own Him greatest in His saints.

Thou, Lord, art King: crown'd Priests are we,
To cast our crowns before the Throne.
By us the creature worships Thee,
Yet we but bring Thee of Thine own.

To the great Maker, to the Son
Himself vouchsafing to be made,
To the good Spirit, Three in One,
All praise by all His works be paid. Amen.

## TO A LITTLE GIRL

*Hursley Vicarage, Dec.* 22, 1863.

THERE was a kind small maiden,[1] and she was fain to greet
Her Godpapa and Vicar with a little loving treat.
So she counsell'd with her sisters, and all the three agreed,
And by an old acquaintance, a letter sent with speed [2];
Which when the Vicar open'd, he ponder'd o'er and o'er:
"The time I see is Wednesday, a quarter after four.
But when we're all assembled, what will the pastime be?
No word is here to say, but a Heart and Crown I see:—
A little Heart brimful of love, a Crown without a care:
O this is Christmas mirth indeed, I'll joyfully be there!"

## TO MASTER BERNARD WILSON'S DOG

DEAR FUSSY,

This morning so kindly without any call
You met me, and showed me the way to the Fall,
That I feel drawn towards you, and now am inclined
In confidence strict to unburden my mind.
I know I may trust you, for e'en if you bark,
As well you may, startled, and seem to cry, "Hark!"
At such bad behaviour as I must confess,
Folks know not your language, and hardly will guess,

[1] The "kind small maiden" of this little poem is one of the daughters of Sir W. Heathcote, Bart., the Vicar's god-child.

[2] The seal of the letter showed a heart surmounted with a crown, encircled with the motto: "Vous possédez l'un, vous méritez l'autre."

Oh, Fussy! a well-bred young creature like you,
Who have lived with the courteous all your life through,
Cannot tell how a conscience at morning will ache
If with thought of kind letters unanswered it wake.

(Here suppose a lengthy confession.)

* * * * * *

Then tell Mr. Bernard, dear dog, if you please,
That the man whom he knows of his error now sees,
And is quite fain to promise in prose or in rhyme,
That he never will do so again till next time.
Mr. Bernard will say, " I forgive like a king,
He's free to lie loitering by the cool spring;
And hear the gay Percie-bird whistle and sing
From morning to eve, in his conscience no sting."

*Fernichurst, Aug.* 16, 1864.

# SERMON ON NATIONAL APOSTASY

Preached in St. Mary's, Oxford, before
His Majesty's Judges of Assize, on Sunday,
*July* 14, 1833

"I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the Churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. I knew nothing of the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament there. At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that I wrote the lines, 'Lead, kindly light,' which have since become well known. I was writing verses the whole time of my passage. At length I got to Marseilles, and set off for England. The fatigue of travelling was too much for me, and I was laid up for several days at Lyons. At last I got off again, and did not stop night or day (excepting the compulsory delay at Paris) till I reached England, and my mother's house. My brother had arrived from Persia only a few hours before. This was on the Tuesday. The following Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University Pulpit. It was published under the title of 'National Apostasy.' I have ever considered and kept the day, as the start of the religious movement of 1833."

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

(*Apologia pro vita sua.*)

# SERMON ON NATIONAL APOSTASY

## ADVERTISEMENT

SINCE the following pages were prepared for the press, the calamity, in anticipation of which they were written, has actually overtaken this portion of the Church of God. The Legislature of England and Ireland (*the members of which are not even bound to profess belief in the Atonement*), this body has virtually usurped the commission of those whom our Saviour entrusted with *at least one voice* in making ecclesiastical laws, on matters wholly or partly spiritual.[1] The same Legislature has also ratified, to its full extent, this principle—that the Apostolical Church in this realm is henceforth only to stand, in the eye of the State, as *one sect among many*, depending, for any pre-eminence she may still appear to retain, merely upon the accident of her having a strong party in the country.

It is a moment, surely, full of deep solicitude to all those members of the Church who still believe her authority divine, and the oaths and obligations, by which they are bound to her, undissolved and indissoluble by calculations of human expediency. Their anxiety turns not so much on the consequences to the State of what has been done (*they* are but too evident) as on the line of conduct which they are bound themselves to pursue. How may they continue their communion with the Church *established* (hitherto the pride and comfort of their lives) without any taint of those Erastian principles on which she is now avowedly to be governed? What answer can we make henceforth to the partisans of the Bishop of Rome when they taunt us with being a mere Parliamentarian Church? And how, consistently with our present relations to the State, can even

[1] In the suppression of certain Irish Sees, *contrary to the suffrage of the Bishops of England and Ireland.*

the doctrinal purity and integrity of the MOST SACRED ORDER be preserved ?

The attention of all who love the Church is most earnestly solicited to these questions. They are such, it will be observed, as cannot be answered by appealing to precedents in English History, because, at most, such could only show that the difficulty might have been raised before. It is believed that there are hundreds, nay thousands, of Christians, and that soon there will be tens of thousands, unaffectedly anxious to be rightly guided with regard to these and similar points. And they are mooted thus publicly for the chance of eliciting, from competent judges, a correct and early opinion.

If, under such trying and delicate circumstances, one could venture to be positive about any thing, it would seem safe to say that in such measure as it may be thought incumbent on the Church, or on Churchmen, to submit to any profane intrusion, it must at least be their sacred duty to declare, promulgate, and record, their full conviction, that it *is* intrusion, that they yield to it as they might to any other tyranny, but do from their hearts deprecate and abjure it. This seems the least that can be done, unless we would have our children's children say, " There was once here a glorious Church, but it was betrayed into the hands of Libertines for the real or affected love of a little temporary peace and good order."

*July* 22, 1833.

# NATIONAL APOSTASY

1 Samuel xii. 23

*As for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you: but I will teach you the good and the right way.*

On public occasions, such as the present, the minds of Christians naturally revert to that portion of Holy Scripture, which exhibits to us the will of the Sovereign of the world in more immediate relation to the civil and national conduct of mankind. We naturally turn to the Old Testament when public duties, public errors, and public dangers are in question. And what in such cases is natural and obvious is sure to be more or less right and reasonable. Unquestionably it is a mistaken theology which would debar Christian nations and statesmen from the instruction afforded by the Jewish Scriptures, under a notion, that the circumstances of that people were altogether peculiar and unique, and therefore irrelevant to every other case. True, there is hazard of misapplication, as there is whenever men teach by example. There is peculiar hazard, from the sacredness and delicacy of the subject; since dealing with things supernatural and miraculous as if they were ordinary human precedents, would be not only unwise, but profane. But these hazards are more than counterbalanced by the absolute certainty, peculiar to this history, that what is there commended was right, and what is there blamed, wrong. And they would be effectually obviated if men would be careful to keep in view this caution—

suggested everywhere, if I mistake not, by the manner in which the Old Testament is quoted in the New—that, as regards reward and punishment, God dealt formerly with the Jewish people in a manner analogous to that in which He deals now, not so much with Christian nations as with the souls of individual Christians.

Let us only make due allowances for this cardinal point of difference and we need not surely hesitate to avail ourselves, as the time may require, of those national warnings which fill the records of the elder Church: the less so, as the discrepancy lies rather in what is revealed of God's providence than in what is required in the way of human duty. Rewards and punishments may be dispensed, visibly at least, with a less even hand; but what tempers and what conduct God will ultimately reward and punish, this is a point which cannot be changed, for it depends not on our circumstances, but on His essential unvarying Attributes.

I have ventured on these few general observations because the impatience with which the world endures any remonstrance on religious grounds is apt to show itself most daringly when the Law and the Prophets are appealed to. Without any scruple or ceremony, men give us to understand that they regard the whole as obsolete, thus taking the very opposite ground to that which was preferred by the same class of persons two hundred years ago, but, it may be feared, with much the same purpose and result. Then, the Old Testament was quoted at random for every excess of fanatical pride and cruelty: now, its authority goes for nothing, however clear and striking the analogies may be which appear to warrant us in referring to it. The two extremes, as usual, meet, and in this very remarkable point, that they both avail themselves of the supernatural parts of the Jewish revelation to turn away attention from that which they, of course, most dread and dislike in it—its authoritative confirmation of the plain dictates of conscience in matters of civil wisdom and duty.

That portion in particular of the history of the

chosen people, which drew from Samuel, the truest of patriots, the wise and noble sentiment in the text, must ever be an unpleasing and perplexing page of Scripture to those who would fain persuade themselves that a nation, even a Christian nation, may do well enough, as such, without God and without His Church. For what if the Jews were bound to the Almighty by ties common to no other people? What if He had condescended to know them in a way in which He was as yet unrevealed to all families of the earth besides? What if, as their relation to Him was nearer, and their ingratitude more surpassing, so they might expect more exemplary punishment? Still, after all has been said, to exaggerate their guilt in degree beyond what is supposed possible in any nation whatever now, what can it come to, in kind and in substance, but only this: that they rejected God? that they wished themselves rid of the moral restraint implied in His peculiar presence and covenant? They said, what the prophet Ezekiel long after represents their worthy posterity as saying, "We will be as the heathen, the families of the countries."[1] "Once for all we will get rid of these disagreeable unfashionable scruples which throw us behind, as we think, in the race of worldly honour and profit." Is this indeed a tone of thought which Christian nations cannot fall into? Or, if they should, has it ceased to be displeasing to God? In other words, has He forgotten to be angry with impiety and practical atheism? Either this must be affirmed, or men must own (what is clear at once to plain unsophisticated readers) that this first overt act, which began the downfall of the Jewish nation, stands on record, with its fatal consequences, for a perpetual warning to all nations, as well as to all individual Christians, who, having accepted God for their King, allow themselves to be weary of subjection to Him, and think they should be happier if they were freer, and more like the rest of the world.

I do not enter into the question, whether visible

[1] Ezekiel xx. 32.

temporal judgements are to be looked for by Christian nations, transgressing as those Jews did. Surely common sense and piety unite in representing this inquiry as, practically, one of no great importance. When it is once known for certain that such and such conduct is displeasing to the King of kings, surely common sense and piety concur in setting their mark of reprobation on such conduct, whether the punishment, sure to overtake it, come to-morrow, or a year hence, or wait till we are in another world.

Waiving this question, therefore, I proceed to others which appear to me, I own, at the present moment especially, of the very gravest practical import.

What are the symptoms by which one may judge most fairly whether or no a nation, as such, is becoming alienated from God and Christ?

And what are the particular duties of sincere Christians whose lot is cast by Divine Providence in a time of such dire calamity?

The conduct of the Jews, in asking for a king, may furnish an ample illustration of the first point: the behaviour of Samuel, then and afterwards, supplies as perfect a pattern of the second as can well be expected from human nature.

I. The case is at least possible of a nation, having for centuries acknowledged, as an essential part of its theory of government, that, as a Christian nation, she is also a part of Christ's Church, and bound, in all her legislation and policy, by the fundamental rules of that Church—the case is, I say, conceivable, of a government and people so constituted deliberately throwing off the restraint which in many respects such a principle would impose on them, nay, disavowing the principle itself; and that on the plea that other states, as flourishing or more so in regard of wealth and dominion, do well enough without it. Is not this desiring, like the Jews, to have an earthly king over them, when the Lord their God is their King? Is it not saying in other words, "We will be as the heathen, the families of the countries," the aliens to the Church of our Redeemer?

To such a change, whenever it takes place, the

immediate impulse will probably be given by some pretence of danger from without, such as, at the time now spoken of, was furnished to the Israelites by an incursion of the children of Ammon; or by some wrong or grievance in the executive government, such as the malversation of Samuel's sons, to whom he had deputed his judicial functions. Pretences will never be hard to find; but, in reality, the movement will always be traceable to the same decay or want of faith, the same deficiency in Christian resignation and thankfulness, which leads so many, as individuals, to disdain and forfeit the blessings of the Gospel. Men not impressed with religious principle attribute their ill success in life—the hard times they have to struggle with—to anything rather than their own ill-desert: and the institutions of the country, ecclesiastical and civil, are always at hand to bear the blame of whatever seems to be going amiss. Thus, the discontent in Samuel's time, which led the Israelites to demand a change of constitution, was discerned by the Unerring Eye, though perhaps little suspected by themselves, to be no better than a fresh development of the same restless, godless spirit which had led them so often into idolatry. "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me, that I should not reign over them. According to all the works, which they have done since the day that I brought them up out of Egypt even unto this day, wherewith they have forsaken Me, and served other gods, so do they also unto thee." [1]

The charge might perhaps surprise many of them, just as, in other times and countries, the impatient patrons of innovation are surprised at finding themselves rebuked on religious grounds. Perhaps the Jews pleaded the express countenance which the words of their Law in one place [2] seemed, by anticipation, to lend to the measure they were urging. And so, in modern times, when liberties are to be taken, and the intrusive passions of men to be indulged, precedent and permission, or what sounds like them, may be

[1] 1 Samuel viii. 7, 8. [2] Deuteronomy xvii. 14-20.

easily found and quoted for everything. But Samuel, in God's name, silenced all this, giving them to understand that in His sight the whole was a question of motive and purpose, not of ostensible and colourable argument;—in His sight, I say, to Whom we, as well as they, are nationally responsible for much more than the soundness of our deductions as matter of disputation, or of law; we are responsible for the meaning and temper in which we deal with His Holy Church, established among us for the salvation of our souls.

These, which have been hitherto mentioned as omens and tokens of an Apostate Mind in a nation, have been suggested by the portion itself of sacred history to which I have ventured to direct your attention. There are one or two more, which the nature of the subject, and the palpable tendency of things around us, will not allow to be passed over.

One of the most alarming, as a symptom, is the growing indifference in which men indulge themselves, to other men's religious sentiments. Under the guise of charity and toleration we are come almost to this pass, that no difference, in matters of faith, is to disqualify for our approbation and confidence, whether in public or domestic life. Can we conceal it from ourselves that every year the practice is becoming more common of trusting men unreservedly in the most delicate and important matters, without one serious inquiry whether they do not hold principles which make it impossible for them to be loyal to their Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier? Are not offices conferred, partnerships formed, intimacies courted—nay (what is almost too painful to think of), do not parents commit their children to be educated, do they not encourage them to intermarry, in houses on which Apostolical Authority would rather teach them to set a mark, as unfit to be entered by a faithful servant of Christ?

I do not now speak of public measures only or chiefly; many things of that kind may be thought, whether wisely or no, to become from time to time necessary, which are in reality as little desired by

those who lend them a seeming concurrence as they are in themselves undesirable. But I speak of the spirit which leads men to exult in every step of that kind, to congratulate one another on the supposed decay of what they call an exclusive system.

Very different are the feelings with which it seems natural for a true Churchman to regard such a state of things, from those which would arise in his mind on witnessing the mere triumph of any given set of adverse opinions, exaggerated or even heretical as he might deem them. He might feel as melancholy,—he could hardly feel so indignant.

But this is not a becoming place, nor are these safe topics, for the indulgence of mere feeling. The point really to be considered is, whether, according to the coolest estimate, the fashionable liberality of this generation be not ascribable, in a great measure, to the same temper which led the Jews voluntarily to set about degrading themselves to a level with the idolatrous Gentiles? And if it be true anywhere that such enactments are forced on the Legislature by public opinion, is APOSTASY too hard a word to describe the temper of that nation?

The same tendency is still more apparent, because the fair gloss of candour and forbearance is wanting, in the surly or scornful impatience often exhibited, by persons who would regret passing for unbelievers, when Christian motives are suggested, and checks from Christian principles attempted to be enforced on their public conduct. I say "their public conduct" more especially, because in that, I know not how, persons are apt to be more shameless and readier to avow the irreligion that is in them; amongst other reasons, probably, from each feeling that he is one of a multitude, and fancying, therefore, that his responsibility is divided.

For example:—whatever be the cause, in this country of late years (though we are lavish in professions of piety) there has been observable a growing disinclination, on the part of those bound by VOLUNTARY OATHS, to whatever reminds them of their obligation, a growing disposition to explain it all away. We know

what, some years ago, would have been thought of such uneasiness, if betrayed by persons officially sworn, in private, legal, or commercial life. If there be any subjects or occasions now on which men are inclined to judge of it more lightly, it concerns them deeply to be quite sure that they are not indulging or encouraging a profane dislike of God's awful Presence, a general tendency, as a people, to leave Him out of all their thoughts.

They will have the more reason to suspect themselves, in proportion as they see and feel more of that impatience under pastoral authority, which our Saviour Himself has taught us to consider as a never-failing symptom of an unchristian temper. "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me."[1] Those words of divine truth put beyond all sophistical exception what common sense would lead us to infer, and what daily experience teaches—that disrespect to the Successors of the Apostles, as such, is an unquestionable symptom of enmity to Him, Who gave them their commission at first, and has pledged Himself to be with them for ever. Suppose such disrespect general and national, suppose it also avowedly grounded not on any fancied tenet of religion, but on mere human reasons of popularity and expediency, either there is no meaning at all in these emphatic declarations of our Lord, or that nation, how highly soever she may think of her own religion and morality, stands convicted in His sight of a direct disavowal of His Sovereignty.

To this purpose it may be worth noticing that the ill-fated chief, whom God gave to the Jews, as the prophet tells us, in His anger,[2] and whose disobedience and misery were referred by himself to his "fearing the people, and obeying their voice,"[3] whose conduct, therefore, may be fairly taken as a sample of what public opinion was at that time supposed to require,—his first step in apostasy was, perhaps, an intrusion on the sacrificial office,[4] certainly an impatient breach of

[1] Luke x. 16.
[2] Hosea xiii. 11.
[3] 1 Samuel xv. 24.
[4] 1 Samuel xiii. 8-14.

his engagement with Samuel, as the last and greatest of his crimes was persecuting David, whom he well knew to bear God's special commission. God forbid that any Christian land should ever, by her prevailing temper and policy, revive the memory and likeness of Saul, or incur a sentence of reprobation like his. But if such a thing should be, the crimes of that nation will probably begin in infringement on Apostolical Rights; she will end in persecuting the true Church; and in the several stages of her melancholy career she will continually be led on from bad to worse by vain endeavours at accommodation and compromise with evil. Sometimes toleration may be the word, as with Saul when he spared the Amalekites; sometimes state security, as when he sought the life of David; sometimes sympathy with popular feeling, as appears to have been the case when, violating solemn treaties, he attempted to exterminate the remnant of the Gibeonites in his zeal for the children of Israel and Judah.[1] Such are the sad but obvious results of separating religious resignation altogether from men's notions of civil duty.

II. But here arises the other question, on which it was proposed to say a few words, and with a view to which, indeed, the whole subject must be considered, if it is to lead to any practical improvement. What should be the tenor of their conduct who find themselves cast on such times of decay and danger? How may a man best reconcile his allegiance to God and his Church with his duty to his country, that country which now, by the supposition, is fast becoming hostile to the Church, and cannot therefore long be the friend of God?

Now in proportion as any one sees reason to fear that such is, or soon may be, the case in his own land, just so far may he see reason to be thankful, especially if he be called to any national trust, for such a complete pattern of his duty as he may find in the conduct of Samuel. That combination of sweetness with firmness, of consideration with energy, which con-

[1] 2 Samuel xxi. 2.

stitutes the temper of a perfect public man, was never perhaps so beautifully exemplified. He makes no secret of the bitter grief and dismay with which the resolution of his countrymen has filled him. He was prepared to resist it at all hazards had he not received from God Himself directions to give them their own way, protesting, however, in the most distinct and solemn tone, so as to throw the whole blame of what might ensue on their wilfulness. Having so protested, and found them obstinate, he does not therefore at once forsake their service, he continues discharging all the functions they had left him with a true and loyal, though most heavy, heart. "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you: but I will teach you the good and the right way."

Should it ever happen (which God avert, but we cannot shut our eyes to the danger) that the Apostolical Church should be forsaken, degraded, nay trampled on and despoiled by the State and people of England, I cannot conceive a kinder wish for her, on the part of her most affectionate and dutiful children, than that she may consistently act in the spirit of this most noble sentence, nor a course of conduct more likely to be blessed by a restoration to more than her former efficiency. In speaking of the Church, I mean, of course, the laity as well as the clergy in their three orders,—the whole body of Christians united, according to the will of Jesus Christ, under the Successors of the Apostles. It may, by God's blessing, be of some use to show how, in the case supposed, the example of Samuel might guide her collectively, and each of her children individually, down even to minute details of duty.

The Church would, first of all, have to be constant, as before, in INTERCESSION. No despiteful usage, no persecution, could warrant her in ceasing to pray, as did her first fathers and patterns, for the State and all who are in authority. That duty once well and cordially performed, all other duties, so to speak, are secured. Candour, respectfulness, guarded language, all that the Apostle meant in warning men not to "speak evil of dignities" may then, and then only,

be practised, without compromise of truth and fortitude, when the habit is attained of praying as we ought for the very enemies of our precious and holy cause.

The constant sense of God's presence and consequent certainty of final success, which can be kept up no other way, would also prove an effectual bar against the more silent but hardly less malevolent feeling of disgust, almost amounting to misanthropy, which is apt to lay hold on sensitive minds when they see oppression and wrong triumphant on a large scale. The custom of interceding, even for the wicked, will keep the Psalmist's reasoning habitually present to their thoughts: "Fret not thyself because of the ungodly, neither be thou envious against the evil-doers: for they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and be withered even as the green herb. . . . Leave off from wrath, and let go displeasure: fret not thyself, else shalt thou be moved to do evil."[1]

Thus not only by supernatural aid, which we have warrant of God's word for expecting, but even in the way of natural consequence, the first duty of the Church and of Churchmen, INTERCESSION, sincerely practised, would prepare them for the second;—which, following the words of Samuel as our clue, we may confidently pronounce to be REMONSTRANCE. "I will teach you the good and the right way." REMONSTRANCE, calm, distinct, and persevering, in public and in private, direct and indirect, by word, look, and demeanour is the unequivocal duty of every Christian, according to his opportunities, when the Church landmarks are being broken down.

Among laymen a deep responsibility would appear to rest on those particularly, whose profession leads them most directly to consider the boundaries of the various rights and duties which fill the space of civilized Society. The immediate machinery of change must always pass through their hands: and they have also very great power in forming and modifying public opinion. The very solemnity of this day may remind them, even more than others, of the close amity which

[1] Psalm xxxvii. 1, 2, 8.

must ever subsist between equal justice and pure religion, Apostolical religion more especially, in proportion to her superior truth and exactness. It is an amity, made still more sacred, if possible, in the case of the Church and Law of England by historical recollections, associations, and precedents of the most engaging and ennobling cast.

But I return to the practical admonition afforded her, in critical periods, by Samuel's example.

After the accomplishment of the change which he deprecated, his whole behaviour, to Saul especially, is a sort of expansion of the sentiment in the text. It is all earnest INTERCESSION with God, grave, respectful, affectionate REMONSTRANCE with the misguided man himself. Saul is boldly rebuked, and that publicly, for his impious liberality in sparing the Amalekites, yet so as not to dishonour him in the presence of the people. Even when it became necessary for God's prophet to show that he was in earnest, and give the most effectual of warnings, by separating himself from so unworthy a person,—when "Samuel came no more to see Saul," [1]—even then, we are told, he still "mourned for him."

On the same principle, come what may, we have ill learned the lessons of our Church if we permit our patriotism to decay together with the protecting care of the State. "The powers that be are ordained of God," whether they foster the true Church or no. Submission and order are still duties. They were so in the days of pagan persecution; and the more of loyal and affectionate feeling we endeavour to mingle with our obedience the better.

After all, the surest way to uphold or restore our endangered Church will be for each of her anxious children, in his own place and station, to resign himself more thoroughly to his God and Saviour in those duties, public and private, which are not immediately affected by the emergencies of the moment: the daily and hourly duties, I mean, of piety, purity, charity, justice. It will be a consolation understood by every

[1] 1 Samuel xv. 35.

thoughtful Churchman, that, let his occupation be, apparently, never so remote from such great interests, it is in his power, by doing all as a Christian, to credit and advance the cause he has most at heart; and what is more, to draw down God's blessing upon it. This ought to be felt, for example, as one motive more to exact punctuality in those duties, personal and official, which the return of an Assize week offers to our practice; one reason more for veracity in witnesses, fairness in pleaders, strict impartiality, self-command, and patience, in those on whom decisions depend; and for an awful sense of God's presence in all. An Apostle once did not disdain to urge good conduct upon his proselytes of lowest condition, upon the ground that, so doing, they would adorn and recommend the doctrine of God our Saviour.[1] Surely, then, it will be no unworthy principle, if any man be more circumspect in his behaviour, more watchful and fearful of himself, more earnest in his petitions for spiritual aid, from a dread of disparaging the holy name of the English Church in her hour of peril by his own personal fault or negligence.

As to those who, either by station or temper, feel themselves most deeply interested, they cannot be too careful in reminding themselves that one chief danger, in times of change and excitement, arises from their tendency to engross the whole mind. Public concerns, ecclesiastical or civil, will prove indeed ruinous to those who permit them to occupy all their care and thoughts, neglecting or undervaluing ordinary duties, more especially those of a devotional kind.

These cautions being duly observed, I do not see how any person can devote himself too entirely to the cause of the Apostolical Church in these realms. There may be, as far as he knows, but a very few to sympathise with him. He may have to wait long, and very likely pass out of this world, before he see any abatement in the triumph of disorder and irreligion. But, if he be consistent, he possesses, to the utmost, the personal consolations of a good Christian: and as a true Church-

[1] Titus ii. 10.

man he has that encouragement which no other cause in the world can impart in the same degree :—he is calmly, soberly, demonstrably SURE, that, sooner or later, HIS WILL BE THE WINNING SIDE, and that the victory will be complete, universal, eternal.

He need not fear to look upon the efforts of Anti-christian powers, as did the Holy Apostles themselves, who welcomed the first persecution in the words of the Psalmist :

" Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing ?

" The kings of the earth stand up, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against His Anointed.

" For of a truth against Thy Holy Child Jesus, Whom Thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together,—

" FOR TO DO WHATSOEVER THY HAND AND THY COUNSEL DETERMINED BEFORE TO BE DONE."[1]

[1] Acts iv. 25-28.

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